

A
PARAPHRASE
UPON THE
CANTICLES,
AND SOME
SELECT HYMNS
OF THE
NEW and OLD TESTAMENT,
With other occasional Compositions
IN
English VERSE.

By Samuel Woodford. D. D.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. D. for John Baker, at the three Pidgeons,
and Henry Brome, at the Gun in St. Paul's
Church-Yard, 1679.

Libr. Sam. Woodford

*Tu autem Dne Misere mi; sana
animam meam quia precavi tibi. Amen.*

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TO THE
Most Reverend FATHER in GOD
WILLIAM,
Lord ARCH-BISHOP of CANTERBURY,
Primate of all ENGLAND, and Metropolitan,
And one of his MAJESTIES most Honourable
PRIVY COUNCIL.

Most Reverend,

W*Ere I indeed a greater Master of
Verse, than the best of those,
whether of our own Country-
Men, or Foreigners, whose several manners I
have in the following Compositions, endeavoured
to imitate, I durst not yet presume to make an
humble Present of them to your Grace, un-
less invited by the Sacredness of the most noble
Argument. An Argument so Sacred (as to the
greatest part of the Subjects, if not spoil'd by*
A 2 *my*

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my unskilful handling) that it must be ever acknowledged worthy your Grace; and, beside that the best and most refined Spirits of the Christian Church have happily labour'd in them, whose Design his late *MAJESTY* of ever Blessed Memory, was particularly pleased to Encourage and Promote. To attest this, were it either necessary, or pertinent, I might reckon up several Names, not unknown to your Grace, but shall, instead of all, content my self with the generally approved *Mr. George Sandy's*, who first under so Excellent a Prince, opened the way to Divine Poesy in this Nation, and gave it a more than ordinary Credit; from whose Hands, as not unbecoming His Royal Self, He vouchsafed to accept a short Paraphrase upon the Canticles; not long after the time that the Pious *Sieur Godeau* had with much success made a Dedication of the same Divine Song,
under

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under the Title of Sacred Eclogues, with some few other Religious Stanzas to the great Cardinal Richelieu of France.

For Honours sake I here mention the Bishop of Grasse, and Mr. Sandy's, and that thereby I may both Apologize for my self, if there be need, and defend the best that I can against the most Censorious and Critical, the affixing your Graces Name, to the same Canticles, and a few other English Rimes; of which, for the performance, as being my own, tho I have no better opinion than I ought, or than the great Judges of Verse in the Town shall allow they deserve (it may be not so good) yet if, as in t'e first place in this Dedication, they are intended, they shall serve most humbly to express my Duty without reflection of Dishonour upon your Grace, and be so received, I shall nor wish for my self greater Credit, nor for them a better Recommendation

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tion to such as have any gust for Christian
Poesy.

That God Almighty may have your Grace
in his perpetual and most mercifull Protection,
and long, very long continue you an invaluable
Blessing to this his best of Churches, is the
daily Prayer of

Most Reverend,

Your Graces most Humble,

most Dutiful, and most

Obedient Son,

Sam. Woodford.

Hartley Malduit,
Hampsh. 1678.

Upon

Upon a Paraphrase of Salomon's Song,

Done by his Worthy Friend,

Dr. Samuel Woodford.

W ^{(Sing} *Hilſt Thou with Sacred Rage inspir'd doſt*
The Myſtic Song of Songs, can Cold Age bring
An Offering fit ? Or, without Fire, devote
True Zeal to Verſe ? Or can I tell by rote
Thy Praiſes without meaſure due ? Shall I
Confound Thy Conſort then, or Modeſty
Prophane in Print ? No, let me ſilent be
A Monumental Foyl to Poetry and Thee.

Nicholas Stuart. Baroner.

ODE.

To his Honour'd Friend

Dr. Woodford,

On his Excellent Paraphrase of

SALOMON'S SONG.

SO Eastern Spices, and rich Gums send out
In the warm Limbeck while they pant,
A precious Vapour spreading all about,
Which the cold Mafs did seem to want ;
But urg'd with equal heat it up do's rise,
The Active Spirit now more nimbly flies,
Ascending Balm in Dew distils,
And far-extended Air with fragrant Essence fills,

An holy Fire, *Woodford*, in Thee has rais'd,
Numbers so sweet, so rich, and high,
Methinks I see Thy eager Soul amaz'd,
In its blest lyric Ecstasy,
Melting away in Stream of fairest Verse ;
Which when to Mortal Ear Thou do'st rehearse,
With purling Noise it seems to move,
It's Music Charms th' attending Ear, the Soul it's Love.

Hail blessed Flame, that did'st such Verse inspire !
And to an humble Heart dispense,
From the chaste Touch of an Harmonious Lyre,
Such Angel sounds, such Mystic sense :

High

High God of Love's Love unto Man he sings;
The Spouses choicest Beauties are the Kings:
Who pour'd his Blood, here sweetly pours
His Soul out to his Spouse in these Divine *Amours*.

Immortal Love! Cement of this huge Frame,
Dearest First-born of the Mind,
Who wer't become Impure Romance, a Name,
Thee undebauch'd where could we find?
Yet art indeed wife Natures beauteous Child,
Till with the Bodies fouler steam defil'd;
Here rais'd to Soul and Mystery,
All pure, all holy thou art agen, *Love Travestie*.

Wifest of Kings and Men, was there sent down
A double Portion of Thy Rage?
And Heavenly Laurel this chaste Brow to Crown?
Greater than Men and Kings did engage,
Thee, *happy Wordford*, to this lofty Song;
Touch't from his Altar with a Coal thy Tongue:
Then we, and no prophane Thought neer,
May say a greater too than *Salomon* is *Here*.

W. Croune. M. D.

Fellow of the Colledg.

To my dear Old Friend, the Reverend

Dr. Samuel Woodford,

On his Sacred Rimes.

I.

WELL! since it must be so, so let it be,
For what do Resolutions signifie,
When we are urg'd to Write by Destiny?

II.

I had Resolv'd, nay, and I almost Swore,
My Bed-rid Muse should walk abroad no more:
Alas! 'tis more than time that I give o're:

III.

In the Recesses of a private Brest,
I thought to entertain your Charming Guest,
And never to have boasted of my Feast:

IV.

But see (my Friend) when through the World you go,
My Lacquy-Verse must shadow-like pursue,
Thin, and Obscure, to make a Foil for you.

V. 'Tis

V.

'Tis true, you cannot need my feeble Praise,
A lasting Monument to your Name to Raife,
Well-known in Heav'n by your Angelique' Layes.

VI.

There, in indelible Characters They are writ,
Where no pretended Heights will easie fit,
But those of Serious, Consecrated Wit.

VII.

By immaterial defecated Love,
Your Soul it's Heavenly Origin doe's approve,
And in least dangerous Raptures soar's above.

VIII.

How could I wish (Dear Friend!) unsaid agen
(For once I rank'd my self with Tuneful Men)
Whatever dropt from my unhallowed Pen!

IX.

The trifling Rage of Youthful heat, once past,
Who is not troubled for his Wit misplac'd!
All pleasant Follies breed regret at last.

X.

While Reverend *Don's*, and noble *Herbert's* Flame,
A glorious Immortality shall claim,
In the most durable Records of Fame.

XI. Our

XI.

Our Modish Rimes, like Culinary Fire,
Unctuous and Earthy, shall in Smoke expire;
In odorous Clouds your Incense shall aspire.

XII.

Let th' Pagan-World your Pious Verse defy—
Yet shall they envy, when they come to Die,
Your Wiser Projects on Eternity.

Thomas Flatman

The Reader is desired to Correct the following Errata, which only seem more than ordinary by the distinction of several Columns, disposed so for his greater ease.

In the Preface.

Page.	Line.	For	Read.
4	19	Latins, by both	Latines, or by both.
13	23	of Smeectymnuus	against Smeectymnuus.
19	10	both which with	both with Rhythms.
	18	a piece that	a piece (speaking only of it as a Poem, but not depending either the Doctrine in all places, or several to me seeming Extravagances) that
21	14	thought to give	thought fit to give.
26	23	and whereas in	and where, as in.
29	5	of yet which	of which yet.

In the Canticles.

3	12	unhappy	unhappy.
18	25, 26	unflesht	unflescht.
19	26	be spent	bespent.
	In the	Title add few	EPITASIS.
21	7	glim	gleame.
24	20	will remember	well remember.
26	In the Tit.	CATASIAS	DESIDERIUM.
28	17	gaze	graze.
35	15	and	so.
37	17	wish	wish.
38	4	whose	where

Page.	Line.	For	Read.
39	13	<i>they</i>	<i>We.</i>
40	4	<i>has</i>	<i>she</i>
		<i>she</i>	<i>his.</i>
40	12	BELOVED	BEHOLD.
45	5	<i>Twin roses</i>	<i>Twin-Roses.</i>
61	18	<i>whose Name</i>	<i>whose sacred Name.</i>
97	25	<i>Bus</i>	<i>By</i>
107	19	<i>if ere</i>	<i>if ere.</i>
105	27	<i>Divorce next</i>	<i>Causeless Divorces next.</i>

In the Rimes.

16	ult.	<i>Land</i>	<i>Lands.</i>
21	3	<i>flight-wingd</i>	<i>flight wingd.</i>
22	15	<i>unheard</i>	<i>unhard,</i>
23	23	<i>Land</i>	<i>hand,</i>
28	6	<i>and end</i>	<i>an end.</i>
31	27	<i>His prayer</i>	<i>Tis prayer.</i>
34	11	<i>Land</i>	<i>hand.</i>
35	28	<i>to sell</i>	<i>to Hell,</i>
37	15	<i>Sun</i>	<i>Son.</i>
41	28	<i>the Court</i>	<i>her Court.</i>
53	3	<i>having</i>	<i>having;</i>
55	22	<i>no fo</i>	<i>not fo.</i>
59	3	<i>the Fessaan</i>	<i>Fesser.</i>
60	4	<i>r' approve</i>	<i>to approve.</i>
61	6	<i>blot out be still</i>	<i>which is twice repeated.</i>
62	25	<i>perverted</i>	<i>prevented.</i>
63	28	<i>will</i>	<i>which.</i>
64	2	<i>which</i>	<i>Ah!</i>
70	8	<i>here</i>	<i>hear.</i>
74	14	<i>who</i>	<i>whom.</i>
77	11	<i>blot out and</i>	<i>once.</i>
	30	<i>awful which</i>	<i>which the Son with awful.</i>
79	18	<i>Temple</i>	<i>Tempe.</i>
89	19	<i>As life</i>	<i>Ab life.</i>
	In Titulo	<i>Ana Hymn</i>	<i>An Hymn.</i>
94	5	<i>Son</i>	<i>Sun.</i>
95	6	<i>wrath</i>	<i>Wreath.</i>
98	7	<i>pleads Lord</i>	<i>Pleads hard.</i>
101	9	<i>flie</i>	<i>Rise</i>
103	20	<i>appointed</i>	<i>A pointed.</i>
105	18	<i>these fruits</i>	<i>these fruits.</i>
106	25	<i>his foot</i>	<i>its foot, at the bottom 1667</i>

Page.	Line.	For	Read.
109	25	from when	To where.
111	23	Rome of blood	Rome of <i>her</i> blood.
113	18	inclin'd	retird.
116	7	Terrace	Balcone.
118	6	needs	need'st.
119	12	As is	And as.
120	22	brake	break.
123	24	other would	others would.
124	25	to be <i>her like</i>	That to be <i>like her</i> .
126	In the	add	Out of Spanish.
127	Marq.	blot out	Out of Spanish.
126	§ 16	Wondrer	Wanderer.
	§ 21	repents	repents.
129	§ 17	of <i>what</i> so	of <i>what's</i> so.
	§ 24	Land	Hand.
130	22	many come	may come.
136	9	but <i>you self</i>	but <i>your self</i> .
	§ 10	made'st	made.
137	§ 11	didst	did.
141	22	<i>his</i> foot steps	<i>her</i> foot steps.
143	§ 7	<i>its</i> breast	<i>his</i> breast.
	§ 8	in <i>his</i>	in <i>its</i> .
144	§ 4	& <i>thy</i> supplies	and <i>my</i> supplies.
	§ 19	who <i>wish</i> him	Who <i>wish</i> him.
145	24	well <i>row'd</i>	well Row'd.
146	6	<i>has</i> told	<i>hast</i> told.
150	18	well <i>shew'd</i>	well <i>them'd</i> .
	§ 9	<i>The</i> Joys	<i>Thy</i> Joys.
155	§ 12	<i>her</i> Song	<i>her</i> Sens.
159	8	And <i>form</i>	And <i>form'd</i> .
161	1	A'll thou	As thou.
164	15	<i>Burgers</i>	<i>Burger</i> .
170	13	<i>Approach</i>	<i>Approachs</i> .
	§ 4	ancienter there	ancienter there <i>wire</i> .)
171	§ 17	<i>has</i> here	<i>have</i> here.
	§ 2	<i>has</i> try'd	<i>hast</i> try'd.
172	§ 21	<i>Ambitions</i>	<i>Ambitious</i> .
173	1	2 <i>see</i>	1 <i>know</i> .

Besides other false pointings and omissions of the Marks of Synaresis and Abbreviations, which the Reader is further directed to amend, with some few literal faults.

The Preface.

HAVING some Years since, before my Admission into Holy Orders, in my Preface to the Paraphrase upon the Psalms, discours'd at large concerning Christian Poesy, without resuming that Subject, or prosecuting it any further, I shall here do very little more than give the Reader an account of the following Papers.

Being therefore very often solicited to Print, what I had by me in Verse, or, if not all, such Rhythms at least; as I thought most proper to my present condition, amongst a great many more, I with difficulty, and but very late resolv'd upon those, which are now herewith Published, The Song of Salomon, or the Canticles; and other Hymns, directly laid down in Holy Scripture, with some few Compositions more, whose Argument, as to the greatest part of them, is either thence taken, or thither may be referr'd.

As for the Canticles, which tho almost last done, is put in the first place: I was a long while deterred from attempting its Version, or Paraphrase rather; tho often provoked, I often, and with infinite
b desire

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desire thought of it, by the sublimeness of the Subject, and that little acquaintance, which not only my self, I ingenuously confess, but this, and the preceding Ages, I fear, for many Centuries back, have had with the Eastern Poesy; whose manner of Wit seems to be altogether different from ours, and not to be brought under those Laws, which the Greek and Latine, and the Modern from them have assigned Verse. For their Metaphors, as appears in our Prosaic Versions, and especially upon Collation to any who are but reasonably skill'd in the Oriental Languages, are extremely bold, their Comparisons, Allusions, and Similitudes such, as we on this side of the World can hardly admit as decent, if at all proportionable; and their Transitions, with frequent shifting of Persons so *διωγμεικτάς*, (for I cannot well express it in English, with such large and scarce accountable Breaches) that there lacks a great number of words to be inserted between Period and Period, to render the Coherence tolerable. The not thoroughly considering this (which yet possibly might be avoided, nor it may be would at all have been, if every Sentence were reduced to its proper place and station, and that there had not been mistakes in transcribing the Original Copies (as some think there have) has been one occasion in my Opinion, that of all the Versions I have met with (either in Greek or Latine, or our own English, and other the Modern Languages of the best esteem) of the Song by me here Paraphras'd, and particularly of the Can-

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Canticles, very few are to be reckoned Verse, further than the Character of Number, and Cadence reaches, and fewer yet tolerable Poetry: Bare Translations for the greatest part, but made more uneasy to be read, and much more perplexed, as to the Sense, by the Tortures they have been put to for the Verse, or Rhythms-sake. Among the several other Papers that we have lost of the Excellent and Divine Spenser, one of the happiest Poets that this Nation ever bred, (and out of it the World, it may be (all things considered) had not his Fellow, excepting only such as were immediately Inspired) I bewail nothing me-thinks so much, as his Version of the Canticles. For doubtless, in my poor Judgment, never was Man better made for such a Work, and the Song it self so directly suited, with his Genius, and manner of Poetry (that I mean, wherein he best shews and even excels himself, His Shepherds Kalender, and other occasional Poems, for I cannot yet say the same directly for his Faery Queen design'd for an Heroic Poem) that it could not but from him receive the last Perfection, whereof it was capable out of its Original. Others, as I hinted before, have since attempted it, and in English my self now among the rest, but how successfully we must all leave both to those who have skill to judge, and to those who have not to censure, and sit down, having pleased our selves, (if yet our selves are pleased) as contented under their Doom as we can; for since we will be Rhythming, and Printing too forsooth, I know no other remedy. I

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must confess it is a Song above the flight of Mortal Wit, and has been ever lookt upon by the Sober and Religious, as the most Noble, tho most Mysterious, and difficult part of the Old Testament. There are I know, (but they are but some few I hope) in this, and others there have been, in the last Age, who, tho else very Learned, and it is to be charitably supposed truly Pious, without just cause have gone about to question whether it ever intended any more than it expressed, as to the Letter, and by debasing it to that, which it seemed most to sound, Humane Love, to call it no worse, have insinuated at least, (because Theocritus, and some other of the Ancient Greek and Latine Poets, have a few like Phrases in their amorous Compositions, either hence first taken, as the most ancient Original in the kind, and not unknown, as may be conjectured, to the Greeks by the Translation of the LXXII, and by them Communicated to the Latines, by both light upon by chance) that it is unworthy the place where it stands; contrary to the opinion of the Jewish Church, which always had and still has, antiquated, and broken as it is, for it the greatest Reverence; reputed it through all Ages uncontroversedly Canonical, of Sense purely, and only Mystical, and thereupon proclaimed Salomon, the inspired Author, to be the most Spirituous and Heavenly Interpreter of their Law: And contrary also to the Judgment of the Christian Church, which from our Lord's time downward (and in the beginning of the Seventh Century,*
if

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if not in the latter end of the Sixt, Gregory the Great, piously Commented upon it) has trodden in the same steps, enlarging only, as I may say, the Lines of Communication, and transferring to the Assembly of the Faithful, under the Gospel, what the Jews confined to the Synagogue: Should we understand it only, or even chiefly, if at all according to the Letter, terminating our Conceptions in the bare words, it might very easily become the occasion of Scandal to the unwary Reader; nay, without doubt had been so to the Jews themselves, at its first appearance; the severity of that Nation not allowing in the Female Sex, we may be assured, such open demonstrations of Love, as are more than once there expressed. And this possibly might be one reason, amongst many other to be urged from the Propensity, which is in Youth especially, to that passion, too apt from the least spark to take fire, that this Book, together with the three first Chapters of Genesis, and the beginning, and end of the Prophecy of Ezekiel, from the Fortieth Chapter, was only permitted them to read, who had arrived to the Sacerdotal Age, as St. Jerom notes in his Prologue to that Prophet, that is, the Thirtieth Year, in whom Youthful Heats, by that time, were thought to be somewhat allayed, and who thereupon would not be in so great danger to pervert the Divine Text to impure, and wanton Imaginations. Whether Salomon at first composed it to represent his own Loves, and as an Epithalamium upon his Marriages with

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Pharaoh's Daughter, and the Sulamite, one or both, I leave to others to dispute; tho for my part, guessing, as we can but guess at the time of those Marriages, and the penning this Divine Song, I think he only took occasion thence, as from a thing long before done (if from thence he took any occasion at all) to give his Muse, as I may call it, an higher flight, and under the terms of the Spouse and her Beloved, of which latter himself in his own Person was to be the Type (the Spouse, whether a Stranger of Egypt, Symbolical of the Gentiles to be called, or of Jewish Parentage, Typical of the Seed of Abraham) to sing the greatest loves this World e're knew, and which shall be our employment through all Eternity to admire. The Divine Love to whole Mankind both Jew and Gentile, (these first call'd, and those invited under the Person of the Sulamite to return) expressed in the Incarnation of the Son of God, (who of two has made One, breaking down the Wall of Partition) and continued through all the Circumstances, and the very manner of his Appearance in our Flesh, in order to our Salvation. Some hereby would have the Glories and Prerogatives of the Jewish State, both Civil, and Ecclesiastical, and even of their Country under Salomon's auspicious Reign, to be signified under the Similitude of a beautiful Virgin just marriageable, and the rather because of those Resemblances taken from Places, which if attributed to the Female Sex, as according to the Letter they sound, and our kind of Wit, as it is called, are so hard, in their opinions so uncooth, stiff, and unusual, that other-
wise

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wise they cannot be forced, as I said in the beginning, into any tolerable, and proportionable decency. Yet even those, who thus judg of the Letter, reduce the whole according to the Allegory, to Christ and his Church, and the sacred Members of it joyntly, and severally. Be the immediate occasion therefore of its writing what it may, the Jews are very earnest, as they have been from the beginning, to have it meant of their Synagogue only, the Modern among our selves, of the Christian Church, exclusive wholly of the Jews, and both so dress it up with Allegories (for scarce will they permit a Word, or Syllable, to be sure not a Description of the Time, or Place, &c. to pass without half a score at least) that according to the Poet,

——Pars minima est ipsa Puella sui.

Without therefore determining its Sense Mystical directly to this, or that, whether private, or more communicative Interpretation, I have in my Paraphrase left it, at least endeavoured to leave it, as I found it, and even in those places, where I have taken the greatest Liberty, have not gone far from the literal Sence, not at all from that, which approached nearest it, in the Judgment of the most sober Commentators. Such an one I look upon the learned Jo. Mercerus to be, whom, when I found it necessary to consult the Opinions of others, I chiefly followed, and by whose pious and elaborate Annotations,

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tions, if any shall take the pains to compare my Paraphrase (the mistakes of the Printer being amended, which are in some place through my absence during the whole Impression very gross) the greatest difficulties of Sense, or Expressions, may very easily be resolved. He will moreover find upon Examination, that if he be content soberly to Allegorize, I have left him as much scope to exercise his Religious Invention that way, (tho it were to be wisht that Invention had not prevail'd too much with otherwise Grave and Religious Expositors) as he can well desire, and have only debarr'd him an indeterminate, and almost infinite Extravagance.

The Rhythms I have purposely design'd various, not going always in the same Tract, lest instead of raising the devout Souls Meditations, I should clap Weights on them; and create in him a loathing of the most exquisite Delicacies, by the same one kind of ill dressing. A meer Verbal Translation, with some heavy Cadences only, I have studiously avoided, because I would not incur the same Fault, which frequently, whether justly or no, I submit to my Judges to decide, I am too apt to blame in others; and, where ever occasion was offered, have enlarged upon an Hint given, or Description, as they fell in my way, further it may be than will be ordinarily allowed me; defending my self all along by the Analogue of Faith, Decence, and Proportion, which I have endeavour'd to retain. In two or three places I have used a kind of Measure, which may possibly seem

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seem to those, who either take not time to judg of the occasion, or will not allow it, too-light for the subject in hand, because less usual; tho I only follow therein the Greek and Latine Poets, whose metrical Foot consisted not always of Dissyllables, by Sponde, Troche, or Iambic, as ours, the French, Spanish, and Italian, correctly does, but more frequently of Trissyllables, and sometimes of four Syllables intermixt, of various and enterchanged quantities, as is seen especially in the Drama, Ode, and Epode, and the kinds of Verse wherein they are treated; tho no kind of Verse amongst them is without the intermixture of a several sort of Foot, and the most ordinary, the Hexameter, as it is call'd, tho it is the greatest, and the most majestic, has the Dactyl and Sponde, that is the Dissyllable of two long, and the Trissyllable, of a long and two short so necessary, that without both the Verse and Music cannot sublist, yet was never thence accused of Levity. If it be answered, that we in the Modern Languages have Rhythm, or a coincidence of Sound in a single Termination, to compensate for the disuse, (rather than want) of the Trissyllable Foot; I think this is not always sufficient, and the Criticks in Verse are too severe, who would thus altogether restrain, and bind up us Rhythmers, damning the Trissyllable Foot, and cadence of Sound in the two last Syllables to the Burlesque only, as the principal of its Characters; tho why it should be so, if the Matter be otherwise noble, and becoming, for my part I see no great reason,

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son, nor why the number of a Verse should be esteemed light, and wanton, for an allowable variety only, when the Subject so requires, if the Language be capable of it, as it must be on all hands confess the English is. The Greek and Latine Poets, as I said, admitted as the great Character of Verse, and its numerousness, this Variety; both because their Language naturally required it, and because they were perfect strangers to Rhythm, (the Greeks always, till grown perfectly Barbarous, and the Latines till after the Irruption of the Goths and Vandals, their Language became confined to the Cloyster, and durst not appear walking delicately in Verse, but with that chain of Servitude, its Conquerors had thrown upon it). Our Language a Medley of all the Barbarous Tongues, into which the noble Roman was humbled, but partaking most of that which most humbled it, beside roughnesses of its own, has notwithstanding been so refin'd (as we flatter ourselves) that it will bear Foot, and Quantity, as the Greek and Latine did, but that Rhythm has in a manner so thrust them out, that contenting, or rather valuing it self (for the greatness of Sense and Concept whereof, it is indeed capable, equal with any of the now living, or long since dead Languages that are, or in any Age were spoken in the World,) upon the Diffyllable Foot, whether it be Sponde, or Troche, but chiefly Iambic, instead of all other Quantities, it thinks it self in single Cadence, a greater Prince of Verse, than either Rome or Athens ever were in all their admired Variety: And indeed abating

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bating this, as the *Laws of Verse* now stand with us, tho we have *Quantity*, yet so uncertain is it in the same *Syllable*, and so easie to be made, and used long or short, (except in words of more *Syllables* than two, translated from another *Language*, and some few *Diffyllables* in our own, which are so unalterable as to their *Quantity*, that they either cannot change it without alteration of their sense, or cannot be used in *Verse* but in such certain places according to their *Proportion* and *Accent*) and so great is the number of *Monosyllables*, which may be either long or short, as to their use, what ever they are as to their nature, and by position, that making our *Metrical Foot* to consist, as we mostly do, but of two *Syllables*, it is very hard in *English*, to compose a *Period*, but part of it, whether we will or no, shall as to the number be *Verse*. Tho therefore *Blank Verse*, as we call it, that is number *Metrical* (as they would have it) without *Rhythm*, considering the natural fitness, and customary tendence of our *Language*, may do excellently in the *Drama*, because it comes nearest the ordinary way of *Speech*, wherein the *Interloquitors* are supposed to converse (and indeed to use *Rhythm*, or chiming *Cadence* there, to me seems at least impertinent, if not at best forced, and a strain beyond decency, such as has nothing of the *Verisimile* in it) yet in an *Epick Poem*, to mention no other, I know not how with us it can be well maintain'd. For it wants the proper and particular *Character*, which we assign *Verse*, *Rhythm* I mean,
and

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and were it written as Prose usually is, in its just Periods, would both be read, and be, as indeed it is, no other than Poetical Prose; that is, Masculine Prose, drest up like Hercules by Omphale, in the attire of one of her Women, but whose Shape and Warlike Limbs, could not be concealed by the disguise. Take an Instance of it from that most excellent, and divinely flowing Speech of our first Mother, in the fourth Book of Mr. Miltons Paradise Lost, than which neither himself ever said anything softer, and more Poetical, nor can almost be imagin'd to be said of Man.

“To whom thus Eve reply'd; O Thou
“for whom, and from whom I was form'd,
“Flesh of thy Flesh, &c.— That Day I oft re-
“member, when from sleep I first awak't, and
“found my self repos'd under a Shade, on Flow-
“ers, much wondring where, and what I was,
“whence thither brought, and how. Not di-
“stant far from thence, a murmuring sound of
“Waters issu'd from a Cave, and spread into a
“liquid Plain, then stood unmoved, pure as the
“Expanse of Heaven. I thither went, with un-
“experienc'd thought, and laid me down on
“the Green Bank, to look into the cleer smooth
“Lake, that to me seem'd another Skie. As I
“bent down to look, just opposite a Shape with-
“in the watry Gleam appear'd, bending to look
“on me. I started back, it started back, but
“pleas'd I soon return'd, pleas'd it return'd as
“soon,

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"soon, with answering looks of Sympathy and
"Love. There I had fixt mine Eyes till now, and
"pine'd with vain desire, had not a Voice thus
"warn'd me, What thou see'st, what there thou
"see'st, Fair Creature, is thy Self, with Thee it
"came, and goes; but follow me, and I will
"bring Thee where no Shadow stays thy com-
"ing, &c.—

*Who now in the World could ever dream that this
were Verse, and Verse too the softest, and most tune-
able, and with as great a ~~modos~~, suitable to the oc-
casion, as can be conceived? I confess some few words,
and manner of contexture, and an Image of the
thing different, and some thing more tender than that
which Prose commonly renders, would make it sus-
pected, that the Writer was in a Poetical Rapture;
but still, through the Disguise, the Prose appears, or
rather cannot be hid, any more than the Verse, in
the following Period; as I guess of the same Au-
thor, in an Apology, in Answer to the Mo-
dest Confutation of a Libel, intituled, Ani-
madversions upon the Remonstrants Defence
of Smectymnuus. The Period is Prose, but I
I shall write it in Blank Verse, and without adding,
or diminishing, or transposing a word, only making
the Verse sometime longer, sometime shorter, as in
the Pindaric, whether fitly so called I inquire not
here, leave it to the Reader to judg, whether there is
not in both the same numerous Harmony, and Con-
texture, the same turn of Words, boldness of Figure,
and height of Imaging.*

Then

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Then Zeal, whose substance is Aethereal,
Arming in compleat Diamond, ascends
His Fiery Chariot, drawn with two blazing
 Meteors,
Figur'd like Beasts, but of an higher Breed
Than any the *Zodiac* yields; resembling two
Of those Four, which *Ezekiel*, & *St. John*--[saw]
The one Visag'd like a Lion, to express
Power, high Authority, and Indignation;
The other of Countenance like a Man, to cal
Derision, and Scorn, upon perverse,
And fraudulent Seducers.
With these the' Invincible Warriour Zeal, &c.-

*I forbear that which follows, for Mr. Milton's sake
if he were the Author; if not, what I have quote
here will not be lookt upon to the disgrace of his
Learning, for it is not in the least intended so to
me, or to the disparagement of any's, who beside him
may have been Author of the Apology; for my de
sign is only to shew by both these Examples, that
take away Rhythm from our English Poetry, and it
remains undistinguishable, by any other Character
from Prose; at least not so distinct, but that
through the Masquerade it may be discovered, having
the Manly Limbs of this, tho it may be the softer
habit of the other.*

*Not so the Italian, and Spanish Blank Verse
from whom the same great and learned Mr. Milton*

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I believe took his Measures. For tho to instance in the Italian, and their Compositions of that kind, Anibal Caro, in his most excellent Translation of Virgil, and Torquato Tasso, in his Sette giornate del Mondo creato, have avoided Rhythms, they yet retained the proper Character of the Italian Verse; I mean as to the Form, equivalent to our Rhythm, which ever ends with a solitary Syllable for the last Foot, unless we make the last Foot consist rather of three Syllables, by an Antibacchius, as Hōrrōrē cōstūmē, or by an Amphibrachus, as in Pīūmē ināntē, be there Rhythm used, or be there none; tho if there be Rhythm, the Chime, or Tune, rests both upon the last, and the last Syllable save one; by which mark or triassyllable Foot indifferent to both, and the Syllabical quantities of the Italian words, which approach, and except in some few instances directly follow the Latine; the Italian even Blank Verse of any Author, howsoever written can no more be concealed and mistaken for Prose, than the Latine Verse of Virgil, or Ovid. Take an Example of both from Tasso, and first of the Italian Verse with Rhythm, in that famous Stanza of his Gierusalemme Liberata, Canto. xx. Stanza 51. which himself esteem'd the most noble of the whole Poem.

Gi'ace' il caval lo' al su'o signo, re' appresso,
Giace il Compagno, appo il Compagno estinto,
Giace il nemico, appo il nemico, & spesso
Sul morto il vivo, il vincitor su'l vinto:

Non

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Non v'è silenzio, & non v'è grido espresso,
Ma odi, un non sò che, roco, ed indistinto,
Fremiti di furor, mormori d'ira,
Gemiti di chi langue, & di chi spira.

Where every Verse, like our Heroic in English, has five Feet, with a solitary Syllable in the last liquescing, and of very moderate sound, but whose Penultima is ever to be pronounced, with Accent, more strong; for they are to be scann'd as we call it at School, (where we are first taught to make Verse a little it may be of the soonest) just as in the Latine pure Iambic, or as in the Dimetrum, or Senarium, allowing never above two Syllables to a Foot, but with continual Observation, contrary to us, and which yet is not ever by them strictly noted, not only of the Synalæpha, which melts down the last Vowel of the former word into the first Syllable of that which next follows, beginning with a Vowel, and giving it its sound, but of the Synæresis in the same word, contracting two Syllables, be they Vowels, or Diphthongs, into one, except in some few Irregulars according to the marks of both Feet, and Contraction pointed out in the first Verse. Upon the solitary Syllable, and that which precedes it in the last Foot, rests the Sound, or Chime, and which in the Italian Language, if to this Character of Verse they think fit to add Rhythm, is but necessary, considering that the Terminations of almost all perfect words, except some few Particles, end in a Vowel.
The

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The example of Blank Verse, among the Italians, which I shall give, is taken from the Description of the last Judgment, in the same Tassos Settima Giornata.

E'l Rè, del Ci'el, folgo, reggi'an, do' in alto,
Dimostrerassi in bianca nube accolto;
E come nube, ch' è squarciata, ò velo,
I cieli à lui dinanzi aperti e scissi,
Vedransi rivelar l' alta possanza ;
Emille appariranno, & mille ardenti
D' essercito divin falangi, & squadre,
Risplendendo là su di luce, & d' armi ;
Fiammeggerà con l'oro il fino elettro
Entr' à le spaventose oscure nubi ;
E vedransi ir vagando à nembo, a nembo :
E piu de tuoni spaventosi udransi
Terribilmente le canore trombe.
Crollati, & scossi i bei stellanti chioftri
Tremar tutti vedransi al gran rimbombo.
Tremara ne 'l horror confusa, & vinta
La Natura creata, hauran temenza
Gli Angeli stessi riverenti in alto,
Al folminante Re staranno intorno, &c.

So that, tho there be no Rhythms, the number is purely metrical (if the Language also be not so too, both by the turn of the words used, and the manner of their use, by frequenter Apocopes than would be tolerated in Prose) and cannot but be owned for such. For were the Blank Verses above recited,

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written as Prose, in their just Periods, for those very Reasons, and by the Marks given, they would be so easily distinguished from it, that any one, who is very little experienced in the Italian Language and Poetry, tho there be no Rhythms, would presently pronounce them, and very safely and confidently might, to be excellent Verse. A thing, which I think cannot possibly be contriv'd for the English Blank Verse, especially if it be the grace of Prose, and in its utmost perfection, as some imagine, not only to be every whit as numerous, but in the same way to be conceiv'd, I mean, in Blanks. But as this is an impertinent fineness at best, and if studied, and design'd so below the gravity of an Orator, that it is able to cast upon the best, and most passionate Speaker reproach and contempt, it is unfit in my opinion to subserve his great end, the moving of the Mind, which is so jealous of its Honour, that tho it willingly suffers it self to be impos'd upon, from a principle of good Nature inherent in it, and connatural to its being, as long as it perceives no Artifice used: yet when that is once discovered, or but suspected, it grows obstinate, and puts a bar to the best that is, or can be said. In Verse the Mind is quite otherwise dispos'd, and requires naturally another kind of Movement, lively Images, *φαντασias*, I think the Greeks call them, which it has common with Prose, but more exalted, and as it were with a different kind of light. Number also and Harmony, which Prose has, but under another Character, Rhythm in Our Modern Languages, or something equivalent to it, variety of

Fcc

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Feet and Measure, which if it want, as the Verse is thereby depriv'd of its greatest and best, and only distinguishing Ornaments, the mind also that came prepar'd to tempt its Charms, and expected them, languishes under the disappointment. This therefore, as I conceive it was, which made the Italians when they omitted Rhythms, still to retain that kind of Number in their Blank Verse, which should make it diverse from Prose; and them the Spanish follow, in their Metrical Compositions, both which with Rhythms, and without, having most frequently a solitary and supernumerary Syllable either in, or for the last Foot. The French, as nearer us in Clime and Manners, come nearer us too in their model of Verse, which they conceive much after the same Method; only herein I think they have the advantage, that considering more seriously, the nature of Verse, and of their Language, never that I know of, have they received the Blank into the Epope, or indeed any kind of Poem. Nay, so great admirers are they of Rhythm, (tho whether they have been so long, I leave it to be enquired) that they cannot abstain from it in the Drama, the very Farce rarely excepted; and these have, of late at least, been our great Law-givers, for Affairs of the Stage, (how properly, it is no business of mine, any where, especially in this place, to dispute); but never yet have they been able to prevail with us to admit so frequently, as their best Poets use it, the Dissyllable Rhythm, or Cadence; tho since it is in so great repute with them, and makes so necessary a part of Verse with the Italian and Spaniard, when they use

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Rhythm, that it is else lookt upon as less perfect, and irregular, I know no reason, why if the Argument be otherwise answerable, and great, we should humbly it to the Burlesque, or Ridicule only, and give either that, or the Trissyllable Foot none, or the meanest place in serious Compositions. If therefore Our selves, or the French will use Blank Verse, either in an Heroick Poem, where they should be I think Complets, as in Mr. Cowley's Davideis, (for the Quadrains of Sir William Davenant, and the Stanza of Nine in Spensers Faery Queen, which are but an Improvement of the Ottava Rima, to instance in no more, seem not to me so proper) or in an Ode or Sonnet, (which remains yet to be attempted) since we want that Character of Verse, which the Greek and the Latine had of old, and those among the Modern equivalently observe, who both lie nearer Rome, and retain the most visible Traces of its Language, having no means of diffirencing it from Prose except by the Rhythm, as the most essential Mark, let us give it the Character, as to its Form, which it anciently had, a Number and Movement metrical, with enterchang'd variety, according to the kind of our Verse, of diverse sorts of Feet. But this we in English have found, by the Experience of Sir Philip Sidney, Ab. France, and others in the last Age, would never do; and in the next, even Our now cry'd-up Blank Verse, will look as unfashionable, how well soever as a Novelty, and upon his Credit, who was the Inventer of it here, it may speed in this. Not but that I have, and always had, as great an honour for
Mr.

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Mr. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, as those who admire, him most, and look upon it as Mr. Driden has very well observed, "To be one of the greatest, most noble and most sublime Poems, take it altogether, "which either this Age, or Nation has produced. Nay, that it shall live as long as there are Men left in our English World to read, and understand it; and that many Ages hence translated into what-ever speech we shall be then changed (for changing we have been from Chaucer's time downward with a Witness, however it be call'd Refining) that shall survive the Language, wherein it stands written, and therein it self. Yet still I say, the Learned only must and shall be Judges of this, and that if he had thought to give it the Adornments of Rhythm, and not avoided them so Religiously, as any one may perceive he now and then does, to the debasing of his great Sense, it had been so absolute a piece, that in spite of whatever the World Heathen, or Christian hitherto has seen, it must have remain'd as the standard to all succeeding Poets & Poesy.

I beg my Readers pardon for this very long Digression, which has swell'd much beyond the limits I intended it, tho I hope not without giving him some Diversion. For it is, I confess, beside my Province, and if I have taken wrong measures of Verse, and Versifying, (the Standart of Verse being possibly of late altered) I submit my private Fancy, and all I have said here, to its great Judges and Masters, for I only thought to have defended my self against those, who should object Lightness in a place or two to the manner of my Verse, because, as I said

speaking only of
it as a Poem, but
not descending to
Her Doctrin in
all places, or
verall to mis-
sing Extrava-
ganc

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above, 'tis only unusual amongst us. For light it cannot justly be thought by the most rigid, and scrupulous, so long as the Argument continues the same; nor will it, I am assur'd, be judg'd so by those, who know what are the transports of the noblest Passion, but then especially, when the pious Soul, rapt beyond it self, falls into an extasie of Divine Love. No wonder in such Circumstances, if its Speech and manner of Expression be also Exstactical. The roughness of my Verse now and then seems rather to be obnoxious to a Reprimende, and possibly it may deserve it, but I much willinger chose to be deficient in the Tuneableness of my Rhythms, than have the Sense broken and perplext.

I think I need not take any notice of the several Titles which I have given each Chapter; for the Song being of all Expositors acknowledged, as to its general Form, to be Dramatic, because of the several Interlocutors, which are introduced (tho considered as an Epithalamium for its great Argument, consisting of many Odes, it has more of the Lyric, whereupon the speeches being not so directly continued, nor short, and in Repartee, as they say, each to other, as in the Drama, I have taken occasion to put it mostly in the Lyric dress) I could not do as I thought any thing more proper. However, to prevent all manner of Offence that may be taken, I will uncompelled account for it to the Ingenuous Reader, in as few words as I can. Supposing therefore, which I think none will deny, that it is, as I said, a Drama, the Persons speaking may well be allowed to be,

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be, as following the best Expositors I have fixt them, The Spouse, and Her Beloved, with the Friends on either side in the Chorus, tho, who, according to the Mystery, by these are signified, further than briefly toucht before, I leave to them to interpret. Instead of a Prologue, I have called the Stanzas immediately preceding the Hymn it self *πρόσμυα*, *Præcentio*, or *Præludium*, tho if I had call'd them the Prologue, since they serve to the same end as the Prologue in the Drama, I see no inconvenience, nor any whom the name can offend, save the Ignorant. That which I have design'd instead of the Epilogue, I have I think by the most regular name, rather called *ἑπὶ ὀδῶν*, than Epilogus. For the Song it self sounding as to the letter nothing but Love, and tho intended by the sacred Penman to be meant of the Divine Love only, too apt to be distorted to that which is sensual, carnal and brutish, through the Pravity of our Nature, even untranslated into Metre, and as it lies in the Text, the Epode serves according to the true sense of its name, *Carmen ad amoliendum quicquid, noxium est*, to remove the Vail, and to take away all occasion of perverting the sublime Mysteries. The Legend further of Love I have stiled it, for honours sake to the great Spenser, whose Stanza of Nine I have used, and who has Intituled the six Books which we have compleat of his Faery Queen, by the several Legends of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy, and to any who knows what the word Legend there, or in its true and first notion signifies, it will neither seem

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strange, ridiculous, or improper: I have made it to consist of three Cantos, agreeable enough to the nature of an Epode, or Legend, if it be judged indecent, as indeed it is, considering its length, for an Epilogue; In the first whereof taking occasion from the Canticles, to which in the beginning it refers, I have endeavoured to shew the true Nature of Love, and what it was in the state of Innocence, describing it by the liveliest Images, which I could form to my self suitable to a Poetical Composition. In the second I have considered the thing, whatever it be, vulgarly called Love, under the dominion and government of Sense, exclusive of Reason, which it too often either draws to its party, or wholly extinguishes, than which nothing can be conceived more absurd, unreasonable, extravagant, and inhumane. The third Canto, in the close of it, is design'd for the Restauration of Love, by Sacred Marriage, or Wedlock, according to the Divine Institution, to its ancient Dignity and Lustre; The very cause, amongst others there-under adumbrated, for which Salomon, divinely inspired, wrote this Song, which subserves thereunto by so noble an Instance, that they only betray their Impiety, or Atheism, who in an Age so Wise and Critically Rational, as this would be thought, can find no more becoming occasion to shew and vend their Wit, than what is made by exposing the sublimest Mysteries of Our Religion, and the most glorious displays of Our
both

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both present and future Happiness. If therefore any, who are able to judge, shall chance to find there, or in any of my Compositions, the least Word, or Sentence, which may choque them, or escape me, not agreeable to the sentiments of this Best of Churches, and Good Manners, I hereby utterly disclaim it, and beseech them to give the place a double thrust, for their own Revenge, and mine, who would not have put them to the trouble, had my self perceived it. There is more of it a great deal, than at first was intended, but, I know not how, it grew so strangely under my hands, that I have been forced to lay aside more thoughts, than I have been at the pains to dress up, to reduce it within the present Compass. However, I hope, it is in all parts consonant to sound Doctrine, whose limits, for the greatest glories of Verse, I would not willingly transgress. As to the Song it self following the Division, or Partition of it, which the Church allows in the distinction of Chapters, I have called the first Divini Amoris Ecstasis, or Protasis, tho it may be by the latter Title not altogether so naturally. But seeing visibly in the Song all the other parts which are by the Ancients assign'd the Drama, (who it may be hence first of all took their Rules) I fixt the Protasis here as in the usual place, and more designedly, because in this and the following Chapter, we have as it were the sum of the whole laid down, and the mind kept in suspense for the event

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event, which was the business, as is known by the learned, of the Protasis. The next great part of the Drama was the Epitasis, or the counterturn, as I may call it, of Action, which I have placed in the third Chapter, under the title of Dolor de Absentia Sponsi, seu Epitasis, (tho this latter in the Printing off the sheet is omitted, and with another escape or two consequent thereof, has given me the trouble of advising the Reader of it here, that he may rectifie the mistake) where, as in the Epitasis excitantur turbæ, & caligine quâdam res involvuntur, We find the Spouse all Joy before, Mourning for the absence of her Beloved, and all things for a while seem to incline to the worst. The Catastasis before its time in the printed Copy, is intituled to the fourth Partition, but belongs rightly to the fifth Chapter, or Division (where I have also caused it, as soon as by seeing the sheets, I perceived the Error of the Press again to be set, desiring the Reader, instead of that Title in the fourth Chapter, to put Desiderium) successive of the Epitasis in the third. And it is a continuance of the Spouses trouble for the absence of her Lord there first hinted; and whereas in the Epitasis, eadem cernitur rerum perturbatio, but somewhat greater, and opens the way to the clearing of all in the following Partitions under their several Titles, till the Drama comes to its last Period in the Catastrophe, which I have placed at the eighth Partition, tho if any one will, he may make the Catastrophe begin at the seventh, and in the eighth bring the Spouse ad Sponsi fores, after the Jewish Custom,

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Custom, in pursuance and complement of it; That which is signified by the Catastrophe in the Drama, being the conclusion of the whole, according to its expected or unlookt-for event. I might add here a great deal concerning the Unity of Action, strictly observed in this Hymn, and the Chorus, which is every where regular, but I pass them both over. With respect to what I have already laid down, I will not say that Salomon design'd all, or any of these parts in this Divine Song, or in the manner that I, following the Ancients, have bounded them; but this I dare say, that whosoever knows the Motions of the Pious Soul in its love to God, knows also that these several parts make it up, which I shall endeavour thus briefly to evidence, and appeal to those who understand it best, and have try'd the great experiment.

No sooner therefore by the Preaching of the Gospel, and the most benign Operations of the good Spirit of God, comes the devout Soul, to be convinced of the Divine Love, in it self and infinite Perfections how beyond expression amiable, to the Soul by ten thousand Experiences how endeared, but being first loved, and knowing assuredly it self to be loved, it endeavours according to its unequal measure to return love for love; Is all as it were on a flame towards its Beloved, and thinks nothing comparative with him Lovely, nothing for his sake too hard or grievous to be undertaken. The World to such an One and all its gaudy Pageantry appears, as it truly is, a dead and lifeless and accursed thing; without any Charms except to betray and ensnare, and with Pleasures (such as they

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they are) which continue but for a moment, and perish in the using; nor can it find any relish or satisfaction but in the enjoyment of those Real and Eternal Beauties, on which Time and Age have no effect, and whose most frequent use encrease only, and heighten their delight. Of these it continually thinks, loves and admires none but these; and is so wholly transformed into what it loves, that it is no more it self, nor lives any other Life than what that inspires. Or in St. Paul's phrase, Being Crucified with Christ, nevertheless it lives, or Christ rather lives in it, and the Life which it lives in the Flesh, it lives by the Faith of the Son of God, who loved it, and gave himself for it. In this Extasy, while it continues, the Pious Soul once enflamed with the Love of God, exults with joy unspeakable; and continue the Extasy will, till either Our love by degrees, as is not unusual (the more wretched We) grow cold in its once most ardent pursuits, or the violence of a Temptation intervene, or the most Highest, for either the punishment of our Remissness, or trial of our Sincerity, for a while withdraw himself; but then, the happier we once to perceive and take notice of it, how is the Soul that truly loves, perplexed? This way it runs, and that; and only thoughtful of its Misery, and what it would find, where yet to find it knows not. Here comes in the true Epitaphis: Another face of things appears than was wont, and instead of Hymns, and joyous Acclamations, which used before to be its constant Companions, nothing is heard, in all its Retreats, but the Sighs and Laments,

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ments, as of one forsaken. The Soul is overwhelmed almost with Sorrow, which to prove the most Intense, Hearty, and Sincere, it endeavours all it can, to clear its Innocence, calling Heaven and God to witness it; of yet which, having paused a while and not daring in cooler Blood to be too confident, it reflects upon its former coldness and negligence, and resolves on greater Care and Circumspection for the future, is angry with it self, and afraid, and mourns bitterly, and begs but once more to be try'd, and professes its Zeal, and passes ten thousand Promises, binding them with as many Vows, and resolves so thoroughly to be revenged of it self, that it will never give over its unwearied search, till it has found its Beloved. Away in this heat it flies out of it self as it were, and seeks, and asks after him of all it meets; and tho' affronted frequently by the way, bears the Indignity with patience, and feels the smart of no Wound received in the inquiry, comparable to his absence; till almost quite tired, now and again, and the third time (and it were well if but the three hundredth time the Epitasis and the Catastasis consequent of it recurr'd). Lo! he whom the Soul loves, and who infinitely more loves the Soul, taking pity of its Labours, and approving its Integrity, at length discovers himself a-new, with greater Attractives than before. And now all is perfectly well again. Peace and Joy, and the tender endearments of a mutual Affection blown up to a Flame, which no Waters can quench, sparkle in both. No Discourse passes, but of the constancy of each others Love, its Charms
how

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how great, its Renewals how surprizing. The happy Nuptials, which make the Catastrophe seem not to be far off, and by Faith through the Vail the Soul looks, and sees the Preparations, and hastens the time by its calls, and even dies with Impatience, because it is but a moment deferr'd.

This is the Progress of Divine Love in the holy Soul, adumbrated as I conceive, in this Mysterial Song, but so coldly and imperfectly displayed by me (God help poor Mortals!) that suspected thence, as I fear for my self I justly may, never to have been really touch'd with it, I can only appeal to Him, who searches the Heart, with the most earnest Obtestations, that if my Love to my Lord and Saviour be not such as it ought, with a flame so pure, and great as to warm, and enlighten others, according to the Prerogative of my Office; it may yet be sufficient to keep my self from either freezing, or stumbling; especially from either thinking, or speaking any thing unbecoming it, at least ὡς ἀναπληρῶν τὸ τόπον τοῦ ἱδίου, and in the too much despised Rank of a Christian Poet.

As for the other sacred Hymns, they seem to me to be of those parts of Scripture concerning which I may truly say, omitting their Divine Inspiration, that being compared with the best and most Majestic of Pindar, or Horace, they are so far from losing any thing of their Beauty, that they only receive thence the greater Lustre, and cast upon the noblest thoughts of those next to Immortal Lyrics, whom the Heathen World, and we above all the Heathen most deservedly admire,

The Preface.

admire, the honourable Office of serving but as a proper Foyl, to make them appear the more Glorious. For nothing can be conceived more Poetical, nothing more Tuneful and Harmonious, nothing more Dithyrambic and Ecstatical. Of this latter sort are the Songs of Moses, Deborah, and Habakkuk. And had I not a design of drawing to an end of this long Preface, as soon as possible, I might instance in the several Graces, which are proper to the rest, not as turned by me, but as they lie in the Original; Of which yet they are not wholly divested by the most barbarous Translation, into any Language, and in some of which, the Latine particularly of Castellio, and the Italian of Diodati, not to say our own, which may Vye with the best, they shine with a Ray only second to what they receiv'd upon their immediate Inspiration.

The Compositions, which are my own purely, or Translated occasionally out of the Originals, noted in the Titles or Margin, are of an infinite baser Alloy; and all I dare presume to say for them, is; That when I either made, or turned them, they suited well enough my then present Temper; and I have a kindness for them, proportionable to the Diversion they at that time gave my self, and have since given my Friends, at whose request I did some of them. However I had not been thus confident to Print them now, and publickly own them in this Habit, but that unknown to me, and unallowed, after very false Copies some of them have been already Published. I have here and there added the
Dates,

The Preface.

Dates, not for Ostentation, any one may think, but thereby to give some little account how I have been wont to spend part of my Time, both before I was admitted into Holy Orders, and since; and that if some of my Rhythms may not so directly suit with my present Circumstances, and seem too inflate with the Muses imaginary Profits and Honours, and idle Tattle to no purpose in the World; the time wherein I did them, may be my Apology, as it has serv'd others before me; tho there be none of them I hope, which will not be allowed as a tolerable Diversion for the severest Divine, their subject being either Religious, or exemplary Moral. And I am not ashamed to profess, that wearied with more abstruse studies, I have been wont in a Country Village barren of other Diversions thus to unbend, and refresh my self. I might amongst the rest have added the Muses Complaint, but beside that I thank God I have no great need, being content with my Fortune, I never yet found any good come of it, and Mr. Cowley's, and Mr. Spenser's before him, will indifferently serve for any of the Trade, and he values himself too highly who dares expect better fortune than they met. My change of Habit, I acknowledg, and manner of Living, with encrease of Years, have much taken me off from these kind of Delights, tho had I no greater loss of time at last to repent, than what has been spent among the Muses, I should, in my own Opinion at least, be a very happy Man. Nay, I am so far at present from repenting it, for the main, that as the late Cardinal Palavicino, on the like occasion says,
Givommi,

The Preface.

Giovommi, che in eta, & in professione più libera, Io sopra modo fui vago d'alcuni autori, la cui frequente lezione farebbe ora poco dicevole, alla maturita de miei anni, ed alla serjetà del mio stato; sì che me è auvenuto, come a coloro, i quali con più animoso, che sicuro consiglio praticarono lungamente fra gli aliti pericolosi delle sotterranee miniere, che uscendone salvi, hannosi comperata, con questo rischio, qualche più interna contezza intorno alle naturali proprietà, delle gioie & dell' oro. *Some of my Adventures in this kind, I have been at the pains to rehearse (and I might have added many more) in the Ode, called the Voyage, others I have glanced at in the Odes of Petrarch, reducing as far as was convenient that excellent Poets sense, to my own Condition.*

And now, having in the body of this Preface troubled my Reader with a particular defence of Rhythm, as the most natural, and proper Character of Verse, in the Modern, and it may be in all Languages, that are or ever were spoken in the World, (the Greek and Latine only excepted) and without which, especially in English, it cannot appear distinguished from Prose; (and which, if we look either to the first Original of Rhythm, is so far from being the Invention of a late Barbarous Age, or People, that it was known, as is judged by the Learned, and allow'd by the Hebrews, and Eastern Nations, long before the Greeks, and Romans were grown to that height, as to stile all but themselves Barbarous; if to its present Universal

d

use

The Preface.

use, and particularly with those, whom the now
Civil and Christian World more modestly and justly
call so, and who, tho they never heard of the Greeks
and Romans, nor it may be till of late of any People
less Barbarous than themselves, have a kind of Num-
ber received from their Ancestors distinct from their
Prose, whose Character is Rhythm or Cadence, seems
to be in all Countries the direction of pure Nature,
uncultivated by Art; and) that I may not in Act
condemn, what I have in Word taken upon me the
confidence to defend, I have stiled the whole Second
Part by the fittest, as I think, of the most Ancient,
as well as Modern names, RIMES. I confess I have
consulted none of my Friends in it, nor know I whe-
ther they, and the Censors of English Verse will allow
it me, tho Casa, and the best of the Italians, (to in-
stance in no more) are my Compurgators. Yet not
purely hence, and upon their Authority barely have I
staid my self, but from a principle of Modesty, if my
Reader dare credit me, that I may neither forestal and
deceive him, nor usurp for such occasional Composi-
tions, an Honour and Title which belongs not to them.
The noble Title of Poems I mean, too great a bearing
for so mean an estate of Verse as that to which of the
most they are vulgarly affixt. If others are of another
mind for the Examples sake, (the first it may be in
English of the despised Name given to any thing that
was grave and serious) there's no hurt done; and I
am content, (tho whether I be or no, 'tis no great
matter) that for their own Diversions, they call
them by what Names they please, so they give me the
like liberty, as I list, to name mine.

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80 *To Clelia, on his Picture, done by Mr. Flatman. Monostroph.* p. 163. b
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81 *Solitude. Out of Latine. Mr. Ab. Cowley. Quad.* p. 164. b
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82 *The Voyage. Ode.* p. 166. b
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A
PARAPHRASE
ON THE
Canticles,
In English Rhythms.

V. Ad Ephesios, 32.

Τὸ μυστήριον τοῦτο μέγα ἐστίν, ἐγὼ δὲ
λέγω εἰς χριστὸν, καὶ εἰς τὴν ἐκκλησίαν.
Ὁ ἀναγινώσκων νοείτω. xxiv. Matth. 15,

PERSONÆ.

S P O N S A.

S P O N S U S.

C H O R I tres.

Primus AMICORUM SPONSI.

Alter FILIARUM HIERO-
SOLYMITANARUM.

Tertius MULIERUM & GEN-
TIBUS.



Π Ρ Ο Ξ Μ Α.

I.

AVOID Prophane, avoid! for such as you
 There is no place, or listning here; (few
 They're Mysteries, which we sing, and but a
 Receive them with a well-purg'd ear:
 To all beside of love they sound,
 Mock-love, that does from every Hill rebound,
 And is no Virgin, when the painted Eccho's found.

II.

A Female Love that is, by a truer name
 Lust obscene, and da'liance call'd;
 For whom th' unhappy wretch, who has a flame,
 To fires of his own kindling's hal'd:
 Yet such an Empire has she gain'd,
 So universal, and so well maintain'd,
 That Verse, as well as Men, she'has to'her service train'd.

III.

Ah Verse, that e're thou shouldst be thus abus'd,
 That thus thy self thou shouldst abuse!
 The Devil, thy enemy, wisht thee ne'r worse us'd,
 Than

Π Ρ Ο Α Σ Μ Α.

Than thou thy self, thy self dost use:
Quit, quit, thy Chains, er'e 'tis too late,
At length return to thy' unimprov'd estate,
Lawrels yet grow at th' Altar, where thou first didst wait!

IV.

Lawrels there grow, and there's a Love Divine,
Which will compleatly fill Thy Song;
A Love that's Heav'n-born, truly Masculine,
From whom thou' hast banisht been too long:
Only return'd, this caution take,
As solemn as thou canst new homage make,
Both for Thine own defence, & Thy chaste follow'rs sake!

V.

And thou, my LIEGE, bright and immortal LOVE,
Who er'e Thou mortal Flesh didst take,
Descending from Thy azure Throne above,
An Image of Thy self didst make,
In which soft thoughts thou didst inspire,
And threw'st large portions of æthereal Fire,
To consecrate the shrine, where Thou wouldst in time re-
(tire;

VI.

Thou, who e're made Man, wouldst as Man be known,
And transports infinite to' express,
Sustain'd't a part, which was no more thine own,
Than as each greater holds its less,
Wouldst love, and as a Lover sue,
In Words, and Acts, as Mortal Lovers do,
And thus THY SELF, thus thy BELOVED to us shew:

VII.

VII.

Shewing us thus, as we could it conceive,
 What had from Ages hidden lain,
 The Glorys Thou design'd'st Thy SPOUSE to give,
 And what to 'effect them was thy pain,
 Flesh of our Flesh, Bone of our Bone,
 Pure GOD, and perfect MAN, in person One,
 The' Great-grand-fires Father, and his Virgin daughters
 (Son :

VIII.

In Thine own Words this Myſ'try to unfold,
 Or still to fold it, guide my Verſe ;
 Inſpire me, as Thou *Salomon* didſt of old,
 That I the Wonder may rehearſe :
 And when of Love the terms I uſe,
 (Thy ſelf its ſofterſt terms didſt not reſuſe)
 The ſofterſt to me' indite, the chaſteſt for me chuſe !

IX.

Make my Verſe ſoft, but make it chaſt withal,
 Theſe are the Beauties I deſire,
 Witneſs Thy ſelf, whom I the Witneſs call,
 How pure, and earthleſs is my Fire :
 That pure, and earthleſs it may ſhine,
 Reader, and Writer from all droſs refine,
 And Thine own Image ſtamp for'ts guard, on Thine
 (own Coyn!

[6]

A
P I A R A P H R A S E
U P O N T H E
C A N T I C L E S.

C A N T I C U M *Canticorum Salomonis.*

C A P. I.
D I V I N I A M O R I S E C S T A S I S
Quæ &
P R O T A S I S.

S P O N S A. S P O N S U S.

S P O N S A.

Osculetur me osculo.

I.

Sponsa.

F A L S E Glozing World, in vain
Juices and Herbs for me Thou dost compound;
Juices and Herbs, which ne'r can ease my pain,
Or heal an inward bleeding Wound:
With love (alas!) I'm pierc'd to th' heart,
Beyond Thy skill, or helpless Phyicks art.

II.

upon the CANTICLES.

II.

Come then, thou heav'nly LOVE,
And with Thee thine own sov'raign Med'cine bring:
Come! and the cause of all my griefs remove,
That I Thy mighty praise may sing:
Ah! put Thy sacred Lips to mine,
And let's mix souls, as we chaste Kisses joyn!

III.

Dear Kiss! how sweet it was!
Above those Spirits, which gen'rous wines exhale;
Like perfume how it fill'd the ambient space,
And in its passage ravish'd all,
Virgins, who but Spectators came:
Sweet are Thy kisses LOVE; sweeter Thy Name.

IV.

Only to see my LORD
They came, but now like me are all on fire;
Draw me, O, draw me by Thy pow'rful Word,
One pace shall shew our joynt desire:
Both they, and I will follow Thee,
And Thy unransom'd Captives ever be.

V.

Thy Love at length, blest King,
Where all her fears may have an happy end,
Into thy Nuptial Chamber please to bring,
Where we Thy praises may intend,
And firmly of Thy self possess,
Our Mouths with singing fill, with joy our Ercast!

V I.

With songs Our Mouths We'll fill,
 And to exalt Thy Glories never cease;
 The Od'rous dews, which from Our Lips distil,
 Shall give Thy Land a rich encrease:
 Above all Wines Thy Love wee'll raise,
 And just Men with us shall record Thy praise.

V I I.

I'm black, 'tis true, but so,
 Fair Daughters of *Jerus'lem*, as the Tents
 Of Sun-burnt *Arabs*, humble, dark, and low,
 But full of Regal Ornaments;
 Or as those Curtains *Salomon*
 Draws to conceal from vulgar sight his Throne.

V I I I.

Unjust you 're to despise
 A Face, which only wants your beaut'ous Charms;
 My Country Sun (alas!) has stain'd my Eyes,
 And robb'd them of so potent Arms:
 From his too near approach I took
 What thus you gaze at, my discolour'd look.

I X.

My Mothers Sons beside,
 Careless what burden they on me did lay,
 And angry too, to' a Vineyards scorching side,
 Bound my attendance every day:
 Their Vines too' unfit to keep, 'when my' own,
 With weeds, for want of dressing, were o'regrown.

X:

Dear LOVE, by whom I'm freed
And to a nobler Service now design'd,
Tell me, O tell me, where Thy Flocks do feed,
And what cool shades, at Noon they find;
Why should I from Thee go away,
And to the Tents of other Shepherds stray?

S P O N S U S,

I.

Si ignoras te, O Pulcherrima.

FAIREST of Women, beaut'ous Shepherdes, *Sponsus.*
If hitherto Thou hast not known
What walks thy Faithful Shepherd does possess,
And where my Flocks find shade at Noon,
This narrow Tract, will to our Sheeppcots lead,
Where thy Kids may securely rest, and safely feed.

II.

Eut, ah, how ill with simple Swains agree
Those beauties, which are all Divine?
Pharao in triumph born, compar'd to thee,
Does with unequal glory shine;
And tho exalted in his Chariot high,
With more of pomp, wants of thy real Majesty.

III. To

III.

To those, who need them, Chains and Bracelets leave,
 My Love has beauties of her own;
 Beauties, which no advance from Art receive,
 Nor owe their flame to' a sparkling stone:
 For when these Ornaments she please to wear,
 Jewels take lustre from her Eyes, gold from her Hair.

IV.

Enough 'tis that she any place will yield,
 Near her, for things I've common made,
 As flints ith' City, and as grass ith' Field,
 And with them deigns to be array'd:
 Tho at her feet the rich Embrodery,
 Low as the Earth its bed, worn in her Train does ly.

S P O N S A.

I.

Dum esset Rex in accubitu suo.

Sponsa.

MY LOVE, my King, when from thy Fold
 Return'd, Thou shalt with me sit down,
 The Pris'ner in my Arms I'll hold,
 And his Head with Spik-nard crown:
 He 'twixt my Breasts shall sleep all Night,
 And flames inspire pure as the Mid-day light.

II.

The spicy East, Father of Gums,
Deserves not to be nam'd with Thee,
From whom his Myrrh, and Virtue comes,
Thy self the true Myrrh-bleeding Tree:
Engaddis Camphire, when it blows,
Near Thee does all its scent, and spirits lose.

S P O N S U S.

Ecce tu Pulchra es amica.

WORTHY my Love, how art thou fair,
Beyond what mortal Women are!
Chast, and inno'cent, as a Dove,
Full of mild, and spotless love,
And from whose Eyes a ray does shine,
Than Doves more bright, and as Thine own Divine.

Sponsus.

S P O N S A.

Ecce tu Pulcher es Dilecte.

NOT I, t'is Thou, my LOVE, art fair
Bright as the Sons of Heaven are;
And those perfections Thou giv'st me,
Are what I first receiv'd from Thee,
In whom, as in their true Original they be.
Come then, my HEART, lo, all around, (ground!
With Greens our Bed, with Flow'rs I've strew'd the
Come,

Sponsa.

A PARAPHRASE

Come, let us sit down, and beguile,
Unmist the weary Hours a-while ;
And when the Night recalls us home,
T'our Cedar Palace we will come,
And of each others Love possess,
With jealous boadings unopprest,
On beds of Iv'ry take our chaste and welcome rest,

CAP.

C A P. II.

EVOCATIO SPONSÆ.

SPONSUS. SPONSÆ.

SPONSUS.

Ego Flos campi & Lilium, &c.

EARTHS glit'ring stars, vying with those (above, Sponsus.)
 Fair Rose, and Lily, emblems of my love,
 As far as mortal Flowers proportion bear
 To Love, and Beauties, which immortal are,
 How gay you look, how pure your flame does shine,
 Fit to resemble, tho not equal mine!

My Dearest is a Lilly too,
 Tho in differ'nt scites we grow,
 I ith' rich Valley, she on the' hard cliffs wrinkled brow. }
 With Thorns, and Brambles girt around,
 The Plant not to defend, but wound.
 Yet ev'n thus plac'd, with such a foil,
 As is the Curse of any soil;
 Tho Lilies one with Thorns compare,
 Lilies'mongst Thorns are yet less fair,
 Less beauteous, and less gay,
 And all their glories less display,
 Cloath'd in pure, and genial light,
 Cloath'd or naked in their Virgin white,

Than

A PARAPHRASE

Than my BELOV'D, amongst the Daughters shows,
With Grace upon her Lips, and terror on her Brows.

S P O N S A.

Sicut malus inter ligna.

I.

Sponsa.

TOO WELL, my LORD, too well I know,
By what Thou hast compar'd me now,
What to my self, what to Thy love I owe.

II.

Ah, too short age of with'ring Flowers,
The pride of some few sunny Hours,
But without guard against the Wind, or Showres!

III.

And such, just such a Flower am I,
Whilst on Thy stem, mod'rately high,
Thou a Tree, deck'd with gems the glitt'ring Skie.

IV.

But look how th'Apple Tree excels
Its Brother-plants, tho'it humbler dwells,
For wholesome shade, and Fruit and od'rous smells:

V.

(Domestick Tree, which left the Wood,
Not to be great, but do more good,
And crown the vilest stock with th' noblest bud.)

VI.

No otherwise, my LOVE, dost Thou
Thy Brethren all in Grace out-go,
How high so'er they rais'd, and Thou how low.

VII.

Hail, happy Tree, under whose shade,
For cool retreat, and pleasure made,
Whether I sit, or walk, or down am lay'd;

VIII.

Round there attends me pure delight,
With all the charms, that can invite
The gustful palate, or the curious sight.

IX.

Not love himself, tho th' Architect,
(And love the Bow'r did first erect
Plent'ous in Wines, and beaut'ous in prospect:)

X.

A Bow'r more lovely could contrive,
His last effort of skill to give,
Or where himself might ever wish to live.

XI.

XI.

Thither he brought me; but to prove,
No Charms but his my heart could move :
Love was my guide, His Banner o're me Love.

XII.

Whither, O Love, whither dost Thou flie ?
Look, how smitt'n I wounded lie,
And, if Thou help not, of the Wound must die !

XIII.

Now, e're it be too late, produce
The choicest spirits Thou e're didst use,
The wincful Grape, and thy' Apples winy juice !

XIV.

But come Thy self too, for (alas !)
I'm sick of love: Thy left-hand place
Under my head, whole me with th' right embrace !

S P O N S U S.

Adjuro vos, Filie Jerusalem.

Sponsus.

I COME— but (lo !) how peaceful sleep
In downy chains does all her Senses keep ;
She sleeps, and will do well, compos'd to rest,
Of ease, her self, and him she loves, as wisht, possess.
Mean

Mean while, you Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
who are, and to your selves more glorious seem
In her attendance, than your own fair stemm;

}

By the Hills, and by the Lawns,
By the Roes, and by the Fawns,
By the Fields, and by the Woods,
By the Springs, and by the Floods,
All that I, or you count dear,
All I love, and all you fear;

I charge you, I charge you not to awake
My Love from the rest, which now she does take,
Till her self pleases the Signal to make!

}

S P O N S A.

Vox dilecti mei ecce iste, &c.

WHAT voice was that, which struck my ear?
Ah! 'twas my LOVE, 'twas my LOVES Voice,
Which, were I dead, would make me hear,
And fill me with unutterable joys.

Sponsus.

'Twas He, who spake, and is he gone?
Ah me! e're yet his Words were done,
So far remov'd hence, and so soon?
But he'll return ———

}

He comes, he comes, I see him come,
The very Mountains make him room,
And bow their Heads to yield him way;
The Hillocks dart a brighter ray;
Over the Mountain tops he skips,
Light as the Wind, o're th' Hillocks trips:
And now he's there, and now he's here,
Swift as the fleet wing-footed Deers;

C. B. 44.

And

Ca.

And now behind our Wall he stands,
 Looks at the Window, and commands
 My' attendance, at the Lattice, with his beckning hands.
 Nay he speaks too, and I hear him say,
 "Rise up, my Love, my Fair one, come away !
 " Winter at length is past, and gone ;
 " Look, how th' expected Spring comes on !
 " Apace it comes, on Zephyrs riding,
 " And the Rain, that stopt it chiding.
 " The Rain is gone too, and gives place,
 " And now appears a clearer face
 " Of Heaven, and Earth, than did before :
 " Enough of Storms, there's now no more.
 " Lo ! how the Flowers lift up their heads,
 " And start out of their droulie beds.
 " Wak'd by the Quire of Birds, that sing
 " And Carol to the new-come Spring.
 " They sing, and dance from bough to bough,
 " As if they Winter ne're did know ;
 " As if they Winter ne're did fear,
 " And 'twould be Summer all the Year,
 " And every Night, and every Day,
 " (Who more rich, or pleas'd, than they)
 " Unbidden, Pipe, and unrewarded, play. }
 " The Fig-Tree too, on every twig,
 " Puts out its callow^u unflesht Fig.
 " Unflesht, unripe, unripe tho' it be,
 " Hatcht at once by its Mother-Tree ;
 " Born at one pang, without the throws,
 " The' hard teeming Olive undergoes,
 " That Gems, and Flowers, and flowering dies,
 " E're th' half form'd Embryo up does rise :
 " Or the slow Vine its clusters brings,
 " That gentle Plant, made up of Rings,
 " Crispt, and curld, and wondrous sweet,
 " But modest too, and veild toth feet.

" Which

" Which in their courses, all attend,
 " And forth their Odours all do send,
 " The Springs to perfume, and thy way,
 " Rise up my Love, my Fair One, come away !

Thus, thus but softer 'twas he spake,
 With words a very Rock would break,
 And e'ven in Stones impression make ;
 Hark, and you too, O Friends, may hear him speak'

S P O N S U S.

Columba mea in foraminibus, &c.

Sponsus.

MY DOVE, that in the Cliffs dost dwell,
 And there to stones thy griefs dost tell,
 To stones, which nor Thy plaints can hear,
 Nor a part with Thee in them bear,
 Not lend one sigh, nor shed one tear,

Come forth of Heaven, and me belov'd,
 And be to a better Seat remov'd !
 To one less deaf thy prayers direct,
 Whom as Thy self, but more they may affect.
 Make them, my Love, make them to me,
 And let me Her, who makes them see !

Thy Voice, tho hoarse with calling grown,
 And almost to Thy self unknown,
 To me as sweet, as e're it was,
 As Charming seems, and full of Grace ;
 And thy fair Eyes, with tears be spent,
 Look through the liquid Chrystal far more Orient.

" For why to Heav'n no pompous Sacrifice,
 " Than Holy Prayer can more accepted rise:
 " And the Lambs Bride no richer Garment wears,
 " Than simple White, or powdered with her pearly tears.

A PARAPHRASE

Come then of Heav'n, and me belov'd,
And be to a better Seat remov'd!

—SHE comes, she comes, I see her come,
The Cliffs, that held her, make her room;
And stoop their Heads, to plain her way,
Our Lawns reflect her brighter ray!
Take us the while, the Foxes take,
Which in our Vineyards Burroughs make!
The little Foxes, which dispoil
Our Vines, into a Gin beguile;
For there's a blessing in our Vine;
The tender Grape begins to shine,
A blessing of its own, her blessing 't has, and mine. }

S P O N S A.

Dilectus meus mihi, &c.

Sponsa.

WHO would not such a Dear One love,
Who thus, and thousand ways does prove,
How constant He, how great my bliss?
My' BELOVED's MINE, and I AM HIS:
His, who amongst the Lillies feeds,
And with them to be crown'd, first for them bleeds.
O! were that Day come, and the Night
Gone, which retards Thy gladsome sight!
Hasten it, LOVE, and bring the Day,
The shadows soon will flee away,
If Thou on *Bethers* top appear,
Swift as the fleet wing-footed Deer;
On *Bethers* top shedding Thy Light,
Fleet as their heels, and than their horns more bright.

C A P.

C A P. III.

DOLOR DE ABSENTIA SPONSI.
EPITAFIIS.

SPONSA. CHORUS Amicorum Sponsi.

SPONSA SOLA.

In Lectulo meo per Noctes.

T WAS Night, a sad and dismal Night,
Without one glim' of chearful Light;
Silence, and horror seiz'd its place,
And riot'd ith' empty space;
When wake'd with dread, Lo! all alone
I found my self, my LOVE was gone.
With trembling Hand, to find him out,
I felt, I fought, but found him not.
At last thus to my self I said,
"I'll up, and see whither he' is stray'd:
"Fearless the City compass round,
"Nor give o're till my LOVE is found.
"No labour spare ith' quest, or pains,
"Through the broad Streets, and narrow Lanes,
"But eve'ry Lane, and every Street,
"Measure out with my weary Feet,
"And thus, or find him, or thus prove,
"My truth to His, and to my Love.

Sponsa.

glame.

I spake, I rose, but in vain fought,
 And tir'd my self, yet found him not,
 Him I found not, but they found me,
 Who the City-Warders be ;
 And in their Night-walks compass it,
 Amaz'd a stricter Watch to meet,
 And thus themselves first askt to be,
 " Him, whom my Soul loves did you see ?
 My steps scarce from them could I move,
 But I found Him my Soul does love.
 I held him fast, nor would let go my hold,
 Chast in my Love, and in his Favour bold,
 Till to my Mothers House I brought Him,
 And all my adventurous search had taught him,
 To the glad room, where I was born,
 But in my Birth less joyous than in his return.

And now, fair Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
 Who are, and to your selves more glorious seem,
 In his attendance than your own fair stem ;

By the Hills, and by the Launs,
 By the Roes, and by the Fauns,
 By the Fields, and by the Woods,
 By the Springs, and by the Floods,
 All that I or you count dear,
 All he loves, and all I fear :

I charge you, I charge you not to awake
 My LOVE from the rest, which now he does take,
 Till himself pleases the signal to make !

CHORUS.

CHORUS

*Amicorum Sponsi.**Quæ est ista quæ ascendit per, &c.*

WHAT fair One's that, who from the Desert ^{(comes,}
 Strait as a Palm, and breathing Odorous Gums; Chorus.
 Or like those Pil'ars, which from th' Altar rise,
 Of mystic Smoak, on which Heav'ns Pavement lies;
 Th' expiring Soul of Myrrh, to its last abode
 Halting, as if 'twould be it self a God?
 So choice a Beauty, and Divinely fair,
 A meen so lovely, and so bright an Air,
 Centred in whom all just Perfections meet,
 The Wise, the Good, the Awful, and the Sweet,
 Is only worthy him, whose sacred Love,
 None equal knows, but his, who reigns above.
 Behold his Bed (his Bed that's *Salomons*,
 As far as Heav'n admits comparisons)
 No Queen need dread the terrors of the Night,
 With such a Watch, so 'appointed, and so bright.
 About it Sixty valiant Grooms attend,
 Such as for triumph *Israel* forth do's send.
 All valiant Men, and expert all in War,
 Girt as in Fight her mighty Conquerours are;
 Each with his Sword upon his guarded Thigh,
 And able each an Army to defy,
 But whose united Forces all meet here,
 To keep the Post and drive thence grizly fear.
 A Chair the King, of Cedar too has made,
 The cleanest Trees that *Libanus* e're had,
 Whose Balli'sters are of finest Silver wrought,
 The floor of Gold, from *Ophirs* treasures brought;

B 4

Its

A PARAPHRASE

Its Cano'py of the richest *Tyrian* dye,
 Enough to upbraid a meaner Majesty.
 Such the Materials, but Art Divine,
 It's Workmanship does Nature far out-shine.
 For all with winged Loves tis Carv'd around,
 Love in more various postures ne're was found.
 Some on Heav'n's Message flying, from above,
 Thither advancing some our mortal love,
 Which all refin'd, like Prophets, others Preach,
 But learn of Sions Daughters, whom they seem to teach.
 —These are the shadows, fair One, of that bliss
 Awaits Thy love, and all are Myste'ries:
 Which none, but he that's Wise, can understand,
 Nor any write but with a guided Hand.

S P O N S A.

Egredimini & videte filie Sion,

Sponsa.

DAUGHTERS of *Jerusalem*,
 The fairest Sprouts of *Sions* stem,
 Come forth, my Friends, come forth, and see
 What mine, and what your Honours be!
 You will remember th' happy Day,
 (And well remember it, you may)
 When first your King receiv'd his Crown,
 King *Salomon*, and 'twas his own,
 Not of the Kingdom but of his Love;
 And it the fairer Crow'n did prove.
 From 'his Mothers Hands the joyful Son,
 On 'his Nuptial Day receiv'd the Crown.
 But such a Son, and such a Mother,
 Vying Glories each with th' other,
 And such a Crown, and such a Day,
 When in chaste Joys dissolv'd they lay,

The

The happy Bridegroom, and the Bride,
And you, their Friends, on either side,
If once again you'd wish to see,
And greater Joys than those could be,
Come, and my greater *SALOMON* behold,
More glorious in his Love, than he in all his Gold.

CAP.

CAP. IV.

CATASTASIS.

DESIDERIUM.

SPONSUS, SPONSA.

SPONSUS.

Quam Pulchra es Amica mea.

I.

Sponsus. **B**EHOOLD Thou 'art fair, my Love, behold Thou art (Fair,
 Let the World know, and know it Thou ;
 But (alas!) what Thy hidden Beauties are,
 Nor thou, nor that, till by me taught, can know :
 Till Thee, by all that's Beauteous I compare,
 And after all rejoyn, Thou 'art yet more Fair.

II.

Begin my Song ! But where shall I begin ?
 Ah! where, but with Thy Dove-like Eyes,
 Those Doors of Dia'mond, which first let me in,
 And of my Passion, were the Virgin prize ?
 Love thence redoubled on me his thick stroaks,
 But, falling forth, lay fetter'd in thy Locks.

III. Locks

III.

Locks of that Head, which does like *Gilead* shine,
 When on the Golden Fleeces there,
 The jealous Sun, just ready to decline,
 Ith' mid-way stops, his Tresses to compare ;
 But brighter far, and longer too are they,
 Than Sun-beam, in the fairest Summer-day.

IV.

Such is thy Hair, thy Teeth like couples thence,
 All washt in *Aenons* streams, and thorn ;
 In *Aenons* Silver streams, and rising whence,
 To th' joyful shearing House new washt they are born :
 Each has its make, and Twins they bear all round,
 Nor is a barren One ith' number found.

V.

And as Thy Teeth, such are Thy Lips, their Fence,
 The purest Wooll, with the' noblest Dye ;
 And every graceful Word, that's uttered thence,
 On purple Wings, to Thy' lovers Heart does flie ;
 Thy Cheeks, hid under Thy bright Curls, appear
 Like shaded Pomgranates, but shine more clear.

VI.

But, O, Thy Neck, that Tower impregnable,
 How full of Beauty, and of Dread ?
 Like that of *David*, built for a Cittadel
 With thousand spoils of the' Living and the Dead.
 A thousand Shields of th' Mighty hang up there,
 All mighty Shields, and but thy Necklace are.

VII. Yet

VII.

Yet such a Cittadel, and such a Tower,
 To guard those Twins there was but need,
 Those two Roe-twins, of all the Herd the Flower,
 Which under it, among the Lillies feed;
 Thy two fair Breasts, which yet to Lillies give
 A tincture brighter, than they thence receive.

VIII.

Till the Day come, my Love, the Bridal-Day,
 For which thou less than I dost long;
 Till the Nights shadows swiftly flee away,
 A while I'll leave Thee, a little while be gone;
 To th' Hills of Myrrh, and Frankincense I'll go,
 And fetch the Morning, as it 'gins to blow.

IX.

Yet (ah!) I cannot leave Thee, Love, thus soon,
 My Love thus soon I cannot leave;
 Our Flocks may gaze, for 'tis yet scarce High-noon,
 And we, till Folding time, the Hours deceive.
 Thou art all fair, my Love, all fair Thou art,
 And first I'll die, ere from Thee thus depart.

X.

Rather a while, my Love, let 'us hand in hand,
 To *Liban* walk, and *Amana*;
Shenir, and *Hermon*, which large views command,
 And thence see how our Lambs do feed and play,
 Whether unscar'd they from the Lions rest,
 Or Leopards paws, and where the next Folding's best.

XI. They

XI.

(heart,
They 'are safe, my SPOUSE, they 'are safe, but (Oh) my
SISTER, my Heart (Oh) where is 't gone ?
For gone it is, I know, by the ' pleading smart ;
Welfare poor Heart, that 's from its Master flown !
But this one glance, one Eyes bright glance has done :
Who 's proof for both, if thus Thou wound 'st with One ?

XII.

Yet as Thou ' hast tane my Heart, so keep it fast !
A single Chain is strong enough,
One link o ' th ' Chain, with which thy Neck is grac ' d,
To hold, fast hold a never starting Love ;
My SPOUSE, my SISTER, I ' m Thy Captive made,
Bind him, nor of Thy Pris ' ner be afraid !

XIII.

A willing Captive, Prisoner of Thy love,
Which guess how strong, and fair it is ;
So strong 't has drawn me from my Throne above,
And truly hides a God in this disguise :
So fair, that Thee no less to Heav ' n 't shall raise,
To Crown Thy Maker with Immortal Bays.

XIV.

But this, till to ' Heav ' n we come, I ' ll let alone,
Nor canst Thou understand it yet ;
Wherefore Thy Love by things to Thee well known,
As thou canst bear, I will before Thee set ;
To Wine compare 't, tho better 'tis than Wine,
And all Thy Odours are of race Divine.

XV. Thy

XV.

Thy Lips, my SPOUSE, drop as the Hony-comb,
 Hony and Milk are in Thy Tongue;
 Some drops for Susten'ance, and for Med'cine some,
 The Weak to nourish, and confirm the Strong:
 Like *Libanus*, Thy perfum'd Garments smell,
Liban, that does all Mounts, for Sweets excel.

XVI.

All, but that Garden, in the holy Mount,
 Where I design three Nights to lie,
 In Spices wrapt, as Prophets shall recount,
 And notice give the World, when the' time draws nigh:
 Yet such a Garden, and so sweet art Thou,
 My SPOUSE, my SISTER, when Thy Spices blow.

XVII.

A Garden fenc'd, and all enclos'd around,
 Lockt up, and double is the Key,
 With a quick Spring, that waters the' holy Ground,
 And all its parching Fervors does allay;
 But so seal'd up, the curious passer by
 With Foot ne're soild, ne're saw it with his Eye.

XVIII.

To none but its own sacred Plants it flows,
 Making the place a Paradise,
 Where nothing noxious, or forbidden grows,
 Nothing, but what will make one truly wise:
 Or make, or please, or truly keep one so;
 For all there planted, as its Trees do grow.

XIX. The

XIX.

The Pomgranate is there, and there the Date,
The Spikenard, and the Cypress Tree,
Spikenard and Saffron, and hi'ther brought of late,
The sweet-Cane, Cinamom, and all sorts that be
Of Frankincense, Myrrh, Aloes, and a Train
Of Princely Spices, wont in th' East to Reign.

XX.

There Reign they, but here serve my Love, and me,
Whose Fountain all their drougt supplies,
And flows so largely, constant, and so free,
Th' whole World may have for its necessities:
Jordan that sacred, and perpetual Flood,
Had not more streams, when like the Sea on heaps it stood.

S P O N S A.

Surge Aquilo & veni Auster.

I.

FATHER Winds, that gently ride,
On downy Feathers, through the Skie,
You, that ith' cold North abide,
And Southern Gales, which cold descie!

Sponsa.

II.

North-Wind awake, and Thou, O South,
And gently on my Garden blow;
Blow, gentle Winds, with different Mouth,
That all its various scents may flow!

III. Then

III.

Then on your Wings the Perfumes take,
And bear them with you gently Home;
More grateful your return they'll make,
And th' young Winds wonder whence you come.

IV.

But why, O Winds, first call I you,
Let my BELOVED rather come!
More than your Gales his Breath can do,
Not show, but make my best Perfume.

V.

Why comes he not? Ah! where's the Lett?
Now that his Garden's in its prime,
Now that his Fruits are fit to eat,
And may be worse another time?

V.
CATASTASIS.

SPONSUS. SPONSA. CHORUS. CAP. 5.

SPONSUS.

Veni in Hortum meum Soror.

I.

I HEARD Thee call, my *Sister*, my SPOUSE,
I heard Thee call, and I came away ;
To my Garden I came, and as Lovers use,
Have gath' red each Flower in my Walk that lay ;
My Myrrh, and my Spices, and all that is rare,
And thus to my Garden I'll often repair.

Sponsus.

II.

•So pleas'd I was with each choice delight,
And delights such as Thine I but rarely meet ;
That, scarce knowing how, I forgot my self quite,
Nor took time enough to choose only the sweet ;
My Hony and Hony-comb at once devour'd,
And with my Wine, Milk into the Bowl pour'd.

D

III.

III.

Chear up, my Friends, and eat your fill,
 Chear up, and eat, here's store enough,
 Thanks to my bounteous Love,
 And drink, drink plenteously, what each one will!
 "Who fears excess, or fondly thinks to spare,
 "Disparages that Heav'n, whose Guests we are.

S P O N S A.

Ego dormio, & cor meum vigilat.

Sponsa.

ALL as I slept, but with my waking mind,
 (My Heart slept not, tho sleep my Eyes did bind,
 And on my Temples his soft Fillet ti'd,
 But as I slept and) dead to all beside,
 Liv'd to my LOVE, a Voice I seem'd to hear,
 A shrilling Voice, and pitteous, pierc't my ear;
 A Voice well known, 'twas my BELOVED's Voice,
 And at the Door he made th' appointed Noise,
 Knocking, and calling, Why comes not my Love?
 "Open my SISTER, my 'Undeas'd, my Dove,
 "Open, I pray Thee, nor be so unkind,
 "Thus to treat him, who's come thy Love to find;
 "A long, and weary Journey come ith' Night,
 "Weary and wet, by the Moon's dusky Light.
 "Lo! how my Head with the moist Dew is fill'd,
 "And the Nights drops through all my Curls distill'd!
 "And art Thou come, I flatteringly repli'd,
 "But why, my Dear, so late, without a Guide?
 "I fear it much, but (ah!) I'm now in Bed;
 "And many a sad distrust nights horrors breed,

"He're

"He're in the dark, ith' dark here all alone;
 "My Vest's put off, How shall I put it on?
 "My Feet are washt too from the Days foul soil,
 "Nor with new sullies would I them defile.
 "O, how I tremble, and would gladly rise,
 "But dare not, (Oh!) I dare not, LOVE how dark it is!

I spake, but 'twas excuse: To be deni'd,
 Unwilling he, still for admision cry'd.
 Drawing the Latch, and lifting with his Hand
 The easie Door: grieving he thus should stand,
 My Heart was in me mov'd, and I began
 To pity him, and my' unjust self disdain;
 At his so meek attendance did relent,
 And of my own unlovelike words repent.
 So up I rose in haste,* and let him in,
 Who was my LOVE, and had so patient been.
 I rose, and to the Door like Lightning flew,
 To th' very place, where he the Latch first drew.
 My Hands dropt Myrrh, which on the Door he left,
 Pure Myrrh, in eve'ry chink of th' Door, and cleft,
 Myrrh on the Lock, in every ward was Myrrh,
 And Myrrh, where every bulie Finger I could stir.
 But opening, — Woe's me! he was gone;
 Himself, my dearest LOVE, had thence withdrawn.
 My Soul was gone too, roused as I lay,
 And heard him speak, but with him fled away.
 So pensive, all about I for him sought,
 Sought curiously about, but found him not:
 Call'd him by Name, begg'd his return to have,
 I call'd, and sought, but he no answer gave.
 Nor hear, nor find him could I, but they found me,
 They, who the Warders of the City be:
 Unlike in Court'sie, tho alike in Name
 Those Justones, to'whom in my first search I came,
 Who let me pass unwrong'd; these barbarously
 Struck, and did more than strike, have wounded me:

A PARAPHRASE

And though by place, and office bound to look
No' assaults be made, my torn Vail rudely took.

But you, fair Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
From whom much better things to hope I seem,
Worthy your selves, and worthy your bright stem. }

If you chance my *Love* to find,

Virgins, be to' a Virgin kind!

If you chance my *LOVE* to meet,

Virgins, be to a Virgin sweet!

Sweet, and kind so *Love* to y'on be,

As you are kind, and sweet to me!

I charge you, I charge you by all that is dear,
My *LOVE* to inform, that his Wounds I do bear,
Sick to death with his *Love*, without his care.

CHORUS Filiarum Hierosolymitanarum.

Qualis est Dilectus tuus.

Chorus.

FAIREST of Women, if we find
Thy *LOVE*, we'll to Thy suit be kind.

Fairest of Women, if we meet

Thy *LOVE*, we'll be as Thou art, sweet.

(Sweet, and kind, so *Love* to us be

As we are kind and sweet to Thee!)

Tell him all thou hast charg'd us,

In terms, like Thine, obsequious.

But, if unseasonable it is not,

Nor we be too o're curious thought,

Be pleas'd t' advise us, what above

All other Lovers, is Thy *LOVE*,

In Air, and rich Endowments large,

That us Thou giv'st so strict a charge?

SPONSA.

S P O N S A.

Dilectus meus candidus & rubicundus.

F AIR Ones, tho that, which you of me require, *Sponsa.*
 And which my self should in your place desire,
 Be far above all Art, or Skill of mine
 As it deserves in Colours to design,
 Yet that I may my just Compliance show,
 The best that's in my power I'll gladly do.

Help, help me LOVE, to give each part its grace,
 Nor from my humble Verse, or Heart, their Lines efface !

WHITE, and ruddy is my LOVE,
 As when the Rose and Lilly strove.
 White and pure, as Mid-day Light ;
 Ruddy as Clouds that flie the Night,
 And e'en or'e-taken blushing run,
 Blushing to o're-take the setting Sun,
 And with him in the Sea headlong plunge down, }
 The Banner worthy 'alone to bear,
 Under which Myriads list'd are.
 Around his Head a Ray divine,
 Bright as the purest Gold does shine.
 His Locks as any Raven black,
 Hang in loose Curls a-down his Back.
 His Eyes like Doves by' a Rivers side,
 Well set, and with a decence wide,
 As washt in Milk, are lovely white,
 But sparkling Fire from the killing sight.
 His Cheeks with spicy mixtures flow,
 Flourets ith' downy Borders grow.
 His Lips the choicest Myrrh distill,
 Lillies the parting Valley fill.

D 3

His

His Hands with Rings of Berril set,
 Of Jacynct, and of Chrysolet.
 His Chest's like polisht Ivory,
 Whose Veins of liquid Saphir lie.
 Two Pedestals of solid Gold
 His Marble-pillar'd Thighs uphold.
Libanus only is his Peer,
 It's fairest Cedar growing there.
 Strait as a Cedar and as tall,
 (By Trees to express the Natural)
 But when he speaks, so 'himself he is,
 With every Grace, and every Bliss,
 Whole *Libanus* is unfit to be,
 With all its stores, the Pourtraict of his Deity.

Such, fair Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
 Such is my LOVE, and such my Friend ;
 If such an One you chance to find,
 Seise him for me, when y'have by th' Marks discover'd
 (him.

VI.

AMBITIO SPONSÆ.

CHORUS *Filiarum Hieroselymitanarum.*

CAP. 7.

SPONSA, SPONSUS, CHORUS
alter Mulierum & Gentibus.

CHORUS. *Fil. Hier.*

Quo abiit Dilectus tuus O Pulcherrima?

W HITHER is thy BELOVED gone,
Fairest of Women, whither turn'd aside?
Tell us, if Thou hast his retirements known,
Or deign Thy self to be our Guide!
In every place, we'll with Thee seek Him out,
And find, or else be found of Him they sought.

Chorus.

¶c.

SPONSA.

Dilectus meus descendit in Hortum.

D OWN to his Garden my BELOVED went.
To' his Garden, as I thought, with full intent,

D +

The

A PARAPHRASE

The Beds of Spices, in his Walk to see,
 How fresh and verdant in his Livery.
 There to divert a while, and feed his Flock,
 And new-blown Lillies gather from his Stock.
 —But (Lo !) I see him, this way the steps incline.
 I my BELOVED's AM, and HE IS MINE.
 His, none but his, who 'mongst the Lillies feeds,
 And with them to be Crown'd, first for them bleeds.

S P O N S U S.

Pulchra es Amica mea, &c.

BEHOLD

I.

Sponsus. **B**ELOVED, Thou 'art fair, my Love, behold Thou 'art
 As *Tirza*, which for Empire strove (fair,
 With th' holy City, and with it would compare ;
 Fair as *Jeru'salem*, coming from above :
 So fair art Thou, but dreadful too withal,
 As a rang'd Phalanx, at the Trumpets call.

II.

Ah ! from me turn those killing Eyes away,
 Too piercing is their beauteous sight ;
 I yield, my Love, I yield, Thou hast gain'd the Day,
 And all in vain I see it is to fight :
 Thou need'st but only look to overcome ;
 And, bound in Chains, thy Captives are led home.

III.

Chains of that Hair, that does like *Gilead* shine,
 When on the Golden Fleeces there,

The

The jealous Sun, just ready to decline,
 'Ich' Mid-Heav'n stops, his Tresses to compare ;
 But brighter far, and longer much are they,
 Than Sun-beam in the fairest Summer-day.

IV.

Such are Thy Locks, Thy Teeth like couples thence,
 All washt in *Aenons* Streams, and shorn,
 In *Aenons* Silver Streams, and rising whence,
 To th' joyful Shearing-house, new washt they're born :
 Each has it's make, and Twins they bear all round,
 Nor is a Barren one ith' number found.

V.

Thy Cheeks, which underneath Thy Temples lie,
 And there their modest blushes hide,
 In such a Vail, as does all Art defie,
 (Nature for Virgins does that Vail provide)
 Thy Cheeks, all vaild within Thy Curls, appear
 Like shaded Pomegranats, but shine more clear.

VI.

Tho threescore Queens, and fourscore Concubines,
 And Virgins numberless there be ;
 Ten thousand Virgins, Concubines, and Queens,
 Nor are, nor ever were so fair as She :
 She, who's my Dove, my Undeild, the One,
 Mine and her Morthers, more than all, alone.

VII.

The Virgins saw her, and their blessings sent,
 Heav'ns tendrest blessings on her shour'd ;

As

As if th' officious drops they on her spent,
Should on themselves again, in streams be pour'd:
The Queens, and Concubines by different ways,
Whom yet they envi'd, could not chuse but praise.

CHORUS *Mulierum & Gentibus.*

Quæ est ista quæ progreditur quasi Aurora ?

Chorus.

WHAT fair One's that, who like the Day,
From its dark Prison broke away,
Comes gently on, all crown'd with Light,
The Rosie-fingred Morn in white;
And as She still does draw more near,
Still more radiant does appear?
How fair She is, as Mid-night Moon,
Radiant too as Mid-day Sun;
Clear, and bright, but terrible withal,
As a rang'd Phalanx at the Trumpets call.

SPONSA *Sola.*

Descendi in Hortum Nucum.

Sponsa.

DOWN to my Garden am I come; and here,
How fresh, how verdant all my Fruits appear!
To see I'm come, how my Nuts clusters grow,
How my Vines shoot, and the Pomgranats blow,
But hold! — What sudden change is it I feel?
What 'tis I know not, how I cannot tell;
But now, methinks, I mount, and now I lie:
Lo! how the Earth, and Clouds beneath me lie;

And

And now to th' Empyrean I approach,
And flarry is my Way, a Cherub is my Coach.

CHORUS *Mulierum & Gentibus.*

Revertere, Revertere Sunamitis.

W Hither, O Sulamite, whither so fast,
And why thus soon, to leave us, all this haste?
Return, O Sulamite, return, that we
On equal ground may thy chaste Beauties see!
Return, that we a while may on Thee gaze;
Return, or us together with Thee raise.

Chorus.

S P O N S A.

Quid videbis in Sunamite?

AH! too o're curious, and too over-bold,
What is't you'd in the Sulamite behold?
What is't, when all that you can in her see,
Are but the Lines of a tremendous Majesty.
As when two Armies ready are to joyn,
And with stern Looks, to th' onset give the Sign.

Sponsa.

C A P.

VII.

AMORES MUTUI.

CAP. 7.

SPONSUS SPONSA.

SPONSUS.

Quam pulchri sunt gressus tui in calceamentis ?

Sponsus.

FAIR One, who dost from Loins of Kings de-^{(scend,}
 The King, whose Empire does o're all extend,
 Beyond those Worlds, which undiscovered lie,
 It's boundless circuit of th' All-embracing Skie,
 Let others, as they please, recount Thy praise,
 I from the ground its Monument will raise.
 Those parts of Thee which have the lowest place,
 But beauteous in their kind —
 Thy Feet, which on their well fix'd bases, bear
 The fairest Pile, that Nature e're did rear.
 How glorious are they, when Thou lead'st Thy Flock,
 Or on Thy buskins rais'd, or in thy humble Sock ?
 The juncture of Thy Thighs like Jewels are,
 The Work of the most fam'd Artificer.
 Thy Navil (nor let Scoffers here blaspheme
 The Mysteries of the New *Jerusalem*,
 Or to vile Lust debase the noble Theme.) }
 But like a Goblet round Thy Navil is,
 Brim full, and flowing with the richest Juice.

Thy

Thy Belly pregnant with a numerous Train,
Which Heav'n's void space, shall People once again.
Like heaps of Wheat, with Lillies set around,
Thy Children shew, and how their Mother's Crown'd.
Thy Brest's like two Twin-Roses, and Twins they are,
In all the Herd there's not a lovelier pair.

Thy Neck is like a Tower of Ivory,
Hung with the Trophies of Loves Victory.
Thy Eyes surpass the Silver Streams, that run
By *Bathrabbim*, to th' Pools of *Essebon*.

Thy Nose, of perfect shape, like a Fort Royal stands,
Off from Thy Cheeks, and th' under Plains commands.
Or like Loves Labyrinth, by the Forrest side,
Pointing, and to *Damascus* op'ning wide.

Thy Head's like *Carmel*, and Thy purple Hair,
The brightest Dye th' *Assyrian* Fleece can bear.
Fetter'd in its soft Chains the King doth lie,
Enamour'd of the Bands of his Captivity.

How fair art Thou! how made for all delight!
Slender, clean Limb'd, and, as a Palm, upright?
Grow, happy Tree, the Queen of all the Wood,
Grow, as Thou dost, less great than Thou art good!
In whose warm Bosom, the Vines clusters rest,
And shew, and seem themselves, the swellings of Thy

Up to the Palm-Tree I'll ascend, I said, (Brest.
Palm in my Hand; with Palm Ill crown my Head;
The blushing clusters with my Lips I'll seize,
And all their winy juyce, rich Wines express:
With which enflam'd, I'll cooling Apples take,
Apples, the best repast that Lovers make;
Apples, whose Cordial they the best can tell,
Apples, which like Thy perfum'd Breath do smell.
Apples, Thy Breath: Thy Speech is generous Wine,
That sparkles in the Cup, and gives its shine;
Moves it self right, to my Beloved goes,
Goes as it can, and all its Wonders shows:

Making

Making the Lips of those, who sleep to speak,
And at one touch their Chains and silence break.

S P O N S A.

Ego Dilecto meo, & ad me conversio ejus.

Sponsa.

I My BELOVED's am alone,
And beside me has he none;
None beside me does he love,
Equal none, and none above.
Mine he is and mine alone,
And beside him have I none;
None beside him do I love,
Equal none, and none above.
Come then my LIFE, ah! come away!
Ith' City let's not ever stay;
But look how our Fields do smile,
And in the Villas lodg a while.
There, with the Sun, We'll early rise,
And visiting our Nurseries,
See how the Vines their Branches spread,
And the young Grape shoots forth his head:
And how the Pomgranates do blow.
But then my LOVE less ruddy show.
My Loves there will I to Thee give.
Loves in the Country happie'st live.
The Mandrag's there, that Love excites,
The Mandrag, chief in Loves delights;
Which forward now, begins to 'appear,
And fumes our Gates with it's Rosie Hair.

With

With many a Fruit, and many a Flower,
Which I will in Thy Bosom pour.
Store of Pleasures, new, and old,
More than can of Tongue be told.
More, if possible, than enough,
And all reserv'd for Thee, my LOVE.

VIII.

VIII.

CATASTROPHE.

CAP. 8. SPONSA. CHORUS *Gentium.*
SPONSUS.

SPONSA.

Quis miki det te Fratrem meum?

Sponsa.

I LOVE, but cannot yet my LOVE enjoy,
Ah! Love that Thou should'st have so much alloy!
Still some nice thing to interrupt Our bliss,
Something to fault, which yet we would not miss!
This as I think, I wish Thou wert my BROTHER,
Thou my Soul loves, the Son of my own Mother:
How would I 'embrace Thee then, and kiss thine Eyes,
Where e're I meet Thee, safe from base surmize!
Home would I lead Thee to my Mothers House,
And, by her taught, the happy Moment use;
Talk o're our Loves, fill, fill the Wine,
The spicy blood of th' Pomgranate and Vine.
Satiat e with which, Thou should'st thy Left-hand place
Under my Head, whole me with the' right embrace.
'Tis done, and see he sleeps ———

Fair

upon the CANTICLES.

49

Fair Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
Who are, and to your selves more glorious seem,
In our attendance, than your own bright Stem,

}

By the Hills, and by the Launs,
By the Roes, and by the Fauns,
By the Fields, and by the Woods,
By the Springs, and by the Floods,
All that I or you count dear,
All he loves, and all I fear :

I charge you, I charge you not to awake
My LOVE, from the rest, which now he does take;
Till himself pleases the signal to make !

}

CHORUS *Gentium.*

Chorus.

Quæ est ista, quæ ascendit de deserto ?

WHAT fair One's that (but words (express
How fair she is) who from the Wilderness, can ne'er
Leaning on her BELOVED's Arm ascends,
And hitherward their amo'rous Journey tends.
They 'are come, and now approach't so near,
That wer't not rudeness, we their privacies may hear.

S P O N S U S.

Sponsus.

Sub arbore malo suscitavi tē.

—THERE 'twas, under the Apple-Tree,
Where first I found, and first rais'd Thee.
Thy Mother there her Fruit disclos'd,
And there thou first didst lie expos'd,

E

And

And hadst lain still, but that I came,
I ed to Thy rescue, by my first Loves purest flame.

S P O N S A.

Sponsa.

Pone me ut signaculum super Cor.

BLEST, ever blessed be that Day.
When thus Thou cam'est, and thus I lay!
O let us never, never part,
But make me' a Seal upon Thy Heart!
A Badg Thou on Thy Arm mayst wear,
That where Thou art, I may be there,
And never, never from Thee part,
But always on, or next Thy Heart!
"For love, (And who loves more than I?)
"Stronger than Death, does Death defie.
"His Conquests like the Graves, extend,
"And further, up to Heav'n his flames ascend.
"But never was there such a Flame,
"As that, in which to me he came;
"So dreadful, scorching, and so bright,
"I blest, but trembled at the sight.
"A Fire; Love was himself that Fire,
"Which in no Waters will expire:
"But, eve'n in Floods, securely lives,
"And all their watry threats survives.
"Nor quench, nor drown it can the Flood,
"Nor buy it, all the seeming good
"This World, that mighty Chapman, boasts
"In his vast Traffique through all Coasts.
"For so invaluable is its price,
"And its exchange so monstrous high does rise,
"The Universe too little is for 'its Merchandise.

} CHORUS.

CHORUS *Gentium, &c.**Chorus.**Soror nostra parva & ubera non habet.*

A LITTLE Sister yet we have,
 For whom we'd Loves assistance crave,
 Young, and little, though she 'is yet,
 And her Brest not fully set,
 Tho as yet no Breasts she has,
 Grow our Sister does apace.
 But it thus high Loves price does go,
 What shall we for our little Sister do,
 When the time comes, that we should her bestow ?

}

SPONSUS.

*Sponsus.**Si murus est ædificemus super.*

I F, when grown up, your Sister prove a Wall,
 We'll on her build a Silver Arcenal;
 Defence, and Ornament we'll to her give,
 And all her Stones shall, as ith' Quarry, live.

If, when grown up, your Sister prove a Door,
 With Cedar mouldings we will case her o're;
 With Freeze, and Cornice all her Pillars crown,
 And to her sacred Glories add our own.

Sponsa.

S P O N S A.

Ego Murus & ubera mea sicut Turris.

BUT I'm a Wall, and my soft Breſts full grown,
 Like Towers, upon the ſubject Camp look down.
 My conſtancy to guard the Fort does ſtand,
 And dares the rudeſt Shock, of th' rougheſt Hand.
 This as my WELL-BELOVED heard me ſay,
 The Holy Boaſt he did approve;
 And in his Eyes I found ſuch grace that Day,
 I dare no longer doubt his Love.

Sponſus.

S P O N S U S.

Vinea fuit Pacifico in ea, &c.

I HAVE a Vineyard, ſo has Salomon;
 His at a diſtance lies, in Baal-hannon,
 To Keepers, and to Under-Keepers ſet,
 And Yearly, for a thouſand pieces let.
 But mine, the Vineyard that's my own, does lie
 In my own care, and ever in my Eye.
 Accountable for 'its Fruits to me alone,
 And ſharers in them, with me, have I none.
 Compare we now our Vineyards, peaceful King!
 Which does to 'its Lord the greateſt Profit bring?
 Thine for a thouſand Pieces yields its ſtore;
 Admit it do; 'tis worth two hundred more,
 But theſe the Keepers have: Mine is my own,
 Accountable for 'its Fruits to me alone,
 (As for its care) and ſharers have I none.

} Thou

Thou art that Vineyard, Love, my Vineyard Thou,
Who in the Flowry Gardens dwellest low;
Low, but with all the Stars of th' Garden crown'd,
And Thy Companions sitting Thee around,
Attent, and listning to Thy tuneful Voice;
O, make me hear it, and fulfil my Joys!

S P O N S A.

Sponsa.

Fuge Dilecte mi & assimilare, &c.

AND so Thou shalt —
— LOVE, bring the Day,
Haste it, LOVE, and come away!
On th' Spicy Mountain tops appear,
Swift as the fleet-wing footed Deer!
And driving thence the baleful Night,
On th' Spicy Mountains shed Thy Light,
Fleet as their heels, and than their Horns more bright!

Veni Domine, JESU, Veni citò!

SOLI DEO GLORIA.

*Cujus Amore inflammato corde hæc cecini,
Inscius licet, & indignus: Suscipe laudes
Famuli tui. AMEN.*

*Apud Hartley Maudet. Com. Southton, in Vigiliâ
Ascensionis. MDCLXXVII.*

Ε Π Ω Δ Η.

THE LEGEND OF LOVE,

CANTO. I.

I.

SONG, which the God of Love did first inspire,
 Not he the blind, and sottish World calls so,
 No God, nor ought save a wild raging Fire,
 Which with incessant Bellows Lust does blow,
 But HE, to whom all things their being owe,
 In whom alone they live, in whom they move,
 And, by his Love made, to perfection grow,
 All who below adore Him, or above,
 The Mighty Lord of Hosts, the very GOD of LOVE;

II.

Song, by the very God of Love inspir'd,
 And of a thousand more the sacred Chief,
 But wherein *Salomon*, from himself retir'd,
 Not what his Love, but what was his belief,
 (Songs ill became the cause of all his Grief,
 If love we to our Mortal Standart bring,
 Whose spoils are Robbe'ries, and whose God's a thief)
 Under Love's borrow'd name to th' World did sing,
 LOVE is the borrow'd Name, Holy Churches FAITH
 (the thing;

III. Song,

III.

Song, which the borrow'd Name dost understand,
 And all the Mysteries which in it lie,
 For 'tis the Dialect of the Heav'nly Land,
 Nor as to us it sounds does signifie,
 (Blest Souls in Love discourse with the most High)
 Thou, who know'st this, and more than this, whence
 The profanation of the Deity, (came
 And how this lustful Earth took th' empty Name,
 Embracing sulphu'rous clouds, for its Gods purest flame;

IV.

Tell the World, Song, whence first its madness grew!
 Who knows not th' World is mad? Thou best of all,
 Which, if 'twere possible Inno'cence to renew,
 To its first Inno'cence wouldst the World recal,
 And more than e're it lost it's wretched Fall:
 By love Thou call'st it, and the Voice is known,
 Well known 's the Voice, but we too sensual,
 So brutish in our Lusts obscene are grown,
 That call'd by it's name, we think't an Idol of our own.

V.

Yet none of ours is what we' have stol'n the name,
 That Idol, which we thus with Mirtles crown,
 But with our form from Heav'n at once it came,
 From Heav'n was with a Silver Cord let down,
 And into the Souls mass divinely thrown,
 To be its Salt, miraculously contriv'd;
 And first in Heav'n the name of Love was known,
 From whence at length it hither was deriv'd,
 And here a while such, and so call'd in pleasure liv'd.

E 4

VI. In

V I.

In pleasure 't liv'd, and with its chang'd abroad,
 Strangely surprizd, was strangely pleas'd a-while,
 At first perceiv'd not the unusual load,
 But in her Face, who should betray 't, did smile,
 As fearless, as unconscious yet of guile:
 And to a Body tho' it were design'd,
 A Body, as the Land of its exile,
 All parts so agreeable, and soft did find,
 Its Tour seem'd thence enlarg'd more, than confin'd.

V II.

For all with Spi'rits it did converse before,
 It self a Spi'rit, but when the Eternal Mind
 To new displays of his creating Power,
 In beings of a lower Rank inclin'd,
 Which Angels yet should not come far behind;
 Soon as the great Resolve was past above,
 And Man of all those Works the Lord design'd,
 Love the first mover, and the last, did move,
 That He, whom all obey'd, o're all should rule by Love.

V III.

It mov'd thus, and the motion was embrac't,
 Als' Love, that made it downwards took its way;
 And viewing how the Bodies parts were cast,
 Seiz'd, with the Spi'rit, the scarce yet moulded Clay,
 Nor for partition, or nice choice did stay,
 But blending both together, seiz'd the whole;
 Both in the whole, whole both in each part lay,
 And both together making th' humane Soul,
 Th' unactive Matter did both quicken, and controul,

IX. The

IX,

The Spi^rit gave Life, with what to Life pertain,
 Sense, Motion, and the several Faculties,
 A cheerful, goodly, and a pompous Train,
 When rul'd, as they' ought, and manag'd by the Wife;
 The wife is Love, that th' whole unites, and ties,
 And which, where e're it undisturb'd does reign,
 Makes th' earthly frame, with th' Heav'nly sympa-
 Nor to rebel dare any passion strain, (thize,
 When o're them reason, o're that love does hold the rein.

X.

Thus ith' first happy Pair, a while Love reign'd,
 And but a while, with regal Sovereignty,
 Who to its Lore so early both were train'd,
 That Love it self, as rapt in extasie,
 Wondred what in dull Flesh the' effects might be:
 It wondred, but so chaste, and innocent,
 So Love-conspiring every part did see,
 And so obsequious to its great intent,
 That Love it self enamour'd was of its descent.

XI.

Forthy the happy pair, with sever'd flame,
 Which yet in both was one, to love inclin'd;
 Two downwards only, but rise'n whence it came,
 Again collected in one point, and joynd,
 And still the higher rise'n, the more refine;
 They lov'd, and so in Heav'n to love are seen
 Bright Seraphs, nor could Differe'nce be assignd,
 But that the Body here did croud between,
 There by pure Spi^rits was dress'd out the mighty Scene.

XII. The

XII.

The new form'd Body here did croud between,
 But all to love was so dispos'd, and made,
 In either Sex, and with so Beauteous meen,
 That either seem'd with other well appay'd,
 And Love himself the Hymenæal said :
 (For Love 's an He, who proud of what was done,
 And of Man most, as fairest there Pourtraid,
 The form assum'd, which likest was to' his own,
 And will but as a Male, when sung in Verse be known.)

XIII.

Love said it, and Heav'n all he said approv'd,
 By signs authentick, which none durst deny ;
 The new Creation in soft measures mov'd,
 And the whole World of beings, waiting by,
 Bow'd all a-down, and blest the Augury,
 They bow'd, and blest it, as they waiting stood,
 They bow'd, and blest it each, tho near so high,
 From the Angelic Natures, to the Brood
 Of Earth-born Vegetables, and God saw 'twas Good.

XIV.

'Twas good He saw for Man to have his Make,
 Man saw no less 'twas good for him to love,
 And in his Arms the Virgin Bride did take,
 With all the' endearments that affection move,
 Nor Hell that lookt askaunce could th' Rites reprove.
 In 'his Arms he took her, as Superiour,
 She, as one yet, who would be Conquer'd, strove,
 Till safe arriving at the Genial Bowre,
 And conquer'd both, Love each saluted Conquerour.

XV. There

XV.

There gentle purpose did they enterchange,
 And all the innocent delights, that make
 Blest Wedlock happy, nor did think it strange,
 Connubial pleasures to or leave, or take ;
 For, nor him Inn'ocence did, nor her forsake,
 And they who think it did, or that the place,
 Or state forbad such use 'ith fordice rake
 Of their own lusty-head, foully miss the case,
 And on God's noblest Masterpiece retort disgrace.

XVI.

Think so, who will for me, and bear the shame
 Of such sad thought ; those just ones thought not so
 Nor God, nor Love, who kindled first the flame
 Wherewith they in desire alike did glow,
 Desire unhappy never till 't would know
 Secrets of knowledg unpermitted it,
 Unhappy knowledg, source of all our Woe,
 Unhappy Tree, ith' midst oth, Garden set,
 Unhappy seen, but tasted, more unhappy yet !

XVII.

Forbidden therefore 'twas, but that alone,
 What else beside Man could, or wish, or crave,
 Enclosure, Limit and Restraint had none,
 Nor other Law than what Right Reason gave ;
 Right Reason, unforc'd yet to be a Slave,
 To 'its under Ministers, a Lawless suit
 Of stubborn Lusts, when they the Mastery have,
 Less of the Man partaking than the Brute,
 And are the dire effects of the forbidden Fruit.

XVIII. Too

XVIII.

Too dire Effects, if God had seen it fit,
 Which Natures Course disturb'd and alter'd so,
 That all the Bands, which held it were unknit,
 And quite revers'd the *Pyramis* did show,
 Above a Front unshapely, 'a point below :
 Thus while 'twas turning, but once set upon
 It's no Foundation, for so grim a Brow,
 Or which was but a point, as good as none,
 Down fell the Heap, Hell trembled, and the Earth did
 (groan.

XIX.

Love was that *Pyramis*, which whilst it stood,
 As fixt by Heav'n, on its own proper Base,
 (Matter, in Mankind, cemented by Blood
 Spiritous, where Sense had lowest place,
 Reason supreme) whole Nature did embrace ;
 Which o're her Works such Robes of Beauty threw,
 And with such Rays did th' Universe encase,
 That Instinct some, the' rest Inclination drew,
 Only to Love, and what was lov'd, by Love pursue.

XX.

Love, and Fruition of their Kind, was the' whole,
 Whither to 'arrive, most Creatures did aspire,
 (By Sense led,) and arriv'd ; but Man, whose Soul
 Had particles of an Æthereal Fire,
 Aim'd at Fruition too, but of what high'er,
 And more sublime, was laid up, than his Kind,
 Or that part of 'it his Flesh, whence to retire,
 In Innocence he found himself inclin'd,
 The beauties of his own, and of th' Eternal Mind.

XXI. His

XXI.

His Kind he lov'd, as all things did beside,
 All things beside his Kind he also lov'd
 In their due Rank, but how to be apply'd
 To use, th' Hypothesis was to be prov'd,
 And thousand Stones to move, and be remov'd,
 E're Love he to so just an height could raise,
 As in his Intellect it was approv'd,
 That he from Earth to Heav'n by steps of Praise,
 Might hourly mount, and boldly tread God's secrer Ways.

XXII.

Deep in himself was the Foundation laid,
 And in those Acts, wherein he did partake
 With meaner Beings, for his Empire made,
 And of which some for Propagation make,
 By their first Institution, call'd Love by mistake,
 Whose name they have engrost; but Love,
 Or cause, or sign of Love no more are, take
 But the Disguise off, as bare Acts they prove,
 Nor higher look, than 'tis Love naturally to move.

XXIII.

These therefore were laid deep, and of the Pile,
 If ought, *Substruction*, consecrate to Night,
 The sense of Touch, too subject to beguile,
 Where Reason does not hold the Ballance right;
 Reason, wherein true Love, and pure Delight
 Only consists, and is the Fabricks Scale,
 Uninterruptedly to ascend Heav'ns height,
 To him, who has the skill Heav'n thus to assail,
 And o're th' Omnipotent by almighty Love prevail.

XXIV. The

XXIV.

The first Man had that Skill, and of his Love,
 BEAUTY and GOOD the Object, he it sought
 In that bright Sphere, where it on High does move,
 And thither by Reduction all things brought,
 Which, in their Season, beautiful are wrought;
 All that in others, or himself he spi'd,
 Which of the Heav'nly Goodness Trace had ought;
 And by this Chain did an Ascent provide,
 To th' Foot-stool of that Throne, where its first Link was
 (ty'd.

XXV.

By view hereof He upward did ascend,
 Still upward, as he cast his curious view,
 The Higher any thing did upward tend,
 The better 'twas, and much more Beauteous grew,
 And with it from the Earth, Love upward drew:
 From th' Earth, of which once having lost the sight,
 Love more refin'd became, by Objects new,
 And all presented by a clearer Light,
 That did exhaust the Flesh, and ravished the Sp'rit.

XXVI.

For having past at length the Atmosphere,
 By many a Stage, the Flesh was left behind;
 And now another Face of things appear,
 And other Beauties, that surprize the Mind,
 On which to gaze he did strange Pleasure find:
 And tho their Light excessive he scarce bear,
 Seeing above his Journey unconfin'd,
 Upward he presses still, and void of Fear,
 As perfect grown, above the Skies his Head does rear.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Above the Skies he to those Heav'ns does mount,
 Step after step ascending, where there be
 For happy Souls, as sacred Writ does count,
 Mansions prepar'd, for their sublimity,
 The third Heav'n call'd, and 'its Furniture does see:
 With which he could delighted ever stay,
 But that advanced to the last Degree,
 That mortal Foot e're toucht, a farther way,
 By Wing to be dispatcht he' espies, Loves last Essay.

XXVIII.

So on he claps his best, and largest Wings,
 And swift as thought, but more direct upright
 Than Eagle soars, into a Welkin springs,
 (If so it may be call'd) of Flame more bright,
 And pure, than what by this Worlds Sun, and Light,
 Can be compar'd; and in blest Extasy,
 With sacred Wonder, but without affright,
 Those fair Idæas contemplates, whereby
 Himself, and th' World was made, and there laid up do lie.

XXIX.

Ascended hither, Love the place well knew,
 As whence himself into our World came down,
 Eve'n Man as nearer to his God he drew,
 New motions felt, and Powers before unknown;
 And swallow'd up in Speculation,
 Forgot what ever he admir'd below,
 Himself, and Her, whom he had left alone,
 To wait' his return, and rapt, he scarce knew how,
 To th' Land of Love, himself a Love transform'd did
 grow.

XXX. For

XXX.

For why that Tract the Realm of Love was fill'd,
 And all, who thither in deducted mind,
 Leaving this lower Earth arrive, are fill'd,
 As the bright Region is, with thoughts refin'd,
 And Quintessence of Love; but of what kind,
 Impossible it is to be exprest,
 And in a Chime of soundful Words design'd,
 Which but Conceits are, to our Fashion dress'd,
 And if Immortal, with the mortal Load oppress'd.

XXXI.

Suffice it, Angels there Inhabited,
 Rang'd all in their Trinal Triplicities,
 Into a Body, under Love their Head,
 And ready all for some Renown'd Emprise,
 Soon as the mighty Signal given is:
 He saw it given, and all before a Throne,
 Of Heav'nly Diamond, vailing each his Eyes,
 Each Angel prostrate on his Face falls down,
 And at its Foot-stool casts his Consecrated Crown.

XXXII.

From simple ANGELS, as th' Inferiour Band,
 To the ARCHANGELS, led by *Michael*,
 Then to DOMINIONS, that the third Rank stand,
 To VIRTUES then, whose numerous Banners swell,
 And PRINCIPALITIES, of whom none fell
 With Rebel Lucifer, 'or abbetted him, (can tell?)
 To POWERS then, and to THRONES, whom who
 And so up to th' eighth Order, CHERUBIM,
 But by the ninth compleat, Love-flaming SERAPHIM.
 XXXIII. All

XXXIII.

All these our Father saw, by Love retir'd
 In, and above Himself, but o're them all,
 One fairer yet, to whom his Mind aspir'd,
 Th' Incomprehensible Original,
 In whom no Blemish, and no Spot can fall:
 By Love he saw Him, and in Him the end,
 And utmost point of Love, enough to' appall
 The Holie'tt of his Sons, who should descend
 From' his after sinful Loins, and thither after tend.

XXXIV.

But him the sight appall'd not, rather fill'd
 With Images more fair his enlarg'd Brest;
 And from the Principles his Love instil'd,
 On naught less high could he affix his rest,
 Or be content tho of the Earth posselt:
 The' whole Earth, that in this Res'very view'd round,
 Too scanty seem'd an Heav'n-born Soul to' invest,
 Too scant a Limit, and too scant a Bound,
 For what an Infinite was only equal found.

XXXV.

Excursions therefore into that he made,
 Often Excursions into Infinite,
 Infinite Love, and Beauties seen display'd
 I'th' Prototype, by Intellectual Light,
 And Reasons yet undim'd discursive sight:
 Tho when that fail'd, or when 'twas weary grown,
 Through 'excess of conceiv'd Vision, as it might,
 The' Almighty self would come in Person down,
 And oft prevent Man's journey to Him, with His own.

F

XXXVI. Or

XXXVI.

Or come, or send Him frequent Embassies
 Of Angels, who still ready on the Wing,
 With hasty flight, from summit of the Skies,
 Would seem to vie, who should the Message bring,
 And first approach the Favorite of their King:
 Tho all the Message, which they bore was Love,
 And all their Service was but Ministring
 To one below them made, yet who above,
 Was Heav'n's great Care, and greatest Ornament should
 (prove.

XXXVII.

Not much below them, while his Innocence,
 On its Foundation did unshockt abide,
 And perfect Love, seen in obedience,
 The nether World so fast to th' upper ti'd,
 That Hell between them could not once divide:
 One Heart, one Business was in both approv'd,
 One God alike, in both was magnifi'd,
 That mighty Axis, round which both were mov'd,
 And whom alike both prais'd, and whom alike both lov'd.

XXXVIII.

Alike they lov'd, and as they lov'd alike,
 All Vertues in that Act did comprehend,
 Which did in both an awful Reverence strike,
 And careful made them, lest they should offend,
 But chiefly Man did thence his Mark intend,
 With greater vigour, as on whom was laid
 Fear for a Rein, if Hell its Wiles should send;
 For Death was threatned, if he disobey'd,
 And He not to be' high-minded, chose to be afraid.

XXXIX. Love

XXXIX.

Love made him chuse so kind, and wholesome Fear,
 From which all Torment yet secluded was,
 And but the brighter made his Love appear,
 Like Beams reflected upon burnisht Praise,
 That their own Native Lustre thence surpass:
 So shon his Love, and thence his Temperance,
 That the forfended Limit would not pass,
 Nor to behold it care'd with wanton Glance,
 What ever fond Conceit its Glories might enhance.

XL.

Hence Justice, hence true Magnanimity,
 Prudence, and Wisdom, o're his Soul did flow,
 And sacred Truth, and peaceful Loyalty,
 And all the Graces, that to Love do owe
 Their Rise, and into' Eternal Rivers grow:
 And all upon the Supreme Beauty plac'd,
 That Good, which still the more we come to know,
 The more we' admire, till in its Arms embrac'd,
 An end of all our Love we find, the First, and Last.

XLI.

Such was his Love, and like it was his Praise,
 A Service, wherein with him Nature joyn'd,
 Whole Nature, and each part, by several ways,
 As with him in one love they were combin'd;
 And various was the Anthems stops, and kind,
 Articulate by Man, their High Priest, made,
 And in one sacred Hallelu-jah twin'd,
 Which he, as First-Fruits, on Earths Altar laid,
 And Heav'n with grateful Odours early did invade:

XLII.

Their Orisons, which he each Morning paid,
 With his fair Partner, or by Angels taught,
 Or whereof capable their Form was made,
 By Images from Heav'n first thither brought,
 And which they into perfect Figure wrought,
 By Plastic Art of Words harmonious;
 Which to the great Occasion came unsought:
 And whether sung in Verse, or said in Prose,
 In Prose most powerful were, in Verse most numerous.

XLIII.

For Verse, and all that does to Verse belong
 (In this lowe'r World) had its first happy rise
 In Innocence, which first invented Song,
 And how so e're one may its Charms despise,
 Or which is worse, abuse, in Paradise,
 By Pause, and Fugue's, adapted to fit strains,
 Was first perform'd; to whose Discoveries
 The Sons of Verse now elocate their pains,
 And (save from Heav'n) expect not their Immortal gains

XLIV.

In Paradise, discover'd first was Verse,
 And Voice, and Number with it given to Song,
 And glorious Subjects, which both did rehearse,
 Alternate, and in Chorus, as or long,
 Or short returns did to the Ground belong;
 But than of Love they sounded nothing more,
 Or softer, or with Brest more large, and strong,
 The Love Divine, whom thus they did implore
 In raptur'ous Odes, and (as they of it sang) adore.
 XLV. They

XLV.

They sang how All things their beginning had,
 From Loves diffusive, and Life-giving heat ;
 How Immaterial Spirits, with Glory clad,
 Its First-born were, with Love as high, and great,
 As from this lower World's remov'd their Seat :
 Then how this lower World from *Nothing* rose,
 And *No-where*, in that beauteous order met,
 That Place, and Matter, which the whole compose,
 And circumscribe, unconceiv'd Luster did disclose.

XLVI.

Not at an instant made, but by degrees,
 As confus'd *Chaos* could th' impression take,
 In Six Days space, and throughly purge its Lees,
 Hell newly form'd more horrible to make,
 And its own new made Enmities off-shake ,
 For of such jarring Parts it was contriv'd,
 And of such contrarieties did partake,
 That it by Discord, and Confusion liv'd,
 (A life such as it was) with Death to be surviv'd.

XLVII.

So strove they, thus would they have striven ever ;
 Till pitying their debate, the Spirit of Love
 Calm'd the discordant Mole, and did dis sever
 Th' Eternal Combatants, plac'd some above,
 Others did to the deep Abyss remove
 Fast to be held, in Adamantine Chain ;
 Whilst those few Parts, that did more ductile prove,
 Into Four Principles, which all contain,
 Themselfes in all contain'd, were solely left to reign.

XLVIII.

FIRE, which as lightest took the highest place,
 And upward rais'd its towring Head; then AIR,
 That follow'd it, but with unequal pace,
 And tho it vy'd to be and look as fair,
 Forc'd in the midst to hang, self-ballanc'd there :
 Next WATER, which the Surface cover'd o're,
 That pregnant Mother of the EARTH, less rare,
 In its vast Womb conceiv'd, but which, before
 It could emerge, lackt mighty Love to force the Door.

XLIX.

And so it did, but LIGHT was first to shine,
 And an whole Day, for that which makes the Day,
 But little enough was thought it^h Mind Divine,
 Through Darknes palpable to clear its way,
 And all its various Beauties to display :
 Darknes, which tho but counted Privative,
 Such claims to th' heap, whence 'twas call'd out, did
 That Love like equal shares to both did give, (lay,
 Alternately, each Day, in Day, and Night to live.

L.

But harder were the teeming Waters Throes,
 When on the second Day, Earth nearer came
 To its great Birth, like weight, that heavier grows,
 Long born, and to break through disjoynts the frame;
 The Waters pangs compar'd thus, were the same,
 When they divided burst, but ne're to close,
 Stopt by the solid FIRMAMENT, whose Name
 Immoveable Partition does suppose, (flows.
 By' whose Shoar disjoin'd, upper and nether Ocean
 LI. And

LI.

And now the third Day of her Monstrous Child
 Half way deliver'd the Great Mother was;
 Monstrous, unsightly yet, with Horrour fill'd,
 Which in its Oasy Arms it did embrace,
 And, half suppress'd, to the' Birth would ne're let pass,
 But, with it joyn'd, one Monstrous Body made,
 Above DRY GROUND, below a confus'd Mass,
 Part Earth, with Briny Hatchments overlaid,
 Part unmixt Water, upon empty Nothing staid,

LII.

And called SEA; as what appear'd was LAND;
 Rough, bare, misshap'd, tho dry, unbeautifi'd,
 Itself unbeautiful, vast plains of Sand,
 More horribly deform'd, with terrors Pride,
 Mountains, that to' Heav'n aspir'd, and gaping wide,
 With rais'd up Jaws, threatned to swallow down,
 In gorge unsatiate, glories there envy'd,
 And wrinkled Forehead, which scarce made did frown,
 And Omens give of Future War, from cause unknown.

LIII.

Nor could there cause be gi'ven, for a new Face
 From the' Love Divine it took, and Nakedness
 Was cloath'd upon with all the Charming Grace
 Of Fruit, and Flower; and the grim Gyantess,
 (Its own Eternal Goodness to exprefs)
 Kind Heav'n illumin'd with a double Light,
 The fourth Day made, the greater, and the less;
 By Day the SUN with vital heat, and bright,
 To warm, the MOON with starry Robe to' invest at night.

F 4

LIV. Nor

LIV.

Nor was this all, but at the fifth Days dawn,
 Earth, and her Mother Sea replenished
 With new Inhab'itants were, and every Laune,
 And every Hill (scar'd Solitude thence fled)
 Legions of FOWL produc'd, and kindly bred,
 Which on large Wings, above the Ground did fly,
 But perching on some Tree, made that their Bed;
 Whilst Lakes, and Streams, and the huge Sea fast by,
 With mighty WHALES were fill'd, and with the lesser
 (FRY.

L V.

Fill'd were the Floods with these, but still the Earth,
 (As whose Wing'd-People most partook of th' Air,
 Their haunt) impregnate with a second Birth,
 For which disclos'd 't had room enough to spare,
 Did on the sixth Day to disclose prepare;
 And out all BEASTS, and REPTILS, in their kind,
 Sprang from the fertile Womb, proportion'd fair,
 Each to its Nature, but with Look declin'd,
 To th' Earth whence tane, to th' Earth whereto confin'd,

LVI.

Of these, and other Works of God they sang,
 In Lays harmonious, as Love utterance gave;
 Yet these, and others, which they lowdly rang,
 Were but as Præludes, which, with Mast'ry brave,
 Their Voice shew'd, and what compass Verse might
 Verse which then triumpht in *Recitative*, (have:
 When they all other Grounds resolv'd to wave,
 Sang of themselves, and Him, who 'at once did give
 One power to Sing thus to Him, and like Him to live.

LVII. A

LVII.

A wondrous Work it was, from Nothing thus
 All things in weight, and measure up to raise,
 And perfect Order form'd most beauteous,
 Subordinate, as different were the Ways,
 Whereby their Maker would direct his Praise:
 But none so Wondrous did, and strange appear,
 Of Power and Beauty with so rich displays,
 As Mans Formation, made the Rule to bear,
 And sublim'd Earth equal to highest Heaven rear.

LVIII.

That Dust could Live, in what was done before
 Was plainly told, but that it too could love,
 As Love all life in it contains, and more,
 All that or Reason knows, or can improve,
 Th' Eternal Treasures only were enough
 To drain, and to be drain'd: For God but spake,
 And all below, and all the Hosts above,
 Being, and Life from the great Word did take;
 But Hands Divine, Man's model were employ'd to make.

LIX.

By Hands Divine, his Body first was wrought,
 The full Abridgment of this World to be;
 With curious Art, to 'its last perfection brought,
 But infinitely base, in its degree,
 To th' Soul the Pourtrait of the Deity,
 Into his Nostrils breath'd; that in his Brain
 Might be infixt the Heav'nly Ima'gry,
 And Life, with Vital Blood in every Vein,
 To th' Parts extream convey'd, the Character retain.
 LX. Love

LX.

Love was that Character, in Holiness,
 And perfect Purity exempli'd,
 And Innocence, which that first state did bless,
 And Reason with them Empire to divide,
 And o're th' Inferiour Appetite preside,
 Which it restrain'd, and furnisht with true Skill,
 It self, in all its Acts to curb, and guide;
 At least had power to do so, and fulfil
 The Charge Divine, close backt by Freedom of the Will,

LXI.

Blest Qualities, which made him Lord and King,
 Of all this lower World, and Majesty
 On his Erected Countenance stamp'd, did bring
 Heav'n down to Earth, and Earth, that flat did lie,
 Advance'd to be for Angels Company;
 Nay farther, and what Angels did admire,
 For its Ætern Exemplar, the Most High,
 Who with his Work delighted, would retire
 Frequent from Heav'n, as to divert, and view it nighe'r.

LXII.

Himself hereby Man dexterously did guide,
 And o're himself so absolutely reign,
 (The greatest Kingdom in the World beside,
 And which all other Kingdoms did contain,
 In 'it self in Chief, or Vassalages Chain)
 That only Peace, and only what was Good,
 And only Love was given for Love again;
 With Charms, that by no force could be withstood,
 And centred in one Point Indivisible GOD.

LXIII. Hail

LXIII.

Hail happy state of Innocence, thrice Hail!
 Hail to Thy Love and Thee! And may my Verse,
 From thence inspir'd, with generous Souls prevail,
 As they deserve, Thy Wonders to rehearse,
 And through the World thy Sacred Name disperse!
 No Theam, like that, so high can Numbers raise,
 Or render more Humane Mankinds converse;
 For if there any Vertue be, or Praise,
 They in Perfection shon, in those first happy Days,

LXIV.

Ah! that those Happy Days should be so few,
 Ended, cut off, e're scarce they were begun!
 Whose early Happiness, when known to Two,
 A Third crept in, by whom all was undone,
 And Love unthron'd hard drive'n away to run.
 Follow him, Muse, for if he should go wrong,
 Thou art in danger too, whose Fates are one
 With his; Nor canst Thou be without him long,
 But do it, if thou' hast Courage, in another Song.

THE

THE
LEGEND of LOVE.
CANTO. II.

I.

I OFT am thinking whether Love was known
To the World Heathen, and what was their sense
Of Man's, and His Origination ;
Or if of this first state of Innocence
They any certain knowledg had, and whence
The Notice was deriv'd, and to them came,
Dark as it was ; and turn o're Books, but thence
Am little satisf'd, find there the Name,
'Tis true, but Pillars of black Smoak instead of Flame.

II.

Fiction I there find has so Truth disguis'd,
That hard it is for one to know what 's true ;
And, amongst all the Vanities they priz'd,
How much, or little 'twas they truly knew,
And ancient Faith obscur'd with Fancies new ;
Which diversly, as diff'rent was their Art,
They dressed out, and 'mongst the People threw,
Part plain, with lame or monstrous Figures part,
As in a scarce, or not discover'd Country's Chart,

III. For

III.

For there as We' Hippogryphs, and Satyrs place,
 Or Seas, or Carra'vans, when there's nothing found
 Of certainty, to fill the empty space,
 That each Man in his own sense may abound:
 Just so did they, but more the Truth confound,
 With Fable, as themselves it suited best,
 Who, so they did but keep the markt out bound,
 Convey'd them by Tradition, for the rest,
 Left it to others, as 'twas left them to be ghest.

IV.

A Godlike therefore 'twas, and Golden Age,
 Tho little known to them, who call'd it so,
 And of it counted, fill'd with ancient rage,
 Not as it was, but did at distance show;
 Tho something, 'tis confess, they seem'd to know;
 And what they of it said, by chance was true,
 As to the main, if somewhat we allow,
 For the false Light, and those, who 'its Figure drew,
 In Plane, or Prospective, and were but Copiers too.

V.

By Negatives the Plane was most design'd,
 And prov'd the Fairest, and the luckiest Draught;
 The Prospective was stiff, and more enclin'd
 To an hard confus'd roughness, scarcely brought
 To decence, done by Images they fought
 In their own Breasts, or Age, by Heav'nly Light
 Unlumin'd, and by false Priests blindly taught:
 Love only made o're all to take his Flight,
 Came nearest to the Truth, if understood aright.

VI. For

VI.

For by a Child they Love did represent,
 As his best Emblem, under which disguise,
 (For such it was) they hid with high intent,
 Or rather plainly shew'd those Mysteries,
 Which were conceal'd from base and vulgar Eyes ;
 Native Simplicity, pure Innocence,
 Absolute freedom from all touch of Vice,
 An easie mildness Favours to dispense,
 And all those Graces, that its Actions influence.

VII.

Not that they would that Ages Faults approve,
 In Lovers, but its Vertues thence propound ;
 For tho a Child they made, and painted Love,
 Scarce such another Child ith' World was found,
 By whose soft Hands were fiercest Lions bound,
 Train'd to his Yoke ; the Course of Thunder staid ;
 And all the Gods above, and underground,
 Which Gentilisms great Religion made,
 (As sottish as it was) in heavy Fetters laid.

VIII.

Naked, 'tis true, they feign'd him ; but just so,
 As we, who yet esteem our selves more Wise,
 In Oratories naked Angels show,
 Nor count it blame our selves thus to advise,
 How open all we do, or think to Heaven lies ;
 That from it nought we can, or would conceal,
 That from us banisht is all Artifice ;
 All which by 'his Nakedness Love does reveal,
 And, from his Step-dames Temples, to the Church appeal.

IX. But

IX.

But by his Fillet they such Lessons taught,
 As the Worlds present Learning far out-goes;
 Nor did the Master, who design'd the Draught,
 And for a Dia'dem put it on Loves brows,
 E're think it would his Sacred Head expose;
 Tho be 'it a Fillet, what can it intend?
 What teach, but that, which every Lover knows,
 Eve'ry true Lover, that to chuse a Friend,
 Barely by sight, 's beginning where scarce Fools would
 (end).

X.

His Eyes were therefore hid (if hid they were)
 From all commerce in Love to' exclude the Eyes;
 Which judging, as the Object does appear,
 Too oft impose, impos'd by Flatteries,
 False mirrors of an Heart, which deeper lies:
 The Heart, where Love that's true does first begin,
 By Reason guided, its own worth to 'apprize;
 Then by Discretion, feld in Lovers seen,
 Who still the more 's the outward glare, see least within.

XI.

Eyes Intellectual he' had, wherewith agree
 Those Wings, which they no less unto him gave;
 I'll Furniture for Love, if Blind he be,
 Who rather then would want a Guide to have,
 Himself from dangers unforeseen to save:
 But love himself alone was his own Guide,
 Nor needed any others Conduct crave,
 And with his Wings spread, and extended wide,
 A flight to Heav'n attempted, none durst dare beside.
 XII. For

XII.

For why no Love it is, whose vile desires;
 Incline it downwards to the Miry Ground;
 This Earth of ours, which Sottices inspires,
 Praying on Carnage there, or made, or found,
 And with ignoble thoughts does most abound:
 But that's true Love, and does deserve the Name,
 Whose noble Acquit's, nothing mean can bound;
 And mindful of the Region, whence it came,
 Thither aspiring terminates with Heav'n its Fame.

XIII.

Like Wings, like Quiver: With bright Arrows fill'd,
 Of different sorts, but with like Mytery,
 As is well known to them, who 'in Love are skill'd,
 Well taught, what Motions in the Mind there be,
 And how both Love, and Hatred there agree;
 Hatred of all that bears the' impress of ill,
 With love of all that's good, in its degree;
 The Choques and just fixt byas of the Will,
 Which make up Love, and all its various parts fulfil.

XIV.

The Golden pyl'd its Inclination prov'd;
 Leaden Averſion, ne're to be deny'd;
 Or if thereof there should be Question mov'd,
 The Torch Love bore, his other Arms beside,
 Too bright did shine the Mystic Truth to hide,
 That Soul of th' World, that all things keeps intire,
 In Life, and Motion, nobly Typifi'd;
 Nobleſt of Elements, but yet rais'd hi'gher (Fire.
 Than place'd at first, when made Loves nobleſt Symbol,
 XV. Thus

XV.

Thus by the Ancients Love was first express'd,
 And, tho a Child, their God most ancient own'd;
 Older than *Saturn*, whom *Jove* dispossess'd
 Of Right usurpt, and in his stead was Crown'd:
 Son of *Urania*, (as in Books is found)
Venus Urania, whom we Heaven call
 With them, who their Mythologie expound,
 Distinct from that *Pandeme*, who was Thrall
 To Vulgar Souls, and had from th' Earth Original.

XVI.

Two unlike Mothers of two Sons unlike,
Eros and *Anteros*, whose oppos'd Name,
 (Which different Sentiments in them did strike)
 From their own first great Opposition came,
 That from their Nature; and tho judg'd the same,
 In one, and t'other Sex, where they preside,
 The Male, and Female Hymeneal Flame,
 Are two so, that once kindled they divide,
 Just like those Fatal Brethrens, who Dead, each des'd.

XVII.

Eros was Elder, and the stronger too;
 Of Constitution likely to endure
 Eternal Ages, if the Spi'rit he drew,
 Were not empoysen'd by an Air impure;
 Of which consulting how to be secure,
 'Twas plainly told him from th' Oraculous Throne,
 Than that of *Themis* far more Old, and sure,
 A Tripode, which ne're fail'd, *When two are One*,
Then Love in danger is by Love to be undone.

G

XVIII. Of

XVIII.

Of two made one, Love well enough conceiv'd,
 For that himself had seen, himself had done ;
 But it by Love could hardly be believ'd,
 That he to' himself so contrary should run,
 As to provoke, what most he sought to shun :
 Against himself that he should so prevail,
 As thence in hazard be, to be undone ;
 This ev'n to Love, obscur'd in Mortal Vail,
 Abstruse did seem, and by another sai'd might fail.

XIX.

But Time, a little time the Myserie clear'd,
 When by another Love, this *Asteros*,
 He was betray'd ; who that which first appear'd,
 (And 't was the Sun) when from the Earth he rose,
 Ador'd as his chief God, with sacred Vows ;
 And many Altars to it after made,
 By 'his Votaries, on whom he did impose
 The Task Idolatrous, and First-fruits pai'd,
 Himself the first Idolater, there prophantly laid.

XX.

From Earth first rose this feign'd, and Idol Love,
 By *DIS* begot ; tho not till after known
 Who was his Sire, or what himself would prove ;
 Of a curst Father the as curst Son,
 Born Arm'd for others Ruine, and his own ;
 With all the Ensigns Love was wont to bear,
 By th' Heathen read, that if together shown,
 All but themselves to' impose on they'd go near,
 And here's the true Love one would say, & one he's there.

XXI. Like

XXI.

Like Youth in both, like Face, and Looks were seen
 Like naked Limbs, with covered Impudence
 In this, but gesture tending to obscene,
 In a free gayety 'hid, to' elude the Sense;
 Like *Chaplet*, for their Brows, and Eyes defence;
 Like Wings, like Quiver hung their Backs adown;
 Like different Arrows to be drawn out thence;
 Like burning Torch, which Flames so like did crown;
 Either would seem the true, if single, and alone.

XXII.

Ah! that they had like Grace those Arms to use!
 But this was loudly by the False decry'd,
 Who only took them, that he might abuse,
 The World, by whom he should be Deifi'd,
 And acts inglorious in that Visor hide:
 Never to use them was his full intent,
 Or if he did, not as before well try'd;
 But to a Love, and Learning different,
 Where Sense alone should be supreme in Government.

XXIII.

Love saw all this (for what to Love is hid?)
 The true Love saw it, and withdrew in haste;
 No place was left him on the Earth to' abide,
 Wherefore he to the Empyrean past,
 And only *Conscience* his Vicegerent plac'd:
 With Promise yet, that if in time to come,
 Man wiser grew (the Counterfeit uncas'd)
 Himself his now left Charge would reassume,
 And once again to Man return, as his last Home.

XXIV.

For Man, 'tis known, scarce the wild Phanto'fin saw,
 This Pageant Counterfeit of Love Divine,
 But his Allegiance back he straight did draw,
 And to the Enemies part from Love decline,
 By Sense led, which had quickly sunk a Mine,
 Reason, or to surprize, or to o'rethrow;
 And the vain Stratagem had drest so fine,
 With umbrage, that it *Good*, and *Ill* should *know*,
 The Fort surrendred was, scarce known for what, or how.

XXV.

But up 'twas given, and therewith given was all,
 (For Nothing, or what's worse than nothing, lies)
 What ever Man his own, by right might call,
 Or by Commission, but sure ne're did prize
 Deserv'dly, since he' it could so soon despise;
 His Life, his Soul, what most was of behoof,
 To' a Being so dispos'd, and fram'd, as His;
 Of his Obedience the first easie proof,
 And what, as Heav'n it self was valuable, his Love.

XXVI.

All were give'n up, and now adieu, blest Love!
 Adieu all Happiness, and Innocence!
 Honour, and Vertue, which the same Course move,
 And Mortals very rarely visit since!
 Adieu unto you all, for Love's gone hence,
 And only left your empty Names behind,
 Upon the Stage to please, or give offence,
 As variously Spectators are inclin'd, (bind.
 But wherewith most are pleas'd, as most 'gainst Love com-
 XXVII.

XXVII.

Honour and Love adieu! And now my Song,
 Since thou hast trace'd them to their first aboad,
 Rest they a while; and tell, as does belong
 To the Mock-Love, the World's, and Peoples God!
 But make of every Rime an Iron Rod,
 Wherewith thou mayst the Profligate chastise!
 And tho thou goest a way, as yet untrod,
 Despair not but thy Work shall beauteous rise,
 And with the Sober find acceptance, and the Wife!

XXVIII.

With these acceptance, but with others scorn,
 Who to this Anti-Love blind Vassals made,
 By our First-Fathers Act, have Fealty sworn
 To a fell Tyran, who must be obey'd,
 And will, nor in his furious heats gain-said:
 Unhappy Men, if their unhappiness
 They could but know, and how they are betray'd;
 Enough unhappy, would they but confess
 The little that they know, which words can scarce ex-
 (press!

XXIX.

Slaves of Vile Passions, which drive furiously,
 And all that's Sacred, with high Hand bear down;
 Themselves, their Ancestors, the Deity,
 Reason, and Reasons Guide, Religion,
 The Worlds consent attested by their own;
 Till to the Winds, and Seas their Faith they gave,
 And fought, what else they could not flee, to drown
 In bottomless Abyss, nor Shipwrackt have
 The least security, they shall their Freightage save.

G 3

XXX.

XXX.

And yet who more secure? But this their Love,
 Their New Love, in whose Service they 're retain'd,
 Gives as his own, and their most urging Proof,
 That they, true Conquerors, have the Victory gain'd,
 And broke those Iro'ns, wherewith all else are chain'd:
 Ill Education, brutal Thunders dread,
 A fear of what's above, to which they 'are train'd,
 And what's to come, dreams of the long since dead,
 That first made Gods, and what their Fears made, wor-
 (shipped.

XXXI.

Horrors th' Anti-diluvian World ne're knew,
 Or if it did, durst not bare-face'd profess;
 Tho from one Seed their Love, and Atheism grew,
 Both Ills, but which the greater, which the less,
 Is hard to say, almost as hard to guess:
 For either both, in both was either had,
 In both, and either lost Man's Righteousness;
 I'th' cause, or in th' effect, both equal bad,
 And both, that sensually, and this prophanelly mad.

XXXII.

But for Prophaneness, Sense was th' Harbinger,
 And busily by Love prepar'd its way;
 (For so I'll call awhile the Worlds Troubler)
 Who all its Stages did before-hand lay,
 And longer here, and longer there would stay:
 Till having th' whole Earth compass'd, and laid waste,
 A Deluge came, and swept their Spoils away,
 The Spoilers 'scaping with the few, who past,
 By Ship to a new world, where *Cham* their Standard plac'd.

XXXIII.

XX'XIII.

Cham pitcht it there; Curst *Cham* who for the shame
 Done to his Father, just Reproach did bear,
 In that Addition to his curst Name,
Servant of Servants, which his Race still wear :
 But never did he Slave so much appear,
 Of Slaves the verie'st Drudg, as when he Love
 Permitted uncontroll'd to domineer,
 And lustful War 'gainst Heav'n, and God to move,
 And all below seduce, and defy all above.

XXXIV.

With him Love went (while yet the World was one,
 One People, and one Language) unperceiv'd ;
 And so great Victories by his Conduct won,
 That He was openly at last receiv'd,
 The first, that no more Worlds there were, who griev'd :
 And yet more Worlds he for his Triumphs found,
 Or what's as good, new Coasts to be deceiv'd ;
 When the divided Earth was Peopled round,
 With distinct Nations sown, which stockt the new-broke
 (Ground.

XXXV.

Each Nation was a several World, or as
 A World distinct ; the Islands most of all,
 Which, late discover'd, for new Worlds did pass
 With those, who by that Name did Countries call,
 Surrounded by the wide Seas rolling Wall :
 And Love in every Land, and every Ile,
 Did reign with Majesty Imperial,
 And sway unbounded by the farthest *Thyle*, (while.
 Tho that, as the World's farthest bound, did stand ere-

XXXVI.

A mighty Prince, and curious Traveller,
 Of sense most exquisite, from each to take,
 Each Country, lay it farther off, or near,
 What for the gulf of Loving most could make,
 And the o're-labour'd Appetite awake,
 Sate with loose disport, and rockt asleep,
 Of not yet tasted Pleasures to partake;
 Which in his dark Serrais he close did keep,
 And laid, till time should serve, as the Earths Center deep.

XX XVII.

At length it serv'd; Ah! that it serv'd not now!
 And Love by 'his Conquests had such Subjects gain'd,
 (For to his Yoak the Universe did bow,
 And Arts, and Arms were to the Service train'd)
 That out of fear to lose what he had obtain'd,
 He only Trophies gave himself to rear,
 And the Disguise put off he had sustain'd;
 As the Supreme God would Himself appear,
 And above all, that's else call'd God, his Head did bear.

XXXVIII.

Above the Sun, whom Himself worshipp'd,
 But whom disgraced he to th' *Persian* sent,
 Next to himself to be propitiated,
 In their Horn'd *Mithra*, which to Idols bent,
 With thousand others, of obscure descent,
 By this time Gentilism Gods had made,
 New Deities industrious to invent;
 Whom or in Hills, or thick Groves hallow'd shade,
 With Beasts, or Humane Blood they aton'd, and to them
 pray'd.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

Their Sons, or Daughters Blood for these suffic'd,
 But what to him they offer'd was their own;
 Freedom, above their Life, to be appriz'd,
 Which how they could disvalue well was shown
 By this, if only this had been alone,
 That when th' Usurper did their Homage claim,
 And in 'his true Colours made himself be known,
 In throngs they to his Feet, and Altars came,
 And kept, with Fires from their own Breasts, perpetual
 (Flame.

XL.

Fires, which consum'd, e're felt, the noblest Part,
 And all that's good in Man, or great, laid waste,
 By th' Eyes convey'd most treacherously to th' Heart,
 Whence to the Liver soon the Burning past,
 And Vertues Images in both defac'd;
 Thence to the Bones, nor did the Flesh 'scape long;
 Till Soul and Body in a Flame at last,
 The present God, to be deny'd too strong,
 Plung'd all into a Sea of Sulphur'ous Flame headlong.

XLI.

Like God, like Victim; To a God unclean,
 Of Beasts th' Uncleanest offer'd, Man turn'd Beast;
 Himself the Sacrifice, and Priest obscene,
 In which to minister he did divest,
 All that above the Brute he once possess'd,
 And lower than the Brute unforce'd sank down;
 With such Unmanly Indignities oppress'd,
 He had scorn'd them, as he might, by 'another done,
 Her rude disgusts, whom he solicited, and his own.

XLII.

XLII.

For why a SHE 's the Quarry, and the Game,
 At which this Mock-Love, and his Haggards flie;
 The Sex in either Sex, both worthy blame,
 And tho distinguisht first for ends more high,
 Both equally debauch't by 'his Effrontry,
 And acts so mad, and foolish (yet call'd Love,
 Thereby engrossing the' whole Monopoly)
 That one would think't should Indignation move,
 Such Follies to commit, such Madness to reprove.

XLIII.

A Medly, with part Folly, Madness part,
 And is the All of Love, Person, or Thing,
 Or Act, or Powe'r, or by the Poets Art
 However call'd, as he can Matter bring,
 Of Love in Numbers and in Verse to sing;
 And tending all, as Love 's in all the same,
 By Images of divers fashioning,
 (If all are yet enough to' expose the shame)
 One Spoiler to denote, and LEGION is his Name.

XLIV.

The hardest Devil to be dispossest;
 For e're he came the empty Rooms were swept,
 By *Idleness* the Housekeeper, and new drest;
 Idleness, only for that service kept,
 And who, or so employ'd, or ever slept:
 A brawny Carle, that ne're did work beside,
 But here commanded forward briskly stept;
 And rather than be found unoccupi'd,
 The Windows stopt, and all the several Lights did hide.

XLV.

XLV.

But *Fancy* well enough did that supply,
 Or little mist, Loves next fore-runner light;
 Who having once uprear'd his tender Eye,
 And of the Object ta'ne the distant height,
 Made up the view all by Internal Sight:
 And with new Beauties unperceiv'd before,
 But there display'd, himself did first delight;
 Then open'd, which he had to him shut, the Door,
 To let in loose *Desire*, and again tell them o're.

XLVI.

So in *Desire* came, vainest of the Three,
 And after him in Triumph rode the Fiend;
 Whom seven Spirits, full as bad as he,
 Did close behind in Mascarade attend,
 And *Iō* sang to Love, that Heav'n did rend:
 So sang they all, but with unequal grace,
 As were their looks; for some their Brows did bend,
 And grin'd most horrid, with distorted Face;
 Others were blith, and smil'd as they along did pass.

XLVII.

These *Folly* were, and *Mirth*, and *Dalliance*,
 Who hardly could their Way for laughing hold,
 By *Genius* clos'd; the Three, who lookt askance,
 And midst their shouts could hardly cease to scold,
 Were *Lust*, that scorn'd by th' best to be controll'd;
 And Proteus *Sin*, who diverse Shapes put on,
 As diverse kind, and Names he' had manifold;
 And *Death*, the seventh from Love, mere Skeleton
 One half, t'other Fantastick clad as shall be shown.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Folly the First, by' her Habit seem'd a Maid,
 And by her Face, which was excelling fair;
 Tho whether such, was difficult to be said,
 Nor safe it may be, since few Men there were,
 But in her claim'd with Women equal share,
 And ill had took't, had she pure Woman been:
 A pretty thing to gaze on, but whose Air,
 And Gate, and Gesture, made it quickly seen,
 She none of th' Wifest was, and somewhat lackt within.

XLIX.

Light Gesture, Gate ungraceful, compos'd Air,
 Save when she spake, or laught; but then betray'd
 A thousand Follies, with prodigious glare;
 For by a Glass she with a Shadow plaid,
 (Herself, to whom she frequent Honours made)
 And every glance, which she design'd to cast,
 And every look, by that in order laid;
 And to such troublesome Impertinence past,
 That every little Word she thereby form'd at last.

L.

Mirth was a Youth of beautiful regard,
 With chearful Eyes, plump downy Cheeks, and Chin;
 And nothing in his looks, or strange, or hard,
 That, if one by the Face could ought divine,
 All Beauties there amass't did seem to shine:
 All that can Man become, or Love excite
 In Loves great Criticks, the Sex Feminine;
 All but i'th' Timorous, whom his Whip did fright,
 And more deterr, than all his other Charms invite.

LI.

For in his Hand a Bloody Discipline,
 With many a' pointed Rowel stuck, he bore ;
 And wherewith, when unmark't, he saw his time,
 Backward reflecting, he his Shoulders tore,
 And the smooth Channel fill'd with purple gore :
 But when or *Folly* call'd, or *Dalliance*,
 The fretting exercise he soon gave o're,
 And, as recovered from a fullen Trance,
 Met with quick Eyes, and amorous Look each smiling
 (Glance.

LII.

Him *Dalliance* followed next, a Damsel gay,
 Of light behaviour, as she well could feign ;
 And wantonly her Brest did open lay,
 The Lover who came next, to entertain ;
 Tho' who the *He* were of her mighty Train,
 She was not much solicitous to know,
 Nor much to fancy him her self did pain ;
 For she like Favours did on all bestow,
 And bonnour was to all, how high so e're or low.

LIII.

A Night-Gown was the Habit which she wore,
 Loosely clapt round her, but so airy thin,
 That through its light disguise appear'd the more,
 What she ne're strove to hide, her beauteous Skin,
 And just proportion of each curious Limb :
 With Impudence too luscious to be told,
 And speech Lascivious, when she did begin,
 Which none, but like her self, unchast, and bold,
 Or unprov'd could hear, or unasham'd behold.

LIV.

LIV.

Next after her in order *Genius* came,
 Of Body somewhat gross, but Humour free;
 Whom part call'd *Comus*, as by his Sirname,
 Tho both, or either with him well agree,
 Without whom Love, nor merry Life can be:
 A right good Fellow, as his Belly show'd,
 Which in a Swath reacht almost to his Knee,
 And made him passage through th' admiring Crowd;
 Which shouting to him louted, as to them he bow'd.

LV.

No wrinkle in his Countenance did appear,
 Nor careful thought seem'd to come near his Mind,
 Of what should be; but things, which present were,
 Variously turn'd him, as did sit the Wind,
 And this way now, now that way he inclin'd:
 Tho if 'twere still, (and sometime still it lay)
 Diversions to himself he'd make, or find;
 And sometimes only muse a live-long Day,
 Tho askt on what, he or nought knew, or nought could
 (say.

LVI.

These were the fairest Shews Loves entrance had,
 And of the Pomp the sightliest Officers,
 Who therefore next the Carr Triumphal staid,
 But Spirits Incarnate were, and all as fierce,
 Provoke'd once, as those Fatal Ministers
 Of his, and more than his, of th' Wrath Divine,
 Which follow'd next, with look, and meen perverse;
 A Grisly, Horrid, and Prodigious Trine,
 Which hardly into shape, Love could by 'his Art refine.

LVII.

LVII.

Lust was the First, but whether Man, or Beast,
 Or He, or She, one could by no means know,
 For it both Sexes had, and did invest
 Mankind above, and Beast misshape'd below,
 And sote divided did for ostent show:
 With shaggy Hair the' whole Body cover'd o're,
 And poysonous stench, which he around did throw,
 Undamp't by th' Perfumes, which the Satyre bore,
 (For so they call'd him) and about him ever wore.

LVIII.

A very Satyr, whom he nearest came,
 In Face, and Guise, but in Deformity
 Excell'd, the first of the' Family, and Name;
 And shameless was his Look, and lew'd his Eye,
 But sharp withal, Beauties which cloyster'd lie,
 First to discover, then to circumvent,
 By Clamour, wherein low'd he was and high,
 Nor could forbear, as he in Triumph went;
 Prime Visier of the Port, and Loves chief Confident.

LIX.

Sin follow'd him, who was his Eldest Son,
 And only Child, with place and dignity,
 His Parents Titles suiting, and his own;
 But on his own he mostly did relie,
 And all, but what his own was, did decry;
 Would, and did loudly against Lust declame,
 As Impotent, couragious to desie,
 But who to Handy-blows, or never came,
 Or not with such effect, as he, to get a Name.

LX.

LX.

For tho but one, a thousand Heads he had,
 And twice a thousand Hands boldly to fight ;
 An Army of himself, and which he made
 Greater, or less, as the Cause did invite ;
 (Love, and Loves *Good Old Cause* was his delight)
 Rebellion, whose design to carry on,
 Himself he variously, as 't hapt, would dight,
 A Beasts, or Man's form take now, and anon
 Angels, or Fiends, a multitude, one be, or none.

LXI.

But *Death* the third, the same shape alway kept,
If Shape it might be call'd, that shape had none,
 Except in that half of 'him, which foremost stept
 And to the view expos'd a side of Bone,
 That seem'd with Skin to have been cloath'd upon,
 And Musculage, not many Days before ;
 For scarcely cleansed was the Skeleton,
 And here and there appear'd fresh stains of Gore,
 And gobbets of green flesh, which from the joynts he tore.

LXII.

To'ther half was the Universe, and all,
 And every thing, that in the World is found,
 Which hastens, or is ready at Death's call,
 And are th' Ingredients, which he does compound,
 Or single, or in Mass to give the Wound :
 A dreadful Mixture, and of which to tell,
 Almost to think, would th' greatest Wit confound ;
 For since the time that Man from Happi'ness fell,
 They were collecting, and had at the bottom *Hell*.

LXIII.

LXIII.

Where e're he came, these were Loves Company,
 With Train and Baggage, which did far extend ;
 And Meny suiting so great Prince as He,
 For Prince and God they call'd him, tho Pure Fiend :
 Unquiet *Care*, which all his time did spend
 Himself to' undo, backt by *Suspicion*,
 Then *Impudence*, which did to *Lechery* lend
 His unchast Ear, and *Fury* bad come on,
 By Riotice drawn up, and *Irreligion*;

LXIV.

Without door *Danger*, and *Distrust* did wait,
 And *Fear*, that never was himself at rest;
 Or others would permit their Watch to 'abate ;
 And *Jealousie*, which tho he were possesst
 Of what he lov'd, for rage tore his own Breast ;
 And *Lust unnatural*, and *Villany*,
 And *Revellings*, in thousand Anticks drest ;
 And *Poverty*, in Rags clad piteously,
 Calling aloud for *Death*, which did th' unhappy fly.

LXV.

It fled him, as one, who from Love was fled,
 Under the Disc'ipline, if he had the skill
 To use it right, of *Sorrow*, seeming dead,
 But which for a blest Life prepares Our will,
 By that *Repentance*, which *Shame* does instil ;
Repentance the first Step to *Innocence*,
 Whose various parts it makes, or does fulfil :
 But whereof Lustful Minds have little sense,
 Till *Shame* sum up the Total of the vast expence.

H

LXVI.

LXVI.

Death such a Bankrupt therefore flies,
 Hast'ing to those, who call'd, or call'd him not,
 By Loves own Hands crown'd for the Sacrifice,
 And or pursu'd, or i'th' pursuit were hot,
 E're well aware to th' end of all things got,
 By *Death* inglorious, and with *Infamy*;
 (Of most Luxurious Livers the hard lot)
 Yet which Love colour'd with such Maistery,
 That the most follow'd, what the most did seem to flie.

LXVII.

For Love had thousand Deaths at his command,
 And every Lover, might his own Fate make,
 Which some did, but by 'a way so under-hand,
 That from the praise of Love it much did take,
 And many 'a Lover lost he for their sake;
 Tho such he pleaded were by him giv'n o're,
 (If all might be believ'd, which then Love spake)
 Nor could to his account be reckoned more,
 Than if thus, or a Natural Death they dy'd before.

LXVIII.

Be the Point therefore, as it will for me,
 Who list not further of it here to tell;
 Enough are Lovers Deaths we daily see,
 (And so 'twas then) a Songs scant bounds to swell,
 Nor yet for Love, or them contriv'd so well,
 But that one midst the Pomp might easily find
 The Mighty, by whose cruel Hands they fell;
 And Verdict give the Murther was design'd,
 By th' Pains they felt before, *Reproach* they left behind.

LXIX.

LXIX.

Pains more than can of Mortal Tongue be told,
 And sharper than e're *Tyrin* did invent ;
 Which the whole Man did in strait Fetters hold,
 Till tortur'd Nature, quite worn out, was spent,
 Of Love the Guerdon and the Punishment :
 Yet *Tyrans* Racks found out, the Pale, and Wheel,
 And Fire, and all that can by Fire torment,
 Or be prepar'd, th' *AX*, and derr-doing Steel,
 But make no wounds all, set with those which Lovers
 (feels)

LXX.

Thrice, and than thrice more wretched state of Love,
 When Innocence and Truth to Heav'n were gone!
 But seve'n times wretcheder it yet did prove,
 When this Mock-love wholly usurpt the Throne,
 (As he 'after did) and single reign'd alone,
 With Name and Pow'r alike usurpt, yet was,
 Ah! What not was he?— But 'tis time to' have done
 With him, who can to Verse give little grace,
 And in another *Canto* to the True Love pass.

ΕΠΩΔΗ.

THE LEGEND OF LOVE.

CANTO III.

I.

T IRE'D with the Way I have already gone
 Longer by many a Stage, than setting out
 I thought it would have prov'd, and where there's
 To guide me, in the search I am about, (none
 How well I shall succeed is my great doubt,
 Who almost of the Enterprize repent,
 Wishing I better of it first had thought ;
 At least before me some Espials sent,
 Who might have told the hazard of the bold Attempt.

II.

But to repent (alas!) 'tis now too late,
 And in the last Act fail, a wrong to Love,
 Which in another I should surely hate,
 And cannot in my self unblam'd approve,
 What Arguments so e're Distrust may move ;
 Which many, cogent seem, and weighty all,
 But all which by this single One I reprove,
 That well if well, if ill succeed I shall,
 'Tis not inglorious from the noblest heights to fall.

III. But

III.

But help me Love, and I'll not yet despair !
 For other Muse I dare not invoke ;
 None but thy Self, with whom the Treasures are
 Of bright Idæas, tho discover'd late
 To me, who half my time in Darkness sat,
 Ylamped only by a Foolish Fire,
 Whose wandring guidance I now deprecate,
 Led by it often, and my vain desire,
 To whence I could not till Thy Day brake out, retire.

IV.

At length it brake out, and I came to know
 How woefully I had mistook my Way ;
 Shine forth again with double Glory now,
 And in my Verse Thy fairest Beams display,
 That others with me in it triumph may :
 And having their Night Sullys thence refin'd,
 Carol with sacred Hymn's to th' Beauteous Day ;
 Carol to Thee, by Heav'n, and God design'd,
 The Counterfeit to' uncase, and Eyes restore the Blind.

V.

LONG had the Mock-love, by his false disguise,
 Upon the Credulous World impos'd, but more
 Upon himself, if he had been so wise
 To think how much 'twould cost him to restore,
 And, what by tort he' had snatcht, a new pay o're ;
 But this (alas !) came seldom in his thought,
 Rather perverse still, as he was before,
 The World, which he had into Bondage brought,
 Eternally to' enthrall, was th' only Prize he sought.

VI.

This was his aim, nor to rebate it found,
Save Prophecies of a *Supplauters* race;
Which well he knew not, and could worse expound,
Wherein the happy Country was the place,
Whence was foretold should come his great disgrace;
But when, or how, tho himself Oracles gave,
Too hard to be resolv'd was the dark case;
Nor could he any certain knowledg have,
Who should the Mighty Conqueror be, his Thralls to'
(unslaye.

VII.

The happy Country well enough he knew,
Part of his *Syria* to be 'hight *Palestine*;
Wherefore he thither his Chief Forces drew,
And seiz'd it first by 'a more than double Trine
Of cursed Nations, from the Great *Chams* Line,
Cham, who first gave him credit by his Arms,
And then his Empire to him did resign;
Cham, whom he thus rewarded for the harms
He had sustain'd, to be Camp-Master of his Charms.

VIII.

Seven cursed Nations, of his cursed Seed,
To be its constant Guard Love thither sent;
Who fill'd the Land so with their cursed Breed,
That scarce was left him room for his own Tent,
Lefs for new Colonies, if such thither went:
A stupid, bestial, and unmanly Rout,
That all their Age in Lusts unnatural spent;
Till the time came their Land should spue them out,
Too long oppress'd, and bring the dread Foresight about.

IX.

Low saw it coming, and began to fear,
 When *Jacob's* numerous Host, from Bondage led,
 Unto the *Cananitish* bounds drew near,
 Seising the Nations with unusual Dread,
 While Seas to make them way rose up and fled;
 But never did he more confounded stand,
 Than when he *Jordan* saw recoil to 'his Head,
 And to new Armies shar'd by Lot his Land,
 Supplanted e're he did th' Supplanters understand.

X.

Before he doubted those would prove the Men,
 And therefore when they were upon the Way,
 From *Madian* dress'd a Female Stratagem,
 By which above two Myriads slaughter'd lay,
 Tho *Madian* for it after dear did pay,
 And he who gave the Counsel with them fell.
Balam their Priest and his the Sword did slay,
 To expiate for th' Whoredoms he did sell,
 And more advise, than by Prophetic rage foretel:

XI.

But then he knew it, and in every Age,
 As *Israel* did in wealth and power encrease,
 New Wars would with the Holy People wage,
 Wars Amorous, the sad result of Peace;
 Nor his Assaults defeated oft surcease;
 Till *David* was exalted to the Throne,
 With Testimony that he God did please,
 As *Enoch* had, and then Love gave for gone
 All he before had gain'd, and by his Conquests won.

H 4

XII.

XII.

Ah! that it had been gone! and that his sway
 Had here expir'd! But *Jesses* Son soon fell,
 A victim at his Altars, and a Prey;
 Wherewith, and with his Pride he so did swell,
 That tho he after had not much to tell,
 Nor much to boast more, during his whole Reign,
 Eluded was he judg'd the Oracle,
 Nor could there for him ought behind remain,
 But what He thus had got, as happ'ly to maintain.

XIII.

This *Salomons* youth did easily perswade,
 (*David's* next Successor) who tho most wise,
 (Love of the Wisest ne're was yet afraid)
 Had other Grandures, which might chance to rise
 Higher in Loves account, well plac'd, than his:
 Infinite Riches, Peaceful Government,
 The Necks, and Pleasures of his Enemies;
 And, what then these was more, a mind intent,
 Of Folly, and of Love to make th' Experiment.

XIV.

He made it, and in making it was caught,
 To his Lands baleful Ruine, and his own;
 And both, by him that, he by Love ill taught,
 As from a Precipice together thrown,
 Ne're stopt till come to th' bottom Head-long down:
 Unhappy Prince, who could not single fall!
 Whose smiles appear'd more fatal than his frown;
 The Kingdoms Laws this, for the Criminal,
 But bad example those, which further reacht to all!

XV.

XV.

And now, if ever, Love to the' top was got
 Of his unmeasurable Sovereignty;
 So far above his Hope and deepest Plot,
 That scarce could he believe what he did see,
 And almost trembled in those heights to be,
 Compar'd with which the Honours he had gain'd,
 In the World Heathen, were a low degree;
 For there he o're the brutish only reign'd,
 The Noblest, and the Wifest here to 'his Love were
 (train'd.

XVI.

Ev'n God himself most High to serve was made;
 And his first Institution, Marriage,
 Cement of holy Love, so base allay'd,
 That it degen'rated to Bestial rage,
 And more divided, than it did engage
 To mutual Amours and joyn'd Hearts consent:
 Madness before begun, but which this Age,
 With ancient Rites, indulg'd long, not content,
 Perfected by a new, and wild Establishment,

XVII.

Of sharers infinite in the Marriage Bed,
 By this false Loves prime Ministers brought in;
 With Artifice, at first; close palliated,
 The New-made World, which was but peopled thin,
 To stock amain and plausibly begin:
 Hence *Bigamy*, and then *Polygamy*,
Divorce next, to them near of kin,
 On every small dislike, did multiply,
 And Children reck'ned were of Loves huge Family.

Shamless
Conjurers.

XVIII.

XVIII.

And so it stood, even in the Holy Race,
 (From the Beginning tho it were not so)
 For many Ages of permissive Grace,
 But more of Hardness that it's Heart did grow
 Of those, who no delight in One would know,
 And whom Variety would only please :
 Yet God at first but One design'd, to show
 His, and the pow'r of Love, and if Disease
 Abus'd 't should after be, its Remedy and Ease.

XIX.

(For more, if more are sought the drought to allay,
 But like strange waters to th' Hydropic prove,
 And frequent draughts, which in the Bowels stay,
 And nor the Thirst, nor the Disease remove ;
 And such is Change to him, who Change does love,
 (The more, the worse) He drinks, and thirsts again,
 And still the more he drinks, does more improve
 His Thirst, the very remedy is pain,
 Yet neither can shake off, of neither but complain.)

XX.

And that Disease 'twould prove, in his Foresight,
 Abus'd once, the Almighty knew, and thence
 To 'a single Circle bound the subtle Sp'rit,
 Who, one transgress'd, was Proof against all fence,
 And easily could with Just and Fit dispense ;
 One Partner in Chast Nuptials, as enough
 Their Ornament to be, and their Defence,
 By Sin prevented, all that was above,
 Or two, or more, or many, came from this False Love.

XXI.

XXI.

From him they came All, but successively,
 And even the Many yet were but a Few,
 Compar'd with that excess, which grown most high,
 In *Salomon's* Reign, no limits had, or knew,
 And into th' Band, not One, but Hundreds drew:
 Seven hundred Wives, Three hundred Concubins,
 Whom the Uxorious King did close pursue,
 A Female Army, under Love's Ensigns,
 With Treasure inh'nit drein'd, and with exausted Loins:

XXII.

Prodigious *Astoreth*, be 'it an He, or She,
 Or both, or neither, an opprobrious Stock;
 For Sex in Idols is a Nicetic
 Unknown to th' Makers, whom it ne're did choque
 To file as they should please the senseless Block:
 Tho if they call'd it by a Female Name,
 More Folly, and less Power, they if ere did yoke; *ye're.*
 And, if need scrv'd, a Male the God became,
 Their own to 'attemper, and expose the Votaries shame.

XXIII.

Be it prodigious therefore, and a She!
 And a She this Mock-Love, if so it please!
 Prodigious *Astoreth*! and prodigious He,
 Who was her Slave, and Slave to 'a thousand Shees,
 On the Rack put by 'his Lusts, or Marriages!
 And if 'tis true, that each a Body makes,
 (And true it is) how monstrous with all these,
 Must his appear, who has so different stakes, (takes?)
 Where each with only 'him, he with each, and all par-

XXIV.

XXIV.

With all partook he, and made up with all
 One monstrous Body, which did all contain ;
 All Lands, and Languages, from the huge Wall
 Of *Babylon*, to where *Nile* bedds the Main ,
 Lusty in *Egypt's* Spoils, with Pompous Train :
 No Country was there, but sent in some Love,
 No Love, but did its Countries Gods retain,
 All which he serv'd, if he were Service-proof,
 Enough to satiate, not to satisfy enough.

XXV.

Marriage perverted thus from its design,
 Love to enhance, and raise an Holy Seed,
 To-hinder Whoredoms, and the Rage confine
 Of an unruly Passion, which did need
 More Reins than Spurs, and of Hells fiercest breed ;
 But above all, nobly to typify
 The Mystic Union, which shall intercede
 'Twixt Christ & holy Church, Man & th' Most High,
 All Mischiefs thence brake in, and all Idolatry.

XXVI.

Thence *Whoredoms*, *Fornications* thence brake in,
 And, which the Holy People did or'eflow,
Rapes, *Incests*, and than *Incest* worse, the Sin
Confusion call'd, foul *Sod'omy*, and a row
 Of bestial Vices, which 'twere guilt to know,
 But more to tell ; The 'unwary Course some take
 Lust to perstringe by action, or by show,
 But teaching more, what does no teaching lack,
 And those whose Ign'orance, their whole Innocence does
 make.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Yet *Israel* acted all, and did out-do,
 Well thew'd in Villanies, their Teachers skill ;
 And Men with Men, with Women Women too
 All Shame put off, and did both parts fulfil,
 With Sexes counterfeited, (every Hill,
 And Grove with Humane Beasts, and mingled Blood
 Promiscuous cast, replenisht thick) the while
 Brutes themselves, as less salvage, wondring stood,
 Man o're them made to reign, should with them change
 (Manhood.

XXVIII.

No wonder thus debas'd, new Gods they chose,
 Gods like themselves, and they new Gods did chuse,
 Prodigious as their Lusts, on whom they'impose
 Horrors the Beast would, if it could, refuse,
 Design'd for Service and a nobler use :
Baalim and *Astartoth*, or what-ever name
 Those Generals include, bleeding *Thamuze*,
Dagon, and *Moloch*, *Kemos*, Moabs shame,
 And thousand others, which into the Bead-roll came :

XXIX.

All which they worship'd, and did lowly bow
 Before their Altars; lowest bow'd their King,
 Who Temples made them, and did first allow
 Their Rites absurd, (by his strange Wives brought in,
 Authentick made, when their establishing
 Own'd him as Founder) and some think that Verse
 Then lustful *Orgies* first began to sing,
 And prostituted Mysteries rehearse, (perse.
 Which Fabulous Greece did after through the World dif-
 XXX.

XXX.

Verse it is sure, did early suffer wrong;
 And Tyran Love debauch't it, as he' had donē
 God's noblest Creature, for the chains are strong,
 With which he holds it yet, as if his own
 It purely were, and were enough alone
 All that he else has lost back to regain,
 And whence he had been tumbled, to the Throne
 Once more advance him, in his Hands the Rein
 Of all things, midst an holier People, put again.

XXXI.

It serv'd a little then, its service now
 Is wondrously encreast, since Sloth, and Age
 Have heightn'd Vice, and made Verse to it bow;
 To th' Gods before it was in Vassalage,
 And only knew the *Pythoneſſes* rage,
 Or Priests inspir'd, to all beside most chaste,
 To Vertue did, and to true Worth engage;
 And if the Object had been rightly plac'd,
 Might for a real Vertue, and true Grace have pass'd.

XXXII.

But now, (what quickly after it begun)
 Retaining nothing but the Ill 't has gain'd,
 By Lux, and Travel, it does counter-run
 To all that's Good, or Honest, or maintain'd
 I'th' Civil Worlds esteem, with Atheism stain'd,
 (As the next step to many Gods is none)
 And all Impiety; has place obtain'd
 With the worst Men, and is so furious grown,
 That in its fits it God and King defies alone.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

These it defies, and dare unmask'd profess,
 (Where't it may be free, and to its full pitch flown)
 What e'ven to think abash'd mere Heathenness;
 Nay when reserv'd most, and most modest grown,
 'Twill others Follies sing, and make its own,
 And than the Wise much rather please the Vain:
 But since its present State too well is known
 To be conceal'd, my self I shall not pain
 To tell it here, or further, tho provok'd complain.

XXXIV.

Ah! that it would it self, or could complain!
 And of the Lusts, to which it did submit
 Unwillingly at first, nor without pain,
 But willingly when Custom humbled it,
 Betray'd by 'its false and treacherous Mi'gnon Wit:
 Her Mistress Verse the treacherous Maid beguil'd,
 The false Love her; and up they both did set
 One shameless Brothel, wanton that, this wild,
 Till both of Honour, Vertue, and true Love were spoil'd.

XXXV.

Despoil'd they were, despoil'd, what they did serve,
 Honour, and Vertue, and the Love Divine,
 And *Wedlock*, which did covertly preserve
 Some Traces of a Vigor Masculine,
 Which Lust could never to its Beck incline
 So perfectly, but it resistance made,
 Weak as it was, and sprung a Counter-mine:
 But now aside all Enmities were laid,
 And all with one consent did plot Heaven to invade.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Which as th' Almighty saw into his Mind,
 That Mind of his it came, which ever love
 To 'his Works did bear, to Man was ever kind,
 The madness of such Faytours to reprove,
 And what none else could do, the Cause remove;
 The cause was this Mock-Love, whom to debase,
 Into his Mind it came, by him, who strove
 So high to raise him, and who what he was,
 Of all Men best did know, did all in Loves surpass.

XXXVII.

Wife *Salomon*, who when he long had try'd
 The vain Experiment, at length grew Wise;
 Nor longer with him would the secret hide,
 Than till th' Almighty open'd had his Eyes,
 And to him clear'd the blest Discoveries:
 Till his Repentance had his Loves effac'd,
 And Credence gain'd us, that, immerit to rise
 Tho hard it be, the Doom may not be past,
 If what's too long one Day deferr'd, yet come at last.

XXXVIII.

Him his great Prophet God most high did raise,
Turning the Tenor of his inspir'd String,
 Of Ancient Honour, and of Future Praise,
 But most of Love, the Cause, and end to sing,
 And hidden Mysteries to the Light to bring;
 The mighty Works th' Almighty's Self would do,
 For Loves, and his BELOVEDS ransoming:
 All which he did to th' Royal Prophet show,
 And all which, by him taught, his *Israel* came to know.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

Not as those Works, when finisht perfectly
 Should be display'd, but as became their state,
 And Him, who was, restor'd, the Type to be
 Of all the Glories, which he should relate ;
 By Figures, and by Shadows adæquate
 To Humane Reasonings, and Discourse finite ;
 By his chang'd Loves a Love to adumbrate,
 Which cannot else be seen by Mortal Light,
God's Love to Man, which different Natures should unite.

XL.

(bring,
 That Love, which God in time from Heav'n should
 With Man to dwell, and as true Man appear ;
 Which Man no less, of all his Works the King,
 To Heav'n, excluded thence by' his Fall, should bear,
 And on his Wings triumphantly up-rear :
 And all the way, as he does thither rise,
 With *Ideas* fill him of the Beauties there ;
 That Love, in fine, which does all Loves comprize,
 Whence Man to'his Maker lives, his Maker for him dies.

XLI.

Of all which *Marriage* is the Sacrament ;
 (Or Symbol call it, if the Name displease)
 The closest Union to represent,
 'Twixt God and Man, 'twixt Man and Happiness ;
 And if there closer Union be than these,
 Or more (and whether more be meant who knows ?
 Tho' closer none) in one Term all to' express ;
Marriage, which once confirm'd by holy Vows,
Is Loves Reprizal, and in one all Unions shews.

I

XLII.

XLII.

So God most High resolv'd, so *Salomon*,
 By him inspir'd did carnal Love impeach
 Of highest Treason, and Rebellion;
 The first, who plainly did the Mystery preach,
 And what himself, but late learnt, others teach:
 That Love alone, whose long and outstretcht Line,
 Through Natures Works, to Natures end does reach,
 Their Love, whom God, not Lust or Interest joyn,
 Unequal tho it be, comes nearest the Divine.

XLIII.

As near as was, or fit for us to know,
 Or possible, in Mortal Flesh immur'd;
 (Tho God himself the Form would take below)
 When brighter Vision could not be endur'd,
 Nor Loves invisible taught else, or secur'd;
 For such is Man, tho of God's Works the chief,
 Of things Invisible to be assur'd,
 That from things Visible he must receive
 Th' imperfect Image, and of God by himself conceive.

XLIV.

His Bodies structure, and his Souls great Powers,
 Both which as having God himself propounds;
 Tho Acts Organical are purely Ours,
 And he the Deity by the shift confounds,
 Who makes it what the Parable expounds,
 With Senses, and with Parts corporeal,
 Loving like us, and with a Lovers Wounds,
 Which from the Deity are excluded all,
 And only us'd, that under Sense those Acts may fall.

XLV.

Yet so God loves, so would be known to Love,
 As Love ith' Marriage Bed, kept undefil'd,
 Might figure best, if one the Vail remove,
 Our Nature, which of Innocence dispos'd,
 Till rais'd, whence sunk, beguiles and is beguil'd;
 But once restor'd, is worthy Him, and Us,
 Him still to love, with Love us to be fill'd,
 (Of Grace not Debt) become both Amorous,
 The Churches Husband He, the Church his Bride and
 (Spouse.

XLVI.

Thus loving, and belov'd thus shame on those,
 Whose either Atheism, or Impiety,
 Dare the Tremendous Figure, or expose,
 Or subject make it of foul Raillery,
 And to vile Lust embase the Mytery!
 That of their Happ'ness have so little sense,
 Their God, their Souls, and their Civility,
 That they with things most sacred can dispense,
 And rather than not give it, take from Heav'n offence!

XLVII.

From Thee, most sacred and inspired *Song*,
 The humblest Condescension of Heav'n's King,
 From which my roving Verse has stray'd too long,
 Led by the Mock-love, and now late does sing;
 Next that the humblest, which with Saffron Wing,
Gabriel, the True-loves mighty Harbinger,
 Foretold to the' EVER-VIRGIN, e're the thing
 Was full accomplisht, and thereof did bear,
 When done first News, and what the signs to know him
 were.

I 2

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Signs too unlikely, till by Angels told,
 Whereby the Maker of all things to find;
 For who would think a simple Cratch should hold
 Eternal Majesty, mean Swathings bind
 Th' Incomprehensible, and Unconfined;
 And that an Ox, and Ass were company,
 (To Scorn enur'd, and labour by their kind)
 In an Inns-Stable fit for God Most High,
 And that a Babe should be that God, and expos'd lie?

XLIX.

Yet signs they were with Heav'n which suited best,
 And best with God, when God should Flesh appear;
 And so was *Wedlock*, thence to be express'd,
 Ere that time came, the Image he should bear,
 Or rather what our selves, ally'd to' him near,
 (Nearer by Purchase, than Creation)
 Should thence become; like Glories with him wear,
 And since to us it could not else be known,
 Till Man to Heav'n should rise, high Heav'n to Man bring
 (down.

L.

By Love to bring it: And by Love HE brought it,
 Who all the Mysteries of Love did know;
 Second alone to Loves dear self, who taught it,
 As or above it was, or as below,
 And in thee, *Song*, its Mystic Power did show:
 Not as thy Words to us sound, but as thy Sense,
 To th' Church apply'd, by holy Churches Vow,
 Must be expounded, with this Difference,
 Of God 'tis Figure All, of Man all Innocence,

LI.

L I.

Of Soul and Body, but of Soul the most,
 Whose Acts and Motions Thou dost most intend,
 By views Material, to our Light dispos'd,
 But where the Matter does all Act suspend,
 And shadows what it cannot comprehend;
 Is nothing, or as nothing, how e're laid,
 Compar'd with what comparison does transcend;
 Nor meant at all, tho by it all is said,
 That's said of Love, which through its broken Pipe's
 (convey'd.

L II.

So wouldst Thou, *Song*, so must Thou be understood;
 And short of this, who e're Thy Flight would bound,
 To th' Deity sacrifices Human Blood,
 And fixes on th' *Impassible* that Wound,
 Which the Mock-love to offer had astound.
 For He soon as he heard the words Divine,
 His Sentence in them, and his Doom he found;
 At which affrighted, back he did resign
 All he before usurpt, nor ought had to rejoyn.

L III.

Happy he so could scape, tho e're away,
 Cast, and condemn'd, he into Exile went,
 The True Love, who long waited for that Day,
Hymen his great Embassadour down sent,
 To beg some Exemplary Punishment,
 And Caution, that he would return no more:
 But all the Caution, which to give he meant,
 Was but his Word, nor longer t^hat than Power
 Should fail him to attempt, what he had done before.

L IV.

LIV.

For Punishment, 'twas yet too early Day,
 To move, or hope; Himself enough had done,
 By those Spoils, which unforce'd he down did lay,
 The Jurisdiction of Heav'n's Court to own,
 Whom that acknowledgment must serve or none:
 And out he went, with tiern, and bloody Eyes,
 And bitter Railings on blest *Hymen* thrown;
 Who all his Railings did no less despise,
 Content (since he no more could get) with the bare
 (Prize,

L V.

Marriage restor'd to' its Just and Ancient Right,
 And all th' Intents, to which it was design'd;
Marriage, which once secur'd, does Souls unite,
 And made in Heav'n, to Heav'n so near is joyn'd,
 That only there we purer Love can find:
Marriage of th' Fallen World the best Estate,
Marriage most Honourable with Mankind,
 Which to abuse, a Man his Flesh must hate,
Marriage God's Blessing, when He gave o're to create.

TO

To the Muse,
ODE PINDARIC.

I. STROPHE.

BUT whither bear'st Thou me, *O Love*,
Sovereign Disposer of all things,
Beyond the flight of Verses Wings,
Which after Thee a Course unequal move?
So swift Thy passage is, and wondrous light,
Scarce can I of Thee get the sight;
And all so here, and there,
So unconfined, and every where,
Appear Thou dost, and disappear,
A Phantasm Thou would'st reckned be,
But that whole Nature lives alone by Thee.

I. ANTISTROPHE.

From Heav'n to Earth, from Earth again
To Heav'n, who has Loves Journey trace't?
Hail ye bright Stars, which saw him last,
And greater Lustre by his grant obtain!
You last of all his parting Charge receiv'd,
And still to keep it are believ'd,
In times, and seasons thence,
Which you to all his Works dispense,
With kind and wholesome Influence;
And at his Thrones dread Footstool wait,
Illustrious Guards and Messengers of Fate.

I. EPODOS.

"Happy the Man, whose noble Soul
"Hath rais'd him to a pitch so high,

"That

" That he the Heav'ns, as they about him roll,
 " Undazled can behold with curious Eye ;
 " And every Mystic note,
 " That's in their Mighty Volume wrote,
 " As clearly understand,
 " As if acquainted with no other hand :
 " Yet happier He by far,
 " Who like the Kings, first guided by a Star,
 " Obtains like Royal Grace,
 " Into the Sacred Presence, usher'd thus, to pass !

II. STROPHE.

An Honour done but to a few,
 As few there be, who care to joyn
 Their quest to th' search of Love Divine,
 Thither applying, what from thence they drew ;
 Heav'ns Priests, and Loves, who have the lucky skill,
 Both Services at once to fill ;
 Nor like the most all day,
 Or Idle stand, or play,
 And gaze tho' on Heaven their Age away :
 Of Love, who largely boast the Name,
 But never saw his Light, or felt his Flame.

II. ANTISTROPHE.

At once both Services he fill'd,
 Whom the *Muse* sings, both knows the best
 Of any, who e're those Gifts possess,
 In Books so different so divinely skill'd ;
Natures and *God's*, the *Gloss* that, this the *Text*,
 And read together unperplex'd :
 While that, by' it self alone.

Read,

Read, as too oft is done,
But Altars rears to' a *God unknown*;
To *th'* *True* this does a way provide,
But difficult to walk without a Guide.

II. EPODOS.

Not *SETH*, whose Pillars Fabulous
Surviv'd the all-devouring Flood,
Taught the New World the Half he teaches us,
Were all he taught as well but understood:
Tho when of *Love* He treats,
And His high Mysteries repeats,
All hear, and what is heard
By all for certain Truth is so rever'd,
The raviſht Soul reſents
Its tedious ſtay, and future joys prevents;
Rapt in Ecſtatic Fires
To the Divine Aboads, almoſt ith' Flame expires.

III. STROPHE.

Witneſs Thou *Sarums* ſacred Pile,
Which from the day Thou firſt cam'ſt down
From the parcht neighbouring Hill, the Town
Attending Thee, and ſhoutng all the while,
None happier ſaw'ſt than that which made Thee His,
And Him Thine with united bliſs.
Thy Streams, Thy Fields, Thy Towers,
By the' *Graces* led, and *Hours*,
Daunc'd to their *Genius* Crown'd with Flowers:
Thy very Children bleſs that time
And their new *Aera* from its date ſublime.

III. AN-

III. ANTISTROPHE.

Not but that worthy Thee, and Verse,
 There have been *Prelats* heretofore,
 (Tho none so Worthy) had like store
 Of *sacred Poets* been, as now rehearse.
 But all (alas !) are in Oblivion drown'd,
 Unsung laid underground,
 Because the *Muses* ayd,
 To all th' Acquisits they made,
 Or lacking was, or else unpray'd :
 And their fond hopes of Future glory,
 Or to dumb Walls confin'd, or doubtful story.

III. EPODOS.

So Thy first *Fathers*, so others fare'd
 Before, and since Thy great Translation;
 And if to' escape 'twas not for some so hard,
 The Works they wrote, were their Fames best Foundati-
 In which an Age they live, (on;
 That Brass, and Marble shall survive.
 So *Jewel* ever lives,
 And life to' his very Enemy gives.
 So shall Thy *Reverend Lord*
 Long hence be Thine, and His own best Record.
 Hast to Him *Muse*, and take
 At 'his Knees that blessing, which may Thee Immortal
 (make.

TO

To the Right Reverend
 FATHER IN GOD,
 SETH Lord Bishop of SARUM.

MINDFUL, whence first she learnt the early Skill,
 In humble strains Almighty LOVE to sing;
 And then of Her, to whom she' her Works does bring,
 The CHURCH, and Colledg, both whose Names intill
 Like Sentiments, and shall Fames Records fill
 With *Worthies*, fit to 'employ the Noblest string
 Of Heav'n-tun'd Verse, and almost tire its Wing,
 To bear them, hence translated, up its Hill:
 My Muse to You, my LORD, and your great Name,
 This LEGEND of the one, and t'other LOVE,
 (As different as their Ends and Natures prove)
 Doubly inscribes; that thence her purer Flame
 To Heav'n, so offer'd, may more grateful rise;
 The grosser Parts be Wood for th' Sacrifice.

FINIS.



A
PARAPHRASE
UPON
Some Select HYMNS
OF THE
NEW and OLD TESTAMENT,
With some other Occasional Compositions
IN
English RIMES.





RIMES.

The VI great HYMNS of St. *LUKE*.

I. HYMN.

The ANGELS Salutation.

Ave Gratia plena.

LUKE 1.
28.

HAIL of Heaven highly Grace'd,
Hail, O VIRGIN full of Grace!
Heav'ns Blessings all on Thee be place'd,
In whom Heav'ns GOD takes up his Place!
Blest Thou among all Women be,
Blest be Thy Name and Memory,
Blest VIRGIN-MOTHER be Thy Stile to' Eternity!

A a 2

II. HYMN.

II. HYMN.

The Salutation of ELIZABETH.

Lucæ 1.
42.

Benedicta Tu inter Mulieres.

I.

BLEST Thou among all Women be,
And blest the FRUIT, which Thou dost bear !
But whence is this great Honour done to me,
That my LORD'S MOTHER should approach thus
And greater joys suppress at Home, (near
In mine to 'assist should hither come ?

II.

Yet not at Home those greater Joys,
Tho there suppress, couldst Thou wholly leave ;
For scarce was heard Thy salutations Voice,
But my glad Womb the Signal did receive :
And there with joy the Babe did spring,
It's present GOD to' attest, and King.

III.

Thrice blest the Faith, which firm does hold !
For a Performance there shall be
Of all, that was by th' Heav'nly Message told,
And, or Thy happy FRUIT concerns, or Thee ;
The Sender was the Eternal Lord,
Who having past will Crown his Word.

III. HYMN.

III. HYMN.

The Song of the BLESSED VIRGIN.

Et ait Maria,— Magnificat anima, &c.

Luce 1,
47.

I.

MY SOUL does Magnific the Lord,
My Spirit in God my Saviour does rejoyce;
My Spirit his thankful Praises shall record,
And my Soul, thence awak't, provoke my Voice:
Nor Soul, nor Spirit, my Judgment, or my Will,
My Voice, or Lyre, shall in his Praise lie still,
But all my Powers I'll summon, and their noblest skill.

II.

For (Lo!) his Hand-Maids low estate,
He from on High has view'd with kind regard;
His Hand-Maids, to th' encrease of whose sad Fate,
The Royal Blood, from whence she sprang, prest hard:
But now all Nations shall Record me B L E S T,
And *David's* Seed, of *David's* Throne posselt,
To' his Blood the Glory shall return, to' his Land its rest.

III.

Great are the things, which He hath done,
And done for me, who' Himself is great of Might;
Great tho' He be, 'tis Holiness alone,
Wherein He of all Names does most delight:

A 2 3

AH

R I M E S.

All but of 's Mercy, which in him the same,
He to Gen'érations therefore does Proclaim,
And keep with them, who fear Him, and his Holy Name.

I V.

To all beside, by His Arm He is known,
And strength Almighty, which none can repel ;
His Arm, that from their height the Proud pulls down,
And open throws their Plots hid deep as Hell :
That Kings and Kingdoms at its Will does sway,
And gives their Crowns to those ith' dust who lay,
With good things th' Hungry fills, the' Rich empty sends
(away.

V.

Israel thus hath He fill'd, thus rais'd,
And rais'd up thus, will with his Hand uphold ;
Israel his First-born ; And our God be prais'd,
Who mindful of th' Inheritance past of Old,
Warrants to' His Child, and with it all Decreed
By' His Word to our Fathers, to' *Abraham* and his Seed,
And all whom *Abraham*'s Faith makes Parties to the
(Deed.

IV. HYMN.

IV. HYMN.

The Song of ZACHARIAS.

*Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel.*Lucæ i.
68.

I.

ISRAELS Great God eternally be Prais'd,
 Who *Israel* from the Dust at length hath rais'd ;
 And mindful of his Ancient Care,
 Forgotten, when we thought we were,
Israel to visit has himself come down,
 The Prison Doors wide open thrown,
 And by th' Redemption wrought, made his great Presence
 (known.)

II.

Redemption for his People has he wrought,
 And to the Throne the Royal Pris'ner brought ;
 To *David's* Throne, and 'tis his Son
 Sprung from his Loyns, holds *David's* Throne ;
 With Empire, which no place or time can bound,
 With Subjects, in all Countrys found,
 Subjects, which like him shall be Kings, and like him
 (Crown'd.)

III.

This by his Prophets, which have been of old,
 In every Age he wondrously foretold ;
 (For every Age have Prophets been,
 From since the World did first begin,

A a 4

This

This to foretel, which now we Celebrate ;)
 That God our Wrongs would vindicate,
 And from one Ruine save us, and our threatned State.

IV.

Not for our Righteousness, but to perform
 The Mercy promis'd, and his Covenant sworn ;
 Promis'd the Fathers, who first were,
 But which himself did to' *Abraham* swear,
 By Oath most Sacred ; for to be no more
 Doubted, tho' stablisht 'twas before,
 By' himself, Heav'n's greatest Oath, the God most Higheft
 (swore.

V.

So God most Higheft, so by' Himself he Swore,
 And that from Heav'n we should receive the Power,
 (Deliver'd from our Enemies Hands,
 Their Captive Chains and Servile Bands)
 His own more Noble Service to attend,
 Fearless of all that may offend,
 In Righteousness, and holy Praise, which ne're shall end.

VI.

And now he comes, O Child, who this hath wrought ;
 He comes, who has the great Salvation brought :
 Be thou his Prophet, and his Ways
 Prepare, while He a moment stays,
 Only till thou before Him canst prepare
 His Ways, which deep and wondrous are,
 By laying down his own, the Life o'th' World to spare.

VII. Teach

VII.

Teach the World, Child, and make his *Israel* know
 Whence their Salvations mighty Source does flow;
 That from Remission of their Sin,
 The mighty Source does first begin:
 Through our God's tender Mercy, who the Way
 To Pardon does by Penance lay;
 Penance, which does the glories of his Grace display.

VIII.

That Grace, whereby the Day-spring from on High,
 Now visits us with Streams, which ne're shall die.
 Streams of pure Æthereal Light,
 To shine on those, who in darkness sit;
 Which Death's pale shadow shall with Rays encrease,
 And hopes long Pris'ners thence release,
 And both theirs guide, and our feet into th' way of Peace.

V. HYMN.

The ANGELIC Hymn.

Gloria in Altissimis, &c.

Luce 2.
 24.

GLORY be to God on High!
 It'h' Higheft Great Jehovah blefs!
 Good will tow'rds Men, on Earth be Peace!
 Glory to God on High!
 And may this Round, begun thus, laft eternally.

VI. HYMN.

VI. HYMN.

The Song of *SIMEON*.

Lucæ 2.
29.

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, &c.

I.

ENOUGH, my God, enough! I beg no more :
Nor Thou, tho begg'd, canst greater Grace bestow ;
My Prayers at length are answer'd, and I 'adore
The Word, which from thy Mouth did go,
The Word, which like thy Self no change does know ;
And now Thy Servant is content to die,
Now, as the best time, since Thy Word and Life's so nigh.

II.

Nigh is the Word, which Thou to me didst pass,
Nor has Death come, me and Thy CHRIST between ;
As nigh is Life, Thy other Word, which I embrace,
And who, that has thus happy been,
In two great Words, fulfill'd one, t'other seen,
Would not like me desire in peace to die,
And mortal Life exchange for Immortality ?

III.

In Peace I die, and Thou dismiss'est me,
My God, in Peace, since with these very Eyes,
Before their change, I Thy Salvation see,

And

R I M E S.

11

And lack not from the Dead to rise,
As Prophets must to 'approve their Prophecies:
By Faith they only at a distance saw,
What in my Arms I hold, the end of all their Law.

I V.

Hail, blest Salvation of the Eternal King!
Hail Thou, who hither bringst it, Blessed Child!
In whom, as holy Bards inspir'd do sing,
Those wondrous Truths shall be fulfill'd,
Which to Immortal Verse shall subject yield!
Hail to you both, prepar'd of God to be,
This Worlds Redemption, Heav'ns and Angels scrutiny!

V.

Such is the great Behest; such is Thy Will,
Who now before all Nations dost prepare
What shall with joyous Praise all Nations fill,
As in Him all have equal share:
Thy Son, who shall to those who' in darkness are,
Rise, as the World's Sun does, with scattered Light,
But *Israels* Glory be, with Rays like 'his own Flames
(bright.

Comiato

Comiato.

To Sir Nicholas Stuart, *Baronet.*

SONGS, made in lieu of many more,
 (And more than Songs,) which to his Love I owe,
 Who, when your Master waited at the Door,
 First let him in, and sacred Honours did bestow;
 (You, blessed Songs, ith' Temple first to sing,
 And then to Descant, on an humbler thing.)
 To his, and your lov'd Patron go,
 And tho you ne're can recompence
 The ease, and leasure both of us have thence,
 Proffer the utmost service Verse can do;
 And as He is your Ornament,
 Be of my grat'itude and his Virtue the fixt Monument.

The

The VIII Great HYMNS
of the Apocalyps.

I. HYMN.

The Adoration of the XXIV ELDERS.

Gratias agimus tibi Domine Deus Optime.

Apoc:
11. 17.

I.

WORTHY Thou art all Honour to receive,
Thrice Honour'd we, who may that Honour give,
Blest King, who in One undivided now,
The scatter'd Parts of Time collected, hast,
The Future, Present, and the Past;
And every Time and Age dost in one moment know.

II.

We praise Thee', Almighty God, for that Thou' hast
To Thee thy great Power, and at length dost Reign;
Thou Reign'it, and tho the Nations troubled are,
Thy Wrath is come, and therewith come the Time,
When Thou wilt sentence every Crime,
And all the Dead shall for the Great Allize prepare.

III.

Up shall they rise; and as their Works have been,
Or Shame, or Glory, on all Brows be seen;

Thy

Thy Prophets, and Thy Saints shall shout for joy,
And all who fear Thy Name, both small and great;
But Vengeance, from Thy Judgment Seat,
Th' Earths bold Destroyers shall eternally destroy.

II. H Y M N.

The Acclamation of Heaven, upon MICHAEL's
overthrow of the Dragon and his Angels.

Apoc.
12. 10.

Nunc facta est Salus & Virtus, &c.

I.

NOW is Salvation, now is come the Hour,
That long expected, never shall be done;
Now Reigns our God, with whom in equal Power,
And strength Enthron'd, sits his Anointed Son:
They Reign and Judg, and having Judgment past,
The Brethrens great Accuser, or'e the Bar have cast.

II.

Both Night and Day the Brethren he accus'd,
Heav'ns common Barrettor, with Charge unjust;
(Their Patience, and the Judges Grace abus'd)
Tho from them the forg'd Calumny they thrust,
And his false Evidence or'e-rul'd, bore down,
By the Lambs Blood in Court attested, and their own.

III.

These were the Pleas whereby they overcame,
And these the Witneses call'd, and allow'd;

Which

Which ev'n the Devil their slanderer heard with shame,
And self-condemn'd, to the just Sentence bow'd:
Greater their Word was than could be deni'd,
But greater yet their Testimony, that they Di'd.

I V.

For this, O Heav'ns, rejoyce, and ye who there
In Sacred Bliss uninterrupted dwell,
Rejoyce, and a part with you let them bear,
Who from below shall of your Justice tell!
With joy shall Sing, how the Dragon overthrown,
From Heav'ns high-top to th' Earth was tumbled down.

V.

But wo worth you, to whom in wrath he's come,
Of Earth and Sea the miserable 'out-cast,
On whom he'll seek to be aveng'd, the Doom
Was on himself, and curs'd Abettors past;
With rage he comes, and whole Hells last effort,
Fury incens'd, because he knows his time's but short.

III. HYMN.

The Happy Dead.

Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur.

Apoc.
14. 13.

I.

BLEST are the Dead who in the Lord depart,
From henceforth Blessed write them down!
For Labours tho, and Pain they have known,
Of neither feel they more the irksome smart.

II. So

II.

So says the Spirit; for but to' enjoy full rest,
 From all their Toils are they remov'd;
 And of their Works, by God approv'd,
 That follow close, in Bliss they are possess.

IV. HYMN.

The Song of MOSES and of the LAME.

Apoc.
 15. 3.

Magna & Mirabilia sunt opera, &c.

I.

GREAT are thy Works, and marvelous thy Praise,
 Lord God Almighty, just and true Thy Ways,
 Blest King of Saints; who would not fear
 In Thy dread Presence to appear,
 Whom Angels, and attending Thrones revere?

II.

Who would not Fear Thee, Lord, and Glorifie
 That Name of Thine, which Thou hast rais'd so high!
 Thy Holy Name by which Thou art known;
 (For Holiness is Thine alone,)
 But better, than each single Man by' his own.

III.

Take then, Blest King, what is Thy proper due,
 And through all Lands, and Coasts, Thy Right pursue!
 That

That eve'ry Coast and every Land,
Who wondring at thy Judgments stand,
May Worship Thee, and stoop to their Command.

V. HYMN.

The Angel of the Waters Lauds.

Justus es Domine qui es & qui eras, &c.

*Apoc.
16. 5.*

I.

RIGHTEOUS art Thou, O God, who art, and wast, *I. Angel.*
And shalt be, when all time is past,
The first who reignedst, and the last:
Righteous art Thou, who hast this Day,
Thy Kingdoms Justice to display,
Righteously judg'd, that Blood shall Blood repay.

II.

Thy Servants Blood they without mercy shed,
And to be' aveng'd of th' happy Dead,
Made by curst hands the Living bleed:
With big swoln Veins Thy Prophets stood,
Each Saint, the Genius of his Flood,
Pour'd from his opened Heart true streams of Blood.

III.

For Blood they thirsted; and to drink have now
Pure Blood, wherewith their Rivers flow:
So worthy they, so Righteous Thou!
Et audivi alterum dicentem, Etiam Domine.

II. Angel.

Bb

So

So Righteous Thou, so worthy they,
Who did Thy Saints, and Prophets slay,
For Blood to' have Blood, and Blood in Blood repay.

VI. HYMN.

The holy Company of Heaven rejoycing at the
overthrow of BABYLON.

Apoc:
9. 1.

Allelu-ja. Laus & Gloria & Virtus.

I.

HALLELUJAH! To our King,
Honour, Power, and Glory sing:
Laud and Worship to Him bring,
True and Righteous are whose Ways;
Both deserves, and has our Praise.

II.

True and Righteous is his Doom,
For in Judgment overcome,
Chain'd the great Whore stands, and Dumb:
Chain'd she stands, and Dumb withal,
Without Friend, or Voice to call.

III.

Judg'd she is, who th' Earth did stain
With her Prostituted Train:
Justly judg'd to 'Eternal Pain,
And aveng'd the Blood she shed,
Dying ever, is never dead.

Et dixerunt iterum Halleluja.

IV. Hal-

IV.

Hallelujah; to our King
 Worship, Laud, and Praises bring,
 Glory, Power, and Honour sing!
 Lo! how up her Smoke does rise,
 Who dead ever, never Dies!
Cecideruntque viginti quatuor Seniores, &c.
& dixerunt Amen, &c.

V.

Even so, Lord, be it so!
 That the Earth Thy Power may know,
 And thence make Thy Praise to grow!
 One bless'd Song with us may sing,
 Halleluja to our King!

VII. HYMN.

Epithalamium on the LAMBS Marriage.

*Et vox de Throno exivit dicens, laudem
 dicite Deo, &c.*

*Apoc.
 19. 5.*

I.

PRAISE Him, ye Servants of th' Eternal King,
 To God your noblest Praises sing,
 And make Heav'ns vault with the loud Echo ring!
 Praise Him, all ye, who fear his Name,
 And o're th' Expanse his Lauds proclaim;

B b 2

Both

Both great and small in tuneful Shouts accord,
And with one Heart and Voice adore our Lord!

Et audiui quasi vocem turbe magnæ, & sicut vocem aquarum multarum & sicut vocem tonitruorum magnorum dicentium

Alleluja ! quoniam, &c.

II.

Hallelujah ! Sing aloud !
Lowder still th' harmonious Voice,
Till it drown a Thunders Noise,
And with gay Horror fill th' admiring Crowd !
For (Lo !) our God Omnipotent does Reign,
And to himself resumes the Rule again.

III.

Let us be glad now, and let us rejoyce,
And give him due Honour, who made us this Day ;
A Day that compensates for all our Annoys,
And Ages that we for its Coming did pray :
The Lamb's Marriage-day, which tho long e're it came,
We meet, and greet thus with our Songs purest flame.

IV.

'Tis come, and does with hallow'd Glory shine,
So bright a Day in Heav'n did ne're appear,
(Tho ever Day, and bright 'tis ever there)
As this, illumin'd by the Sun Divine,
And for 'his own Nuptials made with high Design.
But yet how bright so'e're it is,
His Bride new Lustre to it gives,
Who in her Glory waits Him, as He her in his.

V. See

V.

See, where She stands array'd in Glorious wife,
 Second alone to Him, who ever lives :
 Above the boldest flight wing'd Seraph strives,
 Who ne're such Beauties with Immortal Eyes,
 E're gaz'd on, save in Him whose is the Prize.

For beside what's Her proper Dower,
 (Charms, which th' Almighty overcame)
 Heav'n all its riches on Her Dress does pour.

VI.

Choice of rich Garments has She thence, and store,
 (Presented from the Wardrobe of the Lamb)
 Of Gems that blaze with an Ethereal flame,
 Enough all but the Wearer to devour,
 And all but Heav'n to apprise them find too poor :
 Choice of fine Linnen, clean and bright,
 Beyond the skill of Mortal Art,
 Wash'd in the Lamb's pure Blood, and there made White.

VII.

These are Her Robes, and these Her Lord's delight,
 (Who from His Presence ne're will let Her part,
 But thus Array'd, resigns to Her his Heart)
 The Righteousness of th' Saints, with sacred Light,
 Communicated from his own blest Sight.

Thrice happy they, thrice happy he !
 Who when their Mortal Life is done,
 The Bridgroom's Friends, to' his Supper call'd shall be !

L'envoy.

Thrice happy I, my God, if I be one,
 One of the few, whom then Thou shalt invite!
 No matter how Thou shalt dispose of me,
 The meanest service Regal Honours does impart.

VIII. HYMN.

The Exultation of Heaven, at the Descent of
 the New JERUSALEM.

Apoc.
 21. 5.

*Et audiui magnam vocem de Throno dicentem,
 Ecce Tabernaculum Dei cum, &c.*

I.

BLEST state of Innocence,
 When out of his just Makers Hand,
 The first Man came, with sacred influence,
 If what he might, he' had kept the' unhard Command!
 But happier far that state,
 To which he is restored, tho late,
 By him, who, (made Man) Man did first Create!

II.

A greater Work this was,
 (As to redeem it more did cost,
 Than barely make ;) the one by a Word did pass,
 His Life, the WORD to' effect the other lost ;
 But there-with did provide,
 What none could hope, or do beside,
 That they should th' happiest be, for whom he Died.

III. Happy

III.

Happy were both, but these
 By this the more, that when God went
 To Paradise, himself in' his Works to please,
 And pleas'd to Heav'n strait took his great Ascent;
 A longer stay below,
 To make with his Redeemed now,
 Heav'ns richest Grace he does on Earth bestow:

IV.

For now (behold!) his Tent
 With Man is pitcht, and there Hee'l dwell,
 Late to return; and I'm his Herald sent,
 The mighty News to the whole World to tell;
 That God to Man comes down,
 With Man to dwell, as Man be known,
 Whose Form assum'd, he keeps still joyn'd to' his own.

V.

With them Hee'l dwell, and they
 His People, he their God will be;
 Not as of Old alone, but in a way
 Unthought, and of exalted Dignity:
 Where each Relations Band,
 By various Titles on each hand,
 Made Indissoluble, fast knit does stand.

VI.

God from their Eyes all Tears
 Away shall wipe, they in his Praise

Endless Eternity shall spend : No fears,
No sighs more tempests in their Breasts shall raise :
Eve'n Death shall be no more,
Nor Sin, that to it op'd the Door,
Nor pain : for former things are all past or'e.

VII.

Past o're they are, and gone,
So says the Faithful and the True,
The High, the Holy God, who from his Throne
Pronounces thus, (Lo !) I make all things New !
And thou to whom it's made known,
O Man belov'd, The words write down,
Nor doubt ; for he who does it, says, 'Tis done.

Our Blessed Lord's Thanksgiving.

*Confiteor tibi Pater Domine.**Mat. 11.
25.*

I.

I THANK Thee, Father, Lord of all,
 Of Heav'n, and Earth the Blessed King,
 That to reveal Thy Discipline,
 The Prudent of this World Thou dost not call,
 The Mighty, Noble, and the Wise;
 But such, whom they, as Foolish, Base, and Weak despise.

II.

From those Thou hast Thy Counsels hid,
 Who first Thy Counsels did refuse;
 And Babes to publish them dost chuse,
 That no Flesh take what Power Almighty did,
 And when Thy Hand alone hath done
 The weighty Enterprize, ascribe it to their own.

III.

Eve'n so, O Father, so it is!
 Thy Will, Thy Love do hence appear,
 And that great Power, which every where
 In all things Rules, but more in none than this;
 For so to Thee it seemeth good,
 Thy Grace should none withstand, but those who it with-
 (stood.

The

The Song of MOSES.

Exod.
15.—*Tunc cecinit Moyſes, & Filii Iſrael carmen hoc
Domino; & dixerunt, Cantemus Domino, &c.*

ΕΠΙΜΗΝΕΥ.

I.

SINCE the Almighty has in Triumph led,
 Not by our Battels, but his Arm o're-thrown,
 The Proud Egyptian King, and from his Head,
 On ours to put it, tane the Crown,
 What more accepted Trophy can we raiſe,
 Than an eternal arch of Duty and of Praise?
 Begin, my Song and thou Immortal Verſe,
 (Now truly ſuch, ſince him Thou doſt Record,
 Who only is th' Immortal Lord)
 I my ſelf will begin too, and rehearſe
 The wondrous Conqueſts of his Word:
 To him I'll Sing, who gloriously,
 His Promiſe, and his Ancient Faith to keep,
 Has gotten himſelf, and us the Victory,
 And Horſe, and Rider hurl'd, at once, into the Deep.

II.

God is my Strength, and he ſhall be my Song,
 From whom my great Salvation came;
 Who is my God, approv'd in dangers long,
 My Father's God, the Puiffant, and the Strong,
 Iſrael's tri'd Champion, and Jehovah is his Name.
 Him will I Sing, of him ſhall be my Praise,

And

And of the Works, that he hath done;
Th' Eternal Glories he hath won,
But ours no less, than his own Fame to raise.

For *Pharao* and his host,
(Their way, their hopes, themselves ith' Ruine lost)
Into the Sea he hurl'd, the Red Sea, as a Stone
By a Giants arm is lightly thrown,
Him and his chosen Captains at a cast.
They flew; they sank; the wounded Sea did groan,
But into it's bottom headlong let them down,
Through thousand Waves that murmured, as along they
(whirling pass.

III.

There were they Drownd; there cover'd with the Deep;
There sank they, never to be rais'd again;
In Adamantine Chains Thou didst the Prisoners keep,
The same Thou throwst before upon the Main,
And now on them, o're both to show Thy equal Reign.
Glorious Thou didst that Day, O Lord, appear;
Glorious in Power appear'd then thy Right Hand;
Thine Enemies the Shock could not withstand,
And found too late its Wrath was heavier than their fear;
When dash't in pieces they all scattered lay,
And to th' *Leviathans* became a Prey.

So on a sudden were they gone,
So soon, so eas'ly, by Thy Breath o're-thrown,
As when a raging Fire does Stubble seize,
And with it Thorns, to' unequal Battel press.
Such was Thy Wrath, tho in a different kind,
(And different was the Element,
But Death as certain, and as sudden sent)
Thy Wrath tow'rd's them, which like a mighty Wind
Stood up and up the Floods bid stand,
As on an heap to let Thy People go;

The

The Floods obey'd the great Command,
And like a Wall, on either Hand,
Of congeal'd Chryſtal, in the heart of th' Sea did ſhow.

IV.

This as the Spoyler ſaw, "Tis now, he ſaid,
"Now is the time an end to make;
"I will purſue, I will o're-take,
"Lo! how the Sea the Fugitives has betray'd,
"And, to leave us a way, its dri'd up Channel do's forſake!
"Now ſhall my Sword with ſlaughter glutt'd be,
"My Luſt ſhall on them now be ſatiſfied,
"Nor till they 'are totally deſtroyed,
"This Arm withdraw, or let them other Conquerors ſee;
"With Charms their Leader ſtain'd the ſacred Flood,
"But I'll the Sea, or periſh, new Dye with their Blood.
Scarce ſaid; Thou with Thy Wind
Upon the parted Sea didſt blow;
The parted Sea its hold inviſible let go,
And hollow'd to its fellow Waves behind.
They came; and having traaverſt them around;
The *Chamiam* Hoſts did in their Arms enſe;le;
A while they floated, diving where they roſe,
Till touching thrice the fatal Ground,
Like Lead they ſank, and all the Deaths they had threat-
(ned, found.

V.

Amongſt the Gods, Who is there like the Lord?
Or with Him, who can once compare?
So 'unſearchable His Counſels are,
So great the Wonders of His Word;
In holy Glories, who does all excel,
And Terror ſtrikes in us, who would his Praiſes tell.

For

For Thou thy Hand didst only wave,
 And *Israel's* way was *Egypt's* Grave,
 Which th' opening Earth, and Seas, conspiring gave.
 Thus perisht they: Thus sav'd by Thy Right Hand,
 Thy ransom'd People hitherto Thou' hast brought;
 Whilst of the Miracles it wrought,
 We and our Children living Monuments here stand.
 Nations shall hear this, Lord, and be afraid;
 Horror on Palestine fast hold shall take;
 Courage the Dukes of *Edom* shall forsake:
 And *Moabs* daring Warriors, ill appaid,
 Shall on themselves feel unknown Terrors laid:
 Whole *Canaan* ready to expire,
 With dread dissolv'd, as Wax shall melt before the Fire.

V I.

Trembling and Fear, Anguish, Dispair, and Dread,
 On every Land shall fall, on every Head.
 As Thine Arm is, such shall their Horrors be,
 And not a Soul from th' Conspiration free.
 Close shall they lie within their Dens,
 Still as the Rocks, wherewith they are cover'd, lie;
 And fearful once to issue thence,
 Scarce to their helpless Gods send forth a cry,
 Or let their Groans be heard, while *Israel* passes by.
 Till to Thy Promis'd Land they' are come, (Home.
 And, where they have been strangers long, their ancient
 Thither, my God, through thousand dangers past,
 To *Sion*, by Thy self prepar'd to be
 Thy Dwelling Place to 'Eternity,
 The Sanctuary, with Thy Presence grac'd,
 Thither be pleas'd Thy purchas'd Flock to bring at last!
 So shalt Thou through all Ages Reign,
 And in all Lands new Subjects to Thy Empire gain.

Sumpfit

*Sumpsit ergo Maria Prophetissa soror
Aaron tympanum in manu sua: egressæque sunt omnes Mu-
lieres post eam cum tympanis, & choris, quibus præ-
cinebat dicens.*

CHORUS Mulierum.

Sing to the Lord, who gloriously,
His Promise, and his Ancient Faith to keep,
Has gotten Himself, and us the Victory,
And Horse, and Rider hurl'd at once into the Deep!

The WELL.

Num.
21.

—*Tunc cecinit Israel Carmen istud.
Ascendat puteus! concinebat. Puteus quem so-
derunt Principes, & paraverunt duces multi-
tudinis, in Datore legis, & in baculis suis.*

SACRED Fountain, Mystic Spring,
Lo! how to Thy Dance we Sing,
And Cymbals tun'd by thy soft Purlings ring!
Spring eternally, O Well,
Spring up, and into Rivers swell!

For why, no common Well art Thou,
Nor was it chance first found Thee out;
But having for Thee searcht about,
To Princes Thou thy rise dost owe,
Who digg'd Thee first, and made Thee flow.

Spring

Spring, happy Well, by Princes made,
Without or Mattocks help, or Spade,
(The' ill-boading Instrumments of Graves)
But digg'd by Princes, with their Staves,
And by their Lawgiver survey'd!

'Twas He to th' Work those Worthies sent;
Spring Well, and teach his great Intent,
And what He by the Mystery meant!
"That as to all Thy Waters flow,
"So should their equal Justice do.

Sacred Fountain, Mystic Spring,
Lo! how to Thy Dance we Sing,
And Cymbals tun'd by Thy soft purlings Ring!
Spring Eternally, O Well,
Spring up, and into Rivers swell!

The Prayer of J A B E Z.

—— *Invocavit autem Jabez Deum Israel, dicens. II. Part.*
Si benedicens benedixeris mihi, & dilataveris 4.
terminos meos, & fuerit manus tua mecum, &
feceris me à malitia non opprimi! — Et præstitit
Deus quæ precatus est.

I.

THUS *Jabez* pray'd, and thus pray I;
Great God, O, that it might Thee please,
Thy Servant, who upon Thee does rely,
With Thy choice Favours, and indeed to bless!
Tis Prayer alone can this obtain,
And, but to Thee, even Prayer is vain.

II. Enlarge

II.

Enlarge those Coasts, wherein I dwell,
 Nor let me ever live retir'd ;
 But in Thy CHURCH those mighty Wonders tell,
 Which have my Verse with Heav'nly Flame inspir'd :
 Lord to my House Thy Love secure,
 And let it, like Thy Word, endure !

III.

Yet not for Greatness do I pray,
 Nor, e're Thy Time is, to be known ;
 But do Thy Will, I can its Pleasure stay,
 Waiting that Harvest, for which Thou hast sown :
 Only till then, make me content,
 And leave to Thee th' whole Management !

IV.

Thou know'st I do Thy Temple love,
 I know there's time enough behind ;
 Why should I make th' Enjoyment bitter prove,
 By hastning, what I'm sure Thou hast design'd ?
 In hope at present, I rejoyce,
 And both my Heart employ and Voice.

V.

For what concerns my poor estate,
 Since I to Thee my All commit ;
 No time, when e're it falls, shall be too late,
 To soon it may, if I encumber it
 With Wishes, that unlawful be,
 And vain affects, which move not Thee :

VI. No!

VI.

No! I'll never think the time too long,
 How long so e're the time may be ;
 Let but Thy Hand, through Patience make me strong,
 And keep off Evil from disturbing me !
 If *Jabez* thus to Thee did cry,
 And could be heard, Lord, why not I?

* *Hec Sacrorum Ordinum desiderio raptus, mibimet ipsi meus
 Vater, cecini, III Nonas Decemb. M. DC. LX. VII. In
 quos post multas hujusce vite varietates, mediâ & maturâ
 etate, ab ærumnosis sæculi curis, & otio (neutiquam
 licet ignobili) hoc juxta Vaticinium, biennio post re-
 demptus fui XIV. Kalend. Januar. Per Reverendum
 admodum in Christo Patrem & Dominum Dominum
 GEORGIUM Episcopum Wintoniensem, cujus
 R. R. Paternitati hic, impares licet tanto Beneficio, grates,
 quas tamen Divino Numini imprimis debeo, secundis sal-
 tem, ex toto animo in conspectu Populi & Ecclesiæ refero.
 —Manda Deus virtuti & confirma quod operatus
 es a Templo Sancto tuo!*

C c

Ode.

Ode.

The Song of DEBORA.

Judic. 5. Cecineruntque Debora & Barac filius Abinoem in illo die, dicentes. — Qui sponte obtulistis de Israel, &c.

I.

I S R A E L, the blest and happy State,
For whom th'Almighty all his Wonders show'd ;
Israel, your great Redeemer celebrate,
And what for you he did, rehearse aloud !

Tell, how he made his Hand appear,
And when the willing *Tribes* their Youth an Off ring sent,
How God before the Sacred Army went,
And vengeful Ruine follow'd in the Reer !

And ye, O Kings, (whose awful Sway
The many-headed Multitude obey,
And at whose feet they both their Necks and Tributes
Princes and Rulers, to my Song attend, (lays)
Whose lofty Subject challenges your Ear,

By all that can a Verse commend,
Or greatest Kings perswade to hear,
A tuneful Voice, with Charms divinely strong,
A Woman begs your audience now ;

And if that will not do,
Deb'rah a Judg in *Israel* sings, and *Israel's* God's the Song.

II. Domine

II.

Domine cum exires de Seir.

Lord, out of *Seir*, when Thou didst go,
 Marching the Hill, before Thine Host adown,
 When Thou mad'st *Edoms* Fields Thy Conquests know,
 And with Arm'd Troops the Wilderness didst crown;
 Affrighted Earth did at Thy Presence quake,
 Heav'ns labo'ring Machin did the Warning take,
 And from its torn sides dreary Tempests shake.
 It thundred, and down fell from Heavens high Tow'r,
 Of Stones and scalding Rain a mighty show'r;
 With Darknefs all the Sky was cover'd o're,

Through which the blew-wing'd Lightning flew,
 And after it a trail of kindled Brimstone drew.

It strook the Rocks, and they took fire;
 The Mountains with excessive heat did melt,

Unusual scorplings *Sinai* felt;
 And tho than other Hills exalted higher,
 Tho with its head it did to th' Clouds aspire,
Sinai nor could resist, nor bear the Flame,
 But down in a burning Torrent headlong came.

III.

In diebus Samgar, &c.

Samgar and *Jabel* wondrous Saviours were,
 And did in Counsel and in Arms excel;
 Of *Jabels* Prudence we the Trophies are,
 Six hundred *Philistims* by *Samgar* fell,
 All with an Ox-goad slain, and driv'n like Beasts to sell.
 But yet the Roads untrodden lay,
 Scar'd Passengers through Woods did stray,

C c 2

And

And but to Dens & Caves led not the Mountainous high-
 Woods, and thick Bushes in all Pastures grew, (way.
 The Plough-man, and his Labour ceast,
 The Land as Curst enjoy'd its rest,
 And not each Seventh alone, but every Year a Sabbath
 It rested, till I *Debora* rose at last, (knew.
 At last in *Israel* I a Mother rose,
 Then when new Gods the People chose,
 And from Rebellion to Idolatry had past.
 But see the Vengeance that pursu'd their Sin,
 Slavery and Cowardise at the Breach rush't in,
 And not a Shield, or Spear was found midst forty thou-
 (sand Men.

I V.

Cor meum diligit Principes, &c.

Fly, fly, my Muse, from this unmanly race,
 And to new Poms thy strains address ;
Israel's great Generals, who to efface
 Of all our foregone Miseries the very trace,
 Courageously did to the Battel press, (place.
 And, where in Irons we lay, with Laurels strew'd the
 With them my Heart, with them my Praise shall be.
 And ye O Fathers, who at Home reside,
 And you, who equal Justice to dispense,
 Unguarded to your peaceful Cities ride,
 And Justice done, return unguarded thence ;
 Judges, and People by their arms set free,
 Come in and joyn with me,
 And let us bless the Lord, as we their Spoils divide!
 Come let us bless Him, and proclaim
 The Wonders of his Reverend Name ;
 There, whence we exil'd were of late,
 And at our Fountains first begin,
 Where we so oft have rescu'd been,

Scaping

Scaping the Death we saw upon the Wing;
 Our Fountains tuneful numbers will inspire,
 And by their purling falls direct the Quire,
 Which well tun'd there, we may advance in state,
 And bring with Harps and Songs our Praises to the City
 (Gate.

V.

Surge, surge Debora, surge, &c.

Awake, O *Debora*, awake,
 And from this hint fresh vigour take!
 Encourage, and provoke Thy Lyre,
 Till all its speaking Chords conspire,
 And with Thy Voice a perfect Concert make!
 Up *Barak*, at th' harmonious Sound,
Abinoams warlike Son arise!
 Lo! Thy Captivity stands in Fetters bound,
 To be Thy valours early Prize,
 And dreadfully adorn Thy entrance with its Exequies!
 Lead on, Great Prince, by God ordain'd
 To be Thy Nations Glory, and this Days;
 Who hast Thy self the heat of th' War sustain'd;
 Tho Women with Thee share divided Praise!
 And all the while Thou dost the sacred Mount ascend,
 Boldly Thy Ransom'd Peoples shouts attend,
 The Bays Thou wearest will Thy Head defend!
 Yea, speak Thy self, how God made Thee,
 The Captain of his Armies be;
 And when retir'd Thou long hadst lain at Home,
 How forth he call'd Thee to o'come:
 The strange deliverance by Thy Hands he wrought,
 And how to mine he Judgment gave;
 And let the Tribes, which with us fought,
 A just Memorial in our Triumphs have!

V I.

Ex Ephraim deleuit eos.

Place *Ephraim* here, *Ephraim* whose Fortitude
 In *Amaleky* first overthrow was try'd,
 When stoutly he th' Uncircumcis'd deti'd,
 And with unerring Shafts their flying Troops pursu'd,
Benjamin, with his Squadron follow'd close,
 And his scorn'd Life more nobly to expose,
 The Tribe, he dearest lov'd, for witness of his Courage,
 From *Machir* Princes to the Battel came, (chose,
 And Counsellors from *Zabulon*,
 Who to encrease the glory of their Name,
 Kept by the Sword, what by the Pen they won.
 Then *Issachar* and *Napibali*,
 By *Deborah* that, and this by *Barak* led,
 Both valiant Tribes, and both resolv'd to die,
 Or conquer with so brave an Head.
 But had you seen the Emulation there,
 And how they strove each other to out-fight;
 You would have thought them arm'd with Heav'nly
 And (all so terrible they did appear (Might,
 Such Trophies of Mail'd Corps did round them rear,)
 That every *Isra'elite* a destroying Angel were.

V II.

Diviso contra se Ruben.

Ruben the while did with his Flocks abide,
 And blest the Flood, whose streams the parted Land di-
 Carcled of what his Brethr'en thought, (vide,
 And what the fears his cold indifference wrought;
 Strange and distracted fears his cold indifference brought,
 But

But why, O *Ruben*, why didst thou refuse
 An Enterprize so great and good?
 Was it to hear thy bleating Ews;
 Or could thy Honour be so little understood,
 That their plain Fleeces thou shouldst chuse,
 Before a Robe di'd Purple, in thine Enemies blood?
 This cold indifference, *Ruben*, lost thee more,
 Than ever thou in Arms hadst gain'd before.
 Ah! hadst thou been alone! but far behind,
 By thy example, *Gilead* staid;
 On Shipboard *Dan* drove on his Trade,
 And *Asher*, that he might be signally unkind.
 Tho of pale Death too Womanly affraid,
 Rather than yield his aid,
 Watcht on his naked Beaches, torn with Seas and Wind.
 Unlike to *Zabulon*, and *Nepthali*,
 Who best knew how to Live, yet fear'd the least to Die.

VIII.

Zabulon vero & Nepthali, &c.

Thither, my Song, behold their Ensigns spread
 On the High-places, and how equally endu'd
 With Learning, and with Conduct too, they shew'd,
 That never friendlier those best gifts inhabited,
 And softer thoughts designs more noble bred.
 The Cananitish Kings approacht the Hill,
Tabor, by their defeat to be renown'd,
 But fearful to ascend its top, did fill
 The Plains of *Tanaach*, with their Camps around,
 And lowd *Megiddas* Waters with their shoutings drown'd.
 They came, and fought, but Heav'n, that took our part,
 Bore the first shock, and on them turn'd the War;
 A mortal shaft was sent from every Star,
 Which sank like Lead, into the Spoilers Heart.

C c 4

No

No Gain or Pay, the Sacred Legions took,
 But to the Service arm'd, in Diamond marcht on,
 And, whom they spar'd, *Kifon*, that ancient Brook,
Kifon in its swoln Torrent carri'd down.
 In vain the Horse assay'd the Flood to stem,
 Which hurl'd their Riders with them down the rapid
 (stream.

I X.

Conculca Animas robustos.

Enough, my Soul, enough, the chase give o're!
 Those Enemies thou hast seen, thou shalt behold no more.
 Stop, for at length the War is done,
 And thou in Blood, I know, tak'st no delight!
 Sound a Retreat, the Day's thine own,
 And so shall *Sifera* too, e're Night,
 Finding the Death he'd shun by an inglorious flight.
 But first confirm a Curse was laid
 By our God's Angel, and a Charge divine,
 "Curse ye *Meros*, the Angel said!"
 "Curse *Meros* bitterly, and join
 Yours to Jehovah's Curse and mine!
 Curse all, who dwell there, and be this their Doom,
 Who like them to th' Almighty's 'tandard will not come!
 But blessed above Women be,
Israels and *Hebers* Ornament,
Jabel above all Women blest ith' Tent.
 And let this Song preserve her Memory!
 Never was greater Name
 Recorded, ith' Eternal Monuments of Fame.

X. *Aquum*

X.

Aquam petenti lac dedit.

To her on foot *Sisara* his flight address:

The courteous Wife to meet him went:
The courteous Wife invited him into her Tent,
And future Joys with thoughtful Cares suppress.
He askt her Water, and she ran in haste,
To execute her own, and to prevent his Wish,
And pour'd him Milk into a Royal Dish:

(A ready and a quick repast.)
And having give'n the fatal Bait,
Humbly at his Feet did wait,
And smil'd to see how greedily he drank and slept his last.
"Sleep, Tyrant, sleep she said!
And up a Nail and Hammer took,
The Nail into his Temples struck,
And with his own unbloody Sword smote off his Head.
He bow'd, he fell, and at her Feet he lay,
Down at her Feet he bow'd, fell, groan'd his Spul away,
Where he bow'd, there he fell down dead.

X I.

Per fenestram respiciens.

Out at a Window his blith Mother gaz'd,
And waiting there his coming, cry'd,
"Why lies the Dust so long unrais'd,
"Nor *Sisara* yet, with Captives by his side,
"Exalted high in his triumphal Chariot ride?
Her Ladies answer'd her, Those Ora'cles of the Court,
Yea, to her self she made her own report.

"Have

"Have they not sped, have they not gain'd the Day,
 "Have they not shar'd the *Israelitish* Prey?
 "To every Man a Dame, or two,
 "To *Sifara* as the General's due,
 "Choice of rich Slaves, and choice of Garments too?
 "A curious Vest, with Needles wrought,
 "With curious Needles wrought on either side,
 "And all in Royal Colours dy'd,
 "By th' *Hebrews* of their Neighbour *Tyrians* bought;
 "And only fit the Victors bloody arms to hide?

So, Lord, may all Thine Enemies die,
 So Conquer, and be Conquered so;
 When such, as on Thy Power relie,
 In Heav'n alone their equals know,
 And like the Sun, which triumphs there,
 Crown'd with illustrious Beams, and robe'd in Light ap-
 (pear.

Comiato.

*To the Reverend the now Dr. James Gardiner
 Sub-Dean of Lincoln.*

SONG, in the Country little understood,
 For my dear *Gardiner*, at the Town inquire,
 And all thy heat into his gen'rous Brest inspire,
 To mingle with a nobler Fire,
 Which lies at present smouldring in his Blood!
 Perchance thou may'st effectual prove,
 To make that upward, tow'rd its Center, move,
 And him in softest lays rehearse the HOLIEST LOVE.

1668.

David's

David's ELEGY

Upon the death of SAUL and JONATHAN.

Considera Israel pro hijs, qui mortui. 2 Sam. I.

I.

ISRAELS delight, the glory of our Land,
 How are the Mighty overthrown!
 Before their Enemies Swords they could not stand,
 Nor conquer'd fall by any but their own:
 In Thy High-places *Israel*, both did fall,
 A publick Victim for their Land, in view of all.

II.

Let not in *Gath* the mournful News be known,
 Nor in *Philistia* publish it;
 Stop the Report, e're it reach *Ascalon*,
 Nor let our Captive names their Arches fit:
 Left fearful Women, whom they left at Home,
 With Songs to share the Spoil, and meet their Triumph
 (come!

III.

And ye, *Gilboas* Mounts, may never Rain,
 Or fertile Showres descend on you;
 But on your Heads let there abide that stain,
 Which Seas, should they pour down, would but renew:
 Let the curst Earth no more an Offering yield,
 Nor God expect his First-fruits from the empty Field,

IV. 'Twas

IV.

'Twas there the valiant *Saul* resign'd his Breath,
 And there his Shield was thrown away;
 Never was such a Trophy rear'd to Death,
 Nor ever sacred arms so scattered lay:
 The valiant *Saul's*, as if he ne're had been
 The Lord's Anointed, or his Chosen Peoples King.

V.

From the pursuit the Bow of *Jonathan*,
 Some Regal Spoil, did daily bring;
 Destruction after his fleet arrows ran,
 And at the Wounds they made, Death entred in;
 The Sword of *Saul* did never empty come,
 But a new Purple, from the Blood of Kings, brought home.

VI.

Alike in Life, in Death alike they were,
 Not more in Blood ally'd, than Mind;
 Themselves alone, you with them could compare,
 Who none their equals saw, or left behind:
 And on their arms there hung such Victory,
 That Men they only seem'd, because they both could die.

VII.

For as the Eagle, to her Prey does haste,
 And hovering o're the Quarry flies;
 Or the fierce Lion, having once a taste
 Of Blood, does all the Shepherds noise despise,
 And at their Slings no shew of fear does make;
 Like Lions they o're-came, like Eagles did o're-take.

VIII. And

VIII.

And you, O Daughters of so great a King,
 (Our Tribes support) his Death lament,
 Whose Victories you before were wont to Sing,
 And clad in Scarlet to adorn them, went :
 Now put on Mourning, to attend his Hearse,
 Sad as your own complaints, and mournful as my Verse.

IX.

For (Lo!) the Glories of our State, and Land,
 (Lo!) how the Mighty are o're-thrown ;
 Before their Enemies Swords, they could not stand,
 Tho *Saul* by none could perish, but his own :
 In thy High-places, *Jonathan*, thou didst fall,
 A publick Victim, where thou shouldst have reigned o're
 (all.

X.

For thee, my Brother, 'tis for thee I grieve,
 The best of Friends, as well as Men ;
 In whose Death I that fatal Wound receive,
 Which clos'd will ne're be, till we meet again ;
 And in the Mansions of the Saints above,
 Enjoy, what here we vow'd, our more than mortal love.

XI.

Israel's Delight, the Glory of our Land,
 How are the Mighty overthrown !
 Before his Enemies Sword one could not stand,
 Nor th' other fall by any but his own :
 In thy High-places, *Israel*, both did fall,
 A publick Victim for their Land, in view of all.

DAVID's

DAVID's Thanksgiving and Prayer.

2 Sam. 7. — *Ingressus est autem Rex David & sedit coram Domino, & dixit, Quis ego sum Domine & quæ?*

I.

1 Paral.
17.

WHO am I Lord, and what's my Family,
The youngest House of the *Jessean* Race,
In all things little, but that Grace,
Which Thou on us hast shour'd, but most on me?
Who am I, that Thou hitherto
Hast brought me, Lord, Thy Bounty and Thy Power to
(show?)

II.

Hitherto Thou hast brought me, and that Hand,
Which for a Sling, and Sheephook was design'd;
A nobler Service is enjoyn'd,
And Men, instead of Flocks, are my command:
Israel the Flock, and care Divine,
And my exalted Name does midst rich Trophies shine.

III.

Like the great Mens of th' Earth, Thou' hast made my
And yet (as if all this were not enough, (Name,
And thousand Pledges more of Love,
But the foundation only of that Frame,
Thou in Thy mind hadst cast to raise)
Of future Glories Thou foretell'st, and growing Praise.

IV. Of

IV.

Of Times to come Thou' hast told, long hence to come,
 And that my House, and Throne upheld shall be;
 Like a Prince born, Thou' hast treated me,
 As having, what Thou' art making for me room;
 And are Men, Lord, thus wont to do,
 Who rather than exalt the Poor, will keep them low?

V.

Yet thus Thou' hast done, and what can I say more,
 Or greater, for Thy Honour, Lord, or mine,
 Which both here equal issues joyn,
 That all, who th' Work admire, may Thee adore?
 Greater I'd say, Thou knowst full well,
 And more, but what I know not, how I cannot tell.

VI.

Unless I add, that for Thy great Words sake
 Thou didst it, that Thou mightst at once fulfil
 The secret Counsels of Thy Will,
 And, what they were, known to Thy People make:
 For Thine own sake, my God, and mine,
 For Thou thy Servant knowst, and that his will is Thine.

VII.

Great art Thou, Lord, and wondrous are Thy Ways,
 The best and greatest, the only God alone;
 Beside, or like whom, there is none,
 Glorious in Holiness, fearful in Praise:
 Thus sing we, who did first receive
 The Truth from our Fore-fathers, but seeing, now believe.

VIII. For

VIII.

For what one Nation, as from them of Old
 We' have often heard, with *Israel* can compare?
 For whom Himself God did not spare,
 But came from Heav'n in Person to behold
 The Mis'ries they did undergo,
 And not to see alone, but to Revenge them too?

IX.

From Heav'n he came, from Heav'n himself came down
 All cloath'd in Tempest, and sulphureous Flame,
 To get Himself the greater Name,
 And do, what by His Word He might have done:
 That thus from *Egypt's* Gods set free,
 Himself he might declare His Peoples God to be.

X.

This our Fore-fathers told us; but we' have seen
 Our selves as mighty Wonders of Thy Love;
 Nor need we fetch from them our Proof,
 Who' our selves as mighty Wonders oft have been:
 Confirm'd by Thy after vast expence,
 (And more's to come) to be Thy great Inheritance.

XI.

And now, my God, the Word, which Thou hast said,
 Th' irrevocable Word concerning me,
 Let it for ever stablisht be!
 And stablisht be that House, which Thou hast made!
 Thy Servant *David*, thus approv'd,
 Establish with his House, nor let them be remov'd.

XII. So

XII.

So shall Thy Word and Name be ever prais'd;
 "And *Israel's* Holy God, shall *Israel* sing,
 "Is God alone, and *Israel's* King:
 "He His Anointed's Horn on high has rais'd,
 "Of *David*, and his House approv'd,
 "*David* and 'his House establish'd ne're to be remov'd.

XIII.

Not that I'm worthy, Thou shouldst hear my Vows,
 Only Thy self was pleas'd the Word to pass;
 Lord, since I 'have with Thee found this Grace,
 To be assur'd Thou 'lt build Thy Servants House,
 Another Grace turn not away,
 Which in my Heart I since have found, even thus to pray.

XIV.

Thy Promise 'tis this holy boldness gives,
 That Word of Thine, which like Thy self is sure,
 And through all Ages shall endure,
 True, as its Speaker, who for ever Lives:
 The God of Truth, who cannot Lye,
 Nor his own Goodness, promis'd thus to his Child, deny.

XV.

Please it Thee therefore, may it please Thee, Lord,
 Thy Servant, and Thy Servants House to bless,
 With Blessings that may never cease;
 Blessings, as fixt as Thy Eternal Word,
 For Thou, my God, canst bless alone,
 Thus bless; and once thus blessing me indeed, I have done.
 Dd 1677. The

The last words of DAVID.

2 Sam.

23.

*Dixit David filius Isai, dixit vir, &c.**Terzetti.*

THUS *David*, *Jesse's* Royal Son did sing,
 Thus spake the Man, who the great Promise had,
 That from his Loyns the CHRIST of God should
 On whose Eternal Shoulders should be laid (spring.
 The Government, Psalmist of *Israel*,
 Thus sang he, thus from Heav'n inspir'd he said :
 The Spirit of God in Vision on me fell,
 And by my Mouth Himself th' Almighty spake,
 His Words they are, which I his Prophet tell,
 His, who the Care of *Israel* does take,
 And hitherto ne're falsifi'd His Trust,
 Nor will, tho Heav'n and Earths Foundations shake.
 "The Man, who rules o're others must be Just,
 "Ruling himself, and them, ith' sacred Fear
 "Of Heav'ns dread King, to whom account he must ;
 "For all the wrongs he does, or makes them bear ;
 "By an Impartial Judgment to be tri'd,
 "Whose Doom definitive he forc'd shall hear.
 Thrice happy Prince, who (e're that Oyes cry'd,)
 The God within his Brest, his Conscience,
 Appealing, and appeal'd has satisfi'd !
 There, first absolv'd, with approv'd Innocence,
 His Righteousness shall shine, as Morning Light,
 When th' early Sun, his Glories to dispense,
 New guilds the Sullys of the murky Night ;
 And without Cloud between his Beams to pass,
 As higher he ascends, appears more bright.

So

So shall he shine ; or as the tender Grass,
 Shooting its verdant Head above the Ground,
 With gems of pearly Dew, midst Flowers, takes place.
 This I'll not say, that in my Rule I've found,
 A perfect and uninterrupted Bliss,
 (For what's my House, or Rule thus to be own'd ?)
 Yet for my Kingdoms Justice I'll say this,
 That with me God a lasting Cove'nant made,
 In all things sure, as His great Promise is :
 Order'd and sure, nor e're to be o'resway'd,
 Tho I too oft have forfeited His Love,
 And when I should have rul'd, my Lusts obey'd.
 But even then did I, and do now reprove
 The Follies I so passionately pursu'd,
 And whose remembrance greater Passions move.
 Blest God forgive me ! be Thy Word renew'd !
 For all before Thee is my whole desire,
 All in Thy sight, as it by me is view'd ;
 Confirm Thy Promise, humbly I require,
 Not for my sake, O Lord, but for Thine own ;
 And double Zeal into my Son inspire !
 So shall he grow up as a Plant alone,
 And in his Fame, tho dead, I too shall grow,
 The happy Father of an happier Son :
 Whilst those, who will not to his Scepter bow,
 As Thorns shall all of them be thrust away,
 Thorns, which th' unguarded Hand tho they pierce
 Toth' Hook and Fire shall be an easie Prey : (through,
 Justice, which in his time from th' Earth shall spring,
 And Peace, from Heaven descending, meet half way.

The Song of *HEZEKIAH*.*Isa. 38.**Ego dixi in dimidio dierum meorum.*

I.

REVOLVING the sharp Sentence past,
 And how an end, e're thought was on me come;
 How soon, said I, have I approacht my last,
 And unawares reacht Natures farthest Home?
 Ah! now I to the Grave must go,
 No more, or Life, or Pleasure know,
 But a long doleful Night, in darkness deep below.

II.

No more, my God, shall I see Thee,
 Nor the great Works of Thy Almighty Hand;
 No more a Votary at Thy Altar be,
 Nor in the crouds of them, who praise Thee, stand:
 Mankind no more shall I behold,
 Nor tell, nor of Thy Love be told,
 Eve'n mine to Thee, shall like my ashes, Lord, be cold.

III.

Lo! as a Tent am I remov'd, (strong,
 And my lives thread, which I thought wondrous
 Too weak to bear the Looms extension prov'd,
 It's midst broke off, too fleasie to run long:
 With Sicknefs I am pine'd away,
 And feel each moment some decay,
 All Night in Terrors, and in Grief die all the Day.

IV. For

IV.

For as a Lion hasts to 'his Prey,
 And having gripe'd it, breaks the yielding Bones;
 So on me came th' Almighty, whilst I lay
 In vain expecting help, but from my Groans:
 O take, said I, Thy Hand away,
 See how I feel my Loins decay,
 All Night in Terrors, and in Grief die all the Day!

V.

Then like a Swallow, or a Crane,
 I chatt'ring o're my Fears, his Heart to move;
 The widow'd Turtle does not more complain,
 When in the Woods she's lost her faithful Love:
 My Eyes, O God, with waiting fail,
 Why shouldst Thou thus a Worm assail?
 I'm Thine, O let for once th' Almighty not prevail!

VI.

Yet do Thy Will, I must confess,
 Worse Plagues than these, my Sins deserve from Thee;
 The Sentence past is than my Crimes far less,
 And only Hell a fit reward can be:
 Ah! let my Prayers that Doom prevent!
 My age in Mournings shall be spent,
 And all the Years Thou giv'st, shall be, but to repent.

VII.

On Thy great Pleasure all depend,
 During which only, I and Mankind live;
 To teach us this Thou dost Diseases send,

D d 3

And

And daily claim'st the Life, which Thou didst give:
 Yet such is Thy resistless Power,
 That when our age is quite past o're,
 What Thou at first didst give, Thou canst our Life restore.

VIII.

And thus with me, Lord, hast Thou dealt,
 Tho I for peace had only bitterness;
 Th' effects of mighty Goodness thus have felt,
 Beyond what words, or numbers can express:
 For from the Pit Thou drew'st me back,
 And that I might no pleasures lack,
 Upon Thy Self the burden of my Sins didst take.

IX.

Triumphant Saviour! the still Grave,
 For so great Love, Thy Name can never praise;
 Nor in the Pit canst Thou Memorial have,
 Thy Truth, or hop'd for, or ador'd Thy Ways:
 The Living, Lord, the Living are
 The Men, who must Thy Power declare,
 And of them chiefly such, whom Thou like me, shalt spare.

X.

They to their Children shall make known,
 As I do now, the Wonders of Thy Hand;
 How when we eve'n to Hell did head-long run,
 To stop our passage, Thou ith' way didst stand:
 Lord, since Thou 'hast thus deliver'd me,
 Thus made me Thy Salvation see,
 My Life, and Harp, and Song, I'll consecrate to Thee.

ΤΩΙ ΘΕΩΙ ΣΩΤΗΡΙ ΑΝΑΘΗΜΑ.

III. ID. NOV. 1667.

Three

Three Psalms according to the old Version, and
Meeter, ordinarily used in Churches, a little
alter'd.

P S A L. I.

Beatus Vir qui non abiit.

THE Man is blest, whose doubtful Paths
Unrul'd by Sinners are;
Who in their Council never stood,
Nor sat ith' Scorners Chair.
But in the Law of God the Lord
Hath fixt his whole delight;
And in that Law does exercise
Himself both Day and Night.

He shall be like a Tree, which grows
Close by the Rivers side;
Whose loaded Boughs in Fruits return
Their Tribute to the Tide.
No Storm or Drought shall make him fade,
But he unmov'd shall stand;
Nor shall Success less prosp'rous crown,
What e're he takes in hand.

No-so the Wicked, who as Chaff
By Tempests rais'd on high,
The triumph of fierce Winds are made,
And as they drive them, flie.
Unlike in Life, unlike shall be
The ends which on them wait;
Whilst these in Judgment cannot stand,
And those are prais'd ith' Gate.

Dd 4

For

For why the ways of Righteous Men
 Unto the Lord are known:
 But Sinners ways, hid to themselves,
 Unto the Dead lead down.

P S A L. LVII.

Miserere mei, Deus miserere.

GREAT God, on whom I have reli'd,
 Whose Mercy is my stay;
 Under Thy Wings, or let me hide,
 Or on them flie away!
 Or hide, or flie, until the Storm
 Which threatens me is past;
 Thou all things for me dost perform,
 In Thee my hope is plac'd.

To God I'll cry, who shall descend
 From Heav'n, ith' Fight to close;
 And while his Love does me defend
 His Truth shall slay my Foes.
 With Lions, Lord, my Soul lies down,
 shut up within their Den;
 Lions so fierce were never known,
 Cruel, and bloody Men.

Whose Tongues are Swords, and Eyes all Fire,
 With gore and slaughter Red;
 And who against me all conspire,
 To look, or speak me Dead.
 Yet set Thy Glory 'above the Skies,
 O're th' Earth exalted be;

For tho so high I cannot rise,
Thou mayst stoop down to me

Thou didst so, for as I lookt round,
Pensive and full of care ;
My prostrate Enemies strew'd the Ground,
Each tane in his own Snare.
Fixt is my Heart to sing Thy Praise,
Tis fixt, and I'll rejoyce ;
Awake my Harp, and with Thee raise,
To Heav'n my tuneful Voice !

I will awake too, and my Song
To th' Nations shall rehearse
Mercies, whose Praise to Heav'n belong,
Worthy an Angels Verse.
Lord, set Thy Glory 'above the Skies,
O're the Earth exalted be !
Lo, how thy Son does thither rise,
Lift from the Grave by Thee !

*Turn'd and Transcrib'd with the following Psalm, for
an Hymn upon Easter-day, 1671.*

PSAL.

P S A L. CXIV.

In exitu Israel de, &c.

WHEN *Israel* was by God's address,
 And his Almighty Hand,
 From Bondage led, and wondrously
 Brought to the Promis'd Land ;
 In *Judab* God his Glory shew'd,
 And did his Power declare ;
Israel his great Inheritance,
 Temple and Empire were.

The Sea it saw and suddenly
 Amaz'd rose up and fled ;
 The parted streams of *Jordans* Flood
 Ran trembling to their Head.
 Aside the Mountains leapt like Rams,
 And to the Hills did show,
 (The Hills, which shook like frightened Lambs)
 The way which they should go.

What ail'd the Sea that all amaz'd
 So suddenly it fled ?
 And what made *Jordans* parted streams
 Run trembling to their Head ?
 Why did the Mountains leap, like Rams,
 And to the Hills first show,
 (The Hills, which shook like frightened Lambs)
 The way which they should go ?

Confess, O Earth, thy Sovereign Lord,
 And at his Presence quake !

Before

Before the Face of *Jacob's* God
 Bow, and Obeysance make !
 'Tis he, who caus'd those Rocks to hear,
 And when Thy Springs are dry,
 Can from their flinty Bowels fetch
 Streams, which shall never die.

P S A L. C L I.

According to the LXXII. — ΕΞΩΘΕΝ ΤΩ
 ἀριθμῷ, ὅτε ἐμενομαίχνησε τὰς γολιάδας
 μικρὸς ἡμῶν ἐν τοῖς Ἀδελφοῖς μῶς, &c.

I.

YOUNGEST of all my Brethren, and the least
 In the *Jessean* House, to' a Service I enclin'd,
 Which both my Age, and Innocence suited best,
 And best the Throne, to which I was design'd:
 My Fathers Flock, was early set to keep,
 And how to govern Men, first learn among my Sheep.

II.

I kept and fed them with a pious care,
 And as they fed, my Harp, and Pipe assayd;
 Them, and my self to please, did Songs prepare,
 And variously, as pensive Shepherd, playd:
 Till having wearied out an humbler String,
 A bolder flight I dare'd, *Israel's* Great God to Sing.

III. But

III.

But who such Praise can worthily rehearse ?
 I strove my best, and it acceptance found,
 With Heav'n's Blest King, who to approve my Verse,
 A double Glory round my Temples bound ;
 By' his Prophets Hand there plac'd the Regal Crown,
 (From the Flock calling me) the Poet's with his own.

IV.

I many Brethren had, and great of Might,
 All valiant Men, and all renown'd in War,
 Oft tri'd, but God in them took no delight,
 For Causes, tho from us removed far,
 To' himself best known, who sees not as Man sees,
 But as the Heart is, judges, and gives Dignities.

V.

For that, and his own Pleasure He chose me,
 And having chosen, call'd me forth to fight
 With *Raphas* Giant-son, whose blasphemy
 Levell'd at Heav'n, on his own Head did light :
 By' his Gods he curst me, and his Gods he curst,
 Himself as the chief God propitiating thus first.

VI.

But such curse Proof, I out against him went,
 The firmler arm'd, as he disarm'd thereby ;
 And certain Death into his Fore-head sent,
 Ere he the place could guard, or turn to flie :
 He fell : Iran, to th' lifeless Monster came, (shame.
 From him with's own Sword took his Head, from *Israel*
Job

Job cursing his Birth.

*After this opened Job his Mouth and curst his
Day : And Job spake and said.*

Pereat dies in qua natus sum.

MA Y the Day perish, and its hasty flight
Be still,* be still¹¹ retarded by a sluggish Night !
The Day, unhappy Day, whereon 'twas known,
My Mother could that name, and sorrows own.
Let it look black as Hell, no Ray appear,
Nor on it God in common Light draw near !
But unregarded may it from above,
To 'all other Days a different Circle move !
Augment the last Nights gloom, and ne're be found,
But in a Sea of Rapes, and Murder drown'd !
Let Deaths grim Terrors on it ever dwell,
Of if't has Light, let it be such as fell
On *Sodom*, when avenging Heav'n did shower
Tempests of Fire, and floods of Lightning pour !
And for the Night (if yet it were the Night,
For any Day too bad, which first disclos'd the light)
Dark of it self, let Horror on it seize !
And when all others welcome are for th' ease,
And respite, which they bring the toilsome care
Of pains, which in their Curtains hidden are,
Let it be Curse too, and by' a fatal Breath,
Doom'd not the shadow of it, but very Death !
Sad, dismal, solitary, know no Joys,
No chearful shouts, but a dull confus'd noise
Of Groans and Shrieks, as when the parting Soul
Labours in vain its dest'iny to controul !

And

And as the Criminal, who, to die next Morn,
 The pity of the many, and their Scorn,
 Curses its shortness, and does think it done,
 Sooner than other Nights are well begun ;
 Let it abide Curst, and grown Ominous,
 Its Tale in some prodigious ruine lose !
 Black be its Twilight, in it rise no Star,
 But such, as when 'tis seen, tho from a far,
 Famine portends, and Blood, and the Worlds flame,
 And all the Plagues that have, or have not Name !
 Let it expect the Light, and pine away
 To Darknes palpable, but see no Day !
 With thousand Curses more —

And Day or Night be' it, Ev'ning, or the Morn,
 From th' Years account let it be ever torn !
 To me, it self, and Heav'n and all be lost,
 And from the number of the Days be crost !
 O had it never been, or had that Hour
 But barr'd the Gate, and damn'd the fertile Door }
 (Unhappy Gate, but Hour unhappy more !)
 Sorrow I ne're had known, nor had these Eyes
 Beheld the Light, which none but Fools can prize.
 Rather why di'd I not, making the Womb,
 At once my busie tying House and Tomb ;
 But by the Knees I must perverted be,
 And live more Deaths than one to act, more Plagues to
 Draw th' hated Breasts only to fetch supply, } (see
 After ten thousand Deaths, new deaths to try,
 And at the last with greater sense and torment die ! }

Had I then dy'd, still as the Night, or Grave,
 My Voice had been, without a Death to crave.
 Still had I lain, and in Oblivion's breast
 Enjoy'd a sweeter sleep and sounder rest.
 The Earth, which does in its cold Lap enfold
 All Arts and Arms, Princes and all their Gold,

Which

Which Sepulchers does for their Tombs prepare,
Great in their Dust and in their Ruines fair,
For me, to Die then had I been allow'd,
Had markt a place, amidst the awful Crowd,
There where untimely Births ith' Pit are thrown,
And through the Earths soft pores the Plains with ver-

An awful place it is, with Company (dure crown.
The best and great'st, where in appartments lie
Kings, and their Counsellors, each in his Bed,
With each his Sword clapt underneath his Head.

For there the proud Usurpors terrors cease,
And there the weary are at perfect ease,
And the whole Region riots in the spoils of Peace. }

Pris'ners enjoy their Liberty, at least know
No other Chains, than what their Jaylors do.
Both small and great there undistinguisht be,
Undisturb'd by outworn Authority.

Masters and Servants throw those Names aside,
And for a nobler freedom both provide.

No fear of the Oppressor's there, no wrong,
No Clamours, no Reproach amidst that throng;
But a deep silence fills the profound wast,
Deaf to all calls, but the last Trumpets blast.

Ah, might I rest there! Why is Death deni'd
To him, who seeks it, in those shades to hide?

Who for it digs, and would more gladly find
That Treasure, than the mines he leaves ith' way behind!

Light and this Life, will but encrease his pain,
Light and this Life, of which he does complain,
And would for 'one Death exchange, but all in vain. }

Why is Life thrust on such a Man, who's dead,
Dead to himself, and God, all comfort fled?

Me why is't thrust on, who the Gift despise,
As th' worst of this Worlds great impert'encies;
Nay more, its greatest Curse; unwelcome Guest,
That never, lets me never be at rest,

Nor

Nor Bed, nor Board their just refreshment give ;
 Which ! (who would thus ?) thus I'd not always live ;
 Too long already, to feel what I fear'd,
 Sadder than can be told, too doleful to be heard ;
 At rest I ne're was, but compar'd with this,
 All former Grief as gone, and vanisht is,
 And all, but very Hell, would be a kind of Bliss.

1660.

The Prayer of *HABAKKUK*.

*Hab. 3.**Domine, audivi auditionem.*

I.

MY God, I have Thy Wonders heard,
 And their report like those, who saw them fear'd.
 I heard, what Thou of Old hast done,
 Revive Thy Work, nor let it die ;
 But since to make us hope Thou hast begun,
 Let our Deliverance too draw nigh !
 Lord, in the midst of th' Years appear,
 Nor ever, ever thus forbear,
 To put an happy issue to our Fear !
 It h' midst of th' Years Thy Greatness show,
 For we are ready if Thou 'art but so !
 Let us in Wrath Thy Mercy see,
 Remembred this, let that forgotten be !
 What tho with us the full Time 's not expir'd,
 With Thee 'tis ended, and by us desir'd.
 Ages to come, and Ages long since past,
 In Heav'n, where Thou art, present are,
 'Tis ever now and now will ever last.
 O, Now from Heav'n Thy Power declare,
 And let it once be here, what it is ever there.

II.

II.

Deus ab Austro veniet.

God came from *Teman*, and the Holy One,
 Descended from Mount *Paran*, with a mighty Train:
 The Earth to Heav'n did dart the Rays again,
 And as He past the Skie with Glory shone.

Refined Light, without allay,
 Such as above makes Angels Day,
 Such was His Brightness, and such was His Way.
 He was all Light, but from His Side
 Shot forth a Beam, so clear, and pure,
 That none to see it could endure;
 And there, as in the dark, He did His Glories hide.
 The Pestilence before Him went,
 Gathering new Poysons, as the old were spent;
 Ruine and Desolation, at His Feet,
 Never to part again did meet,
 But sworn to execute His Wrath on Man,
 Kist and embrac'd each other close, as they before Him
 (ran.

III.

Statit, & mensus est Terram.

He stood and in His Hand
 He held a Line, and measuring Wand,
 Both to mete out, and to destroy his Land.
 Over the Earth the fatal Line He threw,
 And that it level on all sides might lie,
 He smote the Nations, and they in haste withdrew;
 Th' affrighted Earth, that fain would flee,
 Seeing it could not stir, the Line did take,
 But did with horror, and amazement shake;

E e

The

The Rocks as it came o're their Backs, did quake ;
 Bow'd down their Heads, and griev'd they were so high.
 The everlasting Mountains scatt' red lay,
 And the perpetual Hills sank down, and stole away.

IV.

Pro iniquitate vidi Tentoria.

I saw the Tents of *Egypt* in distress,
 Methoughts I heard their doleful groans ;
 The Land did tremble, and its emptiness
 An hollow murmur added to its moans,
 And shriekt a deadly echo from the wounded Stones,
 When not content to see their First-born slain,
 Conquer'd on Land, they once again
 Would try the fortune of the Main.
 Since they the Tenth Shock could so stoutly brave,
 They scorn'd to fear the Eleventh Wave,
 Till they themselves, and that saw buried in a Grave.
 What ail'd the Rivers, Lord, what ail'd the Flood,
 That Thou shouldst make their streams true Veins of
 What could the Sea, against Thee do, (Blood ?
 So small against so great a Foe,
 Exalted Thou so high, and that so low ?
 Could it deserve Thy Wrath, or roar so loud,
 From Heav'n, Thy Throne, to call Thee down ;
 Or in its swellings was it grown so proud,
 It 'sdeign'd a check from a single frown,
 Unless in Triumph God would o're it ride,
 And Seas, from Seas below, as first from those above divide ?

V.

Suscitans suscitabis Arcum.

So on the Sea ; ith' Air his Bow was seen ;
 Not by Reflection, like the Rain-bow made,
 Where all the pleasing Colours are together laid,
 That Man might be no more afraid
 Of a new Deluge to be unsherd in,
 And once more drown, what it could never purge, his Sin.
 That is his Bow of Peace, but this of War,
 The Skie about it was with Darknes spread,
 Slaughter, and Gore had stain'd it red,
 Ghastly and terrible it glistned from afar.
 A poysoned Arrow on the string did hang,
 It hung a while, but when the Bow He drew,
 Drawn to the head away it flew,
 And flying gave a deadly twang ;
 The Air a good while after rang.
 The sound how loud, the Pile how keen,
 How would it enter, when no Mail could come between?
 Such was his Word, which did their Way prepare,
 The Oath, which to the Tribes He past,
 Making them Conquerors every where,
 Till they were in *Canaan* plac'd,
 Till to the Promis'd Land, He brought them safe at last.

V I.

Semper furvius scindes Terra.

But first the War did rage at Home,
 Thirst, a worse Foe than *Amaleck*, to be o'recome.
 To God for Drink they cry,
 Not with a Wet, but envious Eye ;

For Drought long since had made those Cisterns dry.
 They cry'd, and murmur'd, to' Egypt back would go,
 Till from the Rock God bid the Waters flow;
 The Rock obey'd, and to the sacred Rod did bow.
 Out gush'd new Streams, th' admiring Earth gave way,
 But wondred how such Rivers should come there;
 Yet lookt again to see her fear,
 And as she saw it quak't, and ready cut in Channels lay.

VII.

Viderunt te & doluerunt Montes.

There as He marcht, the Mountains saw their God,
 And stagger'd as he shook His Rod;
 The surly Deep past silent by,
 And fearful any more to look on high,
 In humble plains of liquid Chrystal flat did lie.
 The bolder Waves, which yet would rise,
 And with their towring Billows dare the Skies,
 Seeing Him, started and shriekt out;
 No more of their Defiance thought,
 And of His Presence were asham'd to doubt.
 As when one sees some Ruine near,
 Ready upon his Head to fall,
 Which yet he cannot help at all,
 Cannot prevent; but with unequal strength must bear;
 Expecting the dead weight he stands,
 Shrinks in his Shoulders, and lifts up his Hands:
 So flood the Waves, and without power to flee,
 With rais'd up Hands and Eyes, had hardly strength to
 (cry.

VIII. Sol

VIII.

Sol & Luna steterunt.

The Sunamaz'd stood still, and at the fight,
 Bid the Moon stop, and see the bloody Fight;
 Never was such a Fight, never so long a Day,
 When Heav'n it self did waiting stay,
 Nor till it saw the Victors went away.

The Lord Himself that Day marcht out,
 Hail-stones and Coals of Fire hurl'd all about;
 In wrath He marcht, through the whole Land,
 And threst the Nations, as He past along,
 His Arm so weighty, and his Wrath so strong,

None durst against Him stand.
 To save his People did He thus appear,
 To them so Glorious, to His Foes so full of Fear.

IX.

Percussisti Caput de domo, &c.

To th' Earth He stroke their Princes down,
 Their Villages destroy'd, sack'd every Town;
 Tho like a Whirlwind, they against us came,
 God for us fought in arms of Flame.

Flames, which their blatts made fiercer burn,
 And on themselves with double Vengeance turn;
 In Fire God came against them, and o'rcame:
 Did through the Sea on His great Horses ride,
 Whilst Waves to make Him room, stood up in heaps, on
 (either side.

Ee 3

X. *Audivi*

X.

Audivi & conturbatus est, &c.

This as I heard my Joynts unloos'd,
 Through all my Veins chill Horrour was diffus'd.
 My Belly trembled, and my Lips did quake,
 My Bones for very rottenness did shake.
 Afraid I was, yet could not chuse but fear,
 When I such mighty things did here,
 When e're I was aware,
 The God, who did them I perceiv'd drew near.
 O may I rest, when he to judg shall rise!
 For when He does the wicked World chastise,
 How heavy then will be His Hand, how red his Eyes!

X I.

Ascendam ad Populum.

From Thee, Lord, then, to my God now I flie,
 And for Thy Mercy, on Thy Power relie,
 Propitious Thee thy Land has found, and so shall I.
 Nothing shall make me quit my trust,
 For Thou art Pitiful, as well as Just.
 No, tho the Fig-Tree blossom not,
 And on the Vine the generous clusters rot;
 Tho th' labours of the Olive cease,
 And all the lesser Plants of Life,
 With Man, as He is with his God at strife,
 Deny to give their rich encrease.
 Let th' Earth threat Famine, bear no Grass,
 Iron below, as Heav'n above, is Brass.
 No Fruit, no Pasture yield,
 But be with Thorns and Brambles fill'd,

And

And they burnt up, whilst there's a Furnace in each Field;
 Let the Flocks die, and in the Stall
 The Ox, not by the Knife, but want of Fodder fall;
 Yet in my God will I rejoyce,
 Whose care I am, as I made him my choice.
 'Tis He's my strength, and freed from fear,
 For me on high He shall His Truth display;
 Or when the Desolation's near,
 Give me Hinds Feet to scape away.

1663.

Comiato.

Song wherewith I first Begun,
 My Great Redeemers Praise to sing;
 And from a far more noble string,
 (Than I was wont) an *Hebrew* Descant run,
 For the great Harp of *Jesser* Son,
 To be prepar'd, when Time should be:
 Preserve that Times blest Memory,
 And all that, by Thee' inspir'd, I since have done,
 That if with Men no Grace I find,
 With Heav'n I may, and Peace in my own Mind!

OCCASIONAL RIMES.

The Saying of *CLEANTHES*.

Epict.
cap. 77.

Ἐπὶ πάντος προχέεις ἐκκτεόν ταῦτα
 ἈΓΕ δὴ με. ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ σὺ ἡ πεπερωμένη,
 Ὅποι ποτ' ὑμῶν ἐμὲ διατεταγμένος,
 ὧς ἔλθομαι σπασδαῖος, ἢ δ' αἰώνος
 Ἐὰν δ' ἐμὲ θέλω, εἴχ' ἥπτον ἔλθομαι.

Sen. Ep.
107.

DUC me Parens, Celsique Dominator Poli
Quocunque placuit, nulla parendi mora est,
Adsum impiger; fac nolle, comitabor gemens,
Malusque patiar, quod pati licuit bono.

I.

LEAD me, O Providence Divine,
 Where e're Thou hast appointed me to go;
 I'll follow willingly, and shew,
 By my quick pace, that one design,
 Tho hid to me, acts Thy unerring Will and mine.

II.

Briskly I'll follow Thee; for so
 I shall prevent my Fate, which to decline
 Beyond my Compass is, and Line;
 Worse by resistance I shall grow,
 And after all be driven, whether I will or no.

Upon

Upon a terrible Storm of Thunder, Wind, and Rain, 25 July 1670, done by Night in the midst of it.

I.

GREAT God of Thunder, at whose Voice
The Earth and its Foundations shake,
And Man, whom Thou hast made its Lord, does quake,
Still the dreadful, and amazing Noise!
Lo! as Thy People *Israel* did of old,
By Fear surpriz'd, yet by our fear made bold,
Lord, lest we die, we beg Thou wouldst Thy Voice with-
(hold!

II.

Yet speak, for (Lo!) Thy Servants hear!
And speak Thy self, but not in Smoak, and Flame!
The mighty Storm, that by the *Tisbbite* came,
And rent the Hills, and did the Mountains tear,
The *Tisbbite* saw unmov'd, knowing Thou wert not there.
At length was heard an awful sound,
Whispers and murmurs undistinct around,
With silence waited on profound,
And a soft Voice, in which the Thunders shouts were
The Prophet listned, and inclin'd his Head, (drown'd.
Fill'd with sacred and unusual Dread;
His Face did in his Mantle hide;
For Thou in triumph on the peaceful sound didst ride,
And He, who brav'd the Thunder, bow'd and worshipp'd

III. With

III.

With such another Voice Divine,
 Lord, speak to us, and we will hear!
 Thy Thunder is too loud for our purg'd Ear,
 And dreadfully Thy scorching Lightnings shine.
 That voice of Fire, till the Great Day restrain,
 Where to be slept out 't shall be strove in vain;
 For, even the Dead by it awak'd, shall rise again.

 The NATIVITY.

An Ode.

I.

WHO would not envy, if he durst, your Grace,
 Blest Shepherds, to whom first the Tidings came,
 That God, who neither Time can bound, nor Space,
 Th' Almighty, who upholds this rolling Frame,
 Deign'd to be born, and did the Breast imbrace:
 Of the Worlds Maker made himself a Child,
 And wrapt in swaths, tho He whole Nature fill'd?
 Too happy News this, in the City to be told,
 I'th' Palace, and at *Herod's* Court,
 Where all the learned Father *Jews* resort;
 E're it reach them, let the report grow cold!
 There's too much Spleen, and Malice there,
 Hypocrisie, Distrust, and servile Fear,
 Intemp'rance, Lust, Extortion, Cruelty,
 And, if than these there greater Vices be,
 Pride, which of ills the worst, pollutes the Air.

The

The Country 'a better place, God for his Birth did chuse,
(Tho not so gay,) and Men more Innocent,

To whom Hee'd show His great Descent :
And when He did *Jerusalem* refuse,

'Twas to recal the Ancient Time, and Use,
When He to Man in Paradise first went :

That He to Peace, and Justice, might the preference give,
And all the Graces that ith' Country safely live :

And lest the Truth should be deny'd,
Ith' Country Hee'd be Born, but in the City Dy'd.

II.

"Fear not, O Shepherds, th' Angel said!
And need there was, to bid them not to fear,
Since greater Souls than theirs might be afraid,
That God, unlookt for, should approach so near,
And full Spring-tides of Light, at Midnights Ebb appear.
For Night it was, and passing tow'rs the Day,
Grown darker on a sudden, than before,
The Shepherds by their Flocks expecting lay,
Till their bright Star should ope' the Mornings Door :

When, Lo! a brighter Star brake out,
And sacred Beams Angelic Forms did show,
Fairer than thousand Suns, tho all about

They their united Flames should throw.

'Twas *Gabriel*, who the Message brought
To the 'ever Virgin that she should conceive ;
Gabriel, who now the happy Minute taught,
When his Great Lord the Father's Throne did leave,
A Body fitted for him to receive ;

Bright in His Princes glory, bright in 'His own,

All clad in Hallow'd Light came down,
Embassador of God, and Herald to His Son.

III. On

III.

On Heavens high Top awhile He stood,
 And view'd all *Palestine* around;
 All *Palestine* in sleep lay drown'd,
 Eye'n *Jordan* slumbered to the murmurs of his Flood.
 Nor voice of Man, nor noise of Dogs was heard,
 The bowing Mountains seem'd to nod,
 And at the Presence of their God,
 Who o're them wav'd his All-commanding Rod,
 Inclined their Heads, and the great Spell rever'd.
 Each Field, each Hill did rest,
 And equal Night possess'd
 The painful Labourer, and his weary Beast.
Bethlehem alone, this Transient Death surviv'd,
 And in her Plains some liv'd,
 Yet whom the Sight did so surprize,
 They hardly durst believe their Eyes,
 Yet durst not but believe, and sent to Heav'n their cries.

IV.

So at the last Day shall there some be found
 To hear, alive, the Trumpets dreadful sound;
 Amaz'd and trembling shall they stand,
 Feel on themselves a Powerful Hand,
 And willing, or unwilling take, the great Command.
 "Be chang'd ('twill say) ye Living! and ye Dead
 "Wake and arise, and to the Judgment come!
 The Living, soon as e're the word is sed,
 Shall feel the Terrors they did dread,
 And without help of Death, or Grave, reach their Eternal
 The Dead with their own Bodies shall arise, (Home,
 And then the Earth, and Sea, and Skies,
 The scatter'd Atomes shall restore

Of Bodies, which they did devour,
To joyn with parted Souls, but never to be parted more.
No guilty Criminal his Face shall hide,
Or undiscovered the great Judg avoid,
But from his Hold, tho self-condemn'd, come and be tri'd.

V.

Nature it self shall to 'its old nothing roll;
And then Heav'ns beauteous Scroll,
With all the Miltic Notes that there
(Writ by the Hand Divine)
So wondrous and, and so bright appear,
Shall in one flame with Earth and Sea, more dreadful
Like that, which once the Prophet sent (shine.
To *Judabs* stubborn King) *Jer. 36.*
A while he heard the Woes, but grown impatient,
With Hands prophane the Parchment rent,
And into th' Fire the sever'd parts did sling;
And there they crackled, there did together thrink,
Till all-consum'd they were to Ashes burn'd.
Ah! sottish Prince, and vain to think
Decrees of Heav'n so easily overturn'd!
Lo! God himself repents the wrong,
Thy self shall be the subject of a longer Roll ere long!

VI.

And so he was, for by the dread Command,
A larger Roll the Prophet did prepare.
By th' same Command another Heav'n more fair,
In place of this, when 'tis consum'd shall stand.
And there the Thrones shall be for Judgment set,
From 'awful which the Son with Majesty, *will be glorious*
And doubled Grace shall Reign illustriously,
In his own Godhead, and th' Exalted Manhood, great.
All

All Nations then, and Languages,
 The Rich, the Poor, the Simple, and the Wife,
 With all who Tents inhabited, or Palaces,
 Naked to the Bar shall rise,
 And answer each Man to his name:
 Distinctions shall aside be thrown,
 Nor Kings be by their Scepters known,
 Or the great Houses which they made, or whence they
 Around the Bar shall Angels wait, (came.
 For Execution arm'd, and cloth'd for state,
 Sole ministers of Wrath, who only were of Love alate.

VII.

Thither, O Muse, thither bring back my Song,
 From which thou wandred hast too long;
 Of *Gabriel*, and his second Message sing,
 Who now upon the Wing,
 The happiest News, e're heard by mortal ears, does bring.
 "Attend, he said, and those glad Tidings hear,
 "Good Tidings, and of great Joy, which shall be
 "Not unto you alone,
 "Or from the Father to the Son,
 "For one descent alone continued down,
 "But unto all who are to come, or wisht this day to see:
 "For Lo! to you is Born this Day,
 "A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,
 "In *David's* Town, which long expecting lay,
 "Promis'd Messiah, and th' Incarnate Word.
 "To Day He's Born, and this shall be the Sign,
 "By which the Mighty Infant shall be found,
 "In Swadling Clothes he shall lie bound,
 "And in a Manger rests the Babe Divine:
 Never was Sight of equal Fame,
 Not the first Man of God-like Frame,
 For God himself thus Born, a Mortal Man became.

VIII. He

Of you God takes the first, and greatest Care,
 Who thus by Angels Summon'd are;
 When they, tho Kings, and coming from afar,
 Shall wait, and both to call, and lead them, only have a Star,

14 Jan. 1667.

The STAR.

A Carol

For the Epiphany by the III Kings.

1. *King.* See how that Glorious Star, at Noon does rise,
 And like another Sun new Guilds the Skies!
2. *King.* Look how it dares the Ruler of the Light,
 And in His clearest Beams appears more bright,
 Calling before its time the sluggish Night! }
3. *King.* Rather the Conquer'd Sun to' its Rays gives way,
 And but a Phosphor seems to its new Day.
 The Conquer'd Sun, &c. [Chorus trium.]
2. *King.* Sure 'tis no common Star, see where it goes
 A daring Passage it self only knows;
1. *King.* And cross the Heav'n points out to Palestine,
 And as it that way leads more bright does shine :
 Come let us follow, where it leads, and see
3. *King.* What may the Cause of its appearing be,
 Whether it set a Star, or some Divinity.
 Come let us, &c. [Chorus alter trium.]
3. *King.* Some greater Power, which to direct our Way,
 Has chose this borrowed Shape, and glorious Ray ;
 And

And when we knew not well which Road to go,
Does tow' rds *Judea* our great Journey show:

1. King.

That way it points, that way we must along,
No fear, when Heaven's out Guide, we should go wrong.

2. King.

That way, &c.

[*Chorus trium tertius.*]

O're *Bethle'm* lo! at length the Flame does rest!

1. King.

Bethle'm, that with the Prince of Peace is blest:

Bethle'm, which must by ancient Prophecy

2. King.

The Tying-House of the Almighty be,

Where he will cloath Himself with base Humanity.

And that's the House, where we our Gifts must bring

3. King.

To the World's God, and *Israel's* Infant King.

Chorus Omnium.

Hither 'twas, hither the bright Star did lead,

Let's enter humbly, and approach with Fear:

The Star, which brought, will shew him us more clear,

And be a Glory round the Infants Head:

O this is He! fall down, and worship him! fall down!

And kiss his Feet, whose Head ev'n Heav'n thus stoops to

(Crown!

23. Decemb. 1660.

The PASSION.

An Ode.

I

TWICE sixteen Years have almost o'te Thee past,
 Twice sixteen more Thou mayst as fondly waste,
 In expectation, *Sylvius*, as thou hast
 The swift-wing'd Years, which in their Passage scap'd
 The Kalendar is searcht, and all in vain (thee last,
 Wouldst Thou have this Day return
 To the same Point, as when in 'it Thou wert Born,
 15. Apr. But 'twill not be this Age, if it e're come again.
 1636. Enough 'tis that Thou once didst see
 The great Conjunction:
 Wait not o're long, for what may be
 Too late for Thee,
 And is sufficient of it self alone,
 Without that Circumstance to fill Thy Song.
 For grant it now what could to Thee be' apply'd
 But that thy Birth fell out the Night thy Saviour Di'd.

II.

Rise then my Muse, but from a nobler Ground,
 And sing in Numbers mournful as the Day,
 Of Nature's fright, and disarray,
 Which did Philosophy confound,
 And scattered dismal Horrors all around.
 When Heaven, and Earth, and Hell partook
 In the Darknefs, and the Night,
 Which like a Sea o'reflow'd the plains of Light,

And

And all Spectators with amazement strook !
 Unlike to that, which once in *Egypt* reign'd,
 When solid Night did *Rhameses* invest,
 But *Goshen*, of the Sun posselt,
 Over the Gleam a Prospect gain'd,
 And uninvelopt saw how far the Heav'ns were stain'd.
 Nor was it to the Antipodes
 The Day had hastned his access ;
 For they unfensible of Light,
 Lay buried all the while in Night,
 And without Miracle could not behold it bright.
 Unless Thou add'st the Prodigie to raise,
 (And which none else but Thou, O Muse, dares say)
 Th' Antipodes at Midnight rose to gaze,
 And Night *Jerusalem* less admir'd, than they the Day.

III.

A thought too wild this, and extravagant,
 And which does all but its own airy basis want :
 Say rather that the Pangs and Agonies
 Of a new, and better World,
 Which was thence to take its rise,
 Were thus conceal'd from Mortal Eyes,
 And Darkness, as at first, o're all th' Expansion hurld.
 God's sacred Kingdom was that Birth,
 The same New Heaven, and new Earth,
 Which the belov'd Disciple saw,
 In all its Beauties, as it did appear,
 And to provoke Adventurers there,
 A Chart thereof by Vision did exactly draw.
 For on the Cross as our great Saviour hung,
 And just Expiring, bow'd his Conquering Head,
 From the black Skies bright beams like Lightning sprung
 But as the Day, continued long,
 Chasing wing'd Darkness, which before them fled.

And as the first Creations Work begun
 By the commanding Word, which He
 To Nothing, and to Chaos sed,
 Making when He spake only, "*Let there be,*
 By a no less Word this too was done,
 Created by that Voice, which cry'd, "*'Tis Finished.*"

I V.

'Tis Finished the Mighty Victor cry'd,
 All reaking in Triumphal Gore,
 Which his own Wounds, not Enemies Necks supply'd;
 For tho with them He Skirmisht had before,
 And oft rebated had their Power,
 He could not throughly for us Conquer, till He Di'd.
 Alone He did the Wine-press tread,
 Of his Just Father's Wrath, alone,
Israels to raise, stoopt his own Head,
 And to assist Him was there none.
 So far from that, that ith' pursuit
 Of Satan, Sin, and Death, when He cry'd out,
 With fainting Groans, *I Thirst,*
 His Patience some, and some his Conquest Curst,
 And Gall and Vinacre of the bitter Tree, was all the Fruit.
 Till having tasted of the Brook ith' way,
 Anew He follow'd, till He gain'd the Day;
 And to compleat his Victory,
 Got thence more Aids, and strength enough to Die.

V.

Blest Saviour, who but Thou couldst Live so long,
 And in one Soul so many Deaths endure,
 And different all, and all their Pains so strong,
 That their rehearſal does fresh Grievs ensure,
 And again pierce those Hearts Thou blest to Cure?

When

When in the Garden Thou didst first begin,
Gethsemane, for ease design'd,
 And safe retirements of a troubled Mind,
 Purging thence all th' effects of Sin,
 Which still, tho hid, remaind behind,
 The dregs of what on Man in Paradise brake in.
 Fatal, but happy Place that, where did grow
 Midst whole Woods, no less beauteous, but one Tree,
 That even, by Wilfulness alone, could be
 The occasion of our Misery;
 But in all else, more secret Snares than we
 Till by them Caught, shall ever know!
 From this to clear it, and restore
 To th' Garden, what it had before,
 And perfect Innocence add, one Beauty more;
 As there fall'n Man his Life first forfeited,
 There, to Redeem him, first the Blood of God was shed.

V I.

How grievous were his Pains there, and how great?
 Burning, tho in the frosty shades of Night:
 Shivering with Cold, but in a Bloody Sweat;
 And all dissolv'd, at his approaching Passions Sight?
 Thrice did He his Disciples leave,
 And thrice to his Great Father pray'd,
 Thrice to himself He answer made,
 And by an Angel did support receive;
 But, (O!) th' Assaults that were within,
 Compar'd with which his Bodies Flame,
 Was temperate heat, and scarce deserv'd the Name,
 When in his Soul the Burning did begin,
 And Hell to 'encrease the Fire, did Mines of Brimstone
 A thousand Fiends about him flew, (bring!
 And Coals, and bailful Firebrands threw,
 That seiz'd at length the noblest Part,

Beyond the weak defence of Nature, or of Art,
And unconsum'd, did only leave the Heart.

VII.

The Heart did unconsum'd remain,
By the Arch-Fiend
With its own Grief to burst design'd,
When in the Judgment Hall again,
He should the Charge renew, but all in vain.
'Thither betray'd by 'a Kiss the Traytors bring,
With Fetters bound, Heav'ns Sacred King;
Where being Cited, and Blasphem'd,
Flouted, Scourg'd, Spat upon,
Derided, and Contemn'd,
By them Revil'd, deny'd by 'His own,
A Reed in 'his Hand, his Head with Thorns they Crown,
And lead to *Golgotha* their God, whom they 'had Con-
(demn'd:

VIII.

Follow, Muse, if thou hast the heart, and see
What other Torments they prepare;
I know the utmost of their Cruelty,
And from thy Mouth had rather hear,
The sad Report, than a Spectator be.
Yet, that thou mayst not stand thy self surpriz'd,
Stript off his Clothes, in Nakedness disguiz'd,
To th' Cross they'll nail his Hands, 'tis said,
And bore with Nails his tender Feet;
Then, all his Sufferings to upbraid,
"Cry, If Thou art the Son of God, let's see't,
"Now from the Tree triumphantly come down,
"Or reign thence, like Thy self alone,
"Or any other Wonder show,
"Whereby Thy De'ity may be known,

"And

"And to its Scepter we will bow.
As if there greater Miracle could be,
Than all that Patience, which they do, but will not see.

I X.

Nor is this all, but when He's Dead,
His Side they'll open with a Spear;
Approach the Wound, and look what Blood is shed,
For it Myfterious will appear,
And be another Argument for thee next Year!
A better Spring will thence arife,
Than *Helicon*, fo Fam'd of old,
There bath thy felf, if thou art wife,
Nor fear in thofe chafte Streams to be too bold.
But fee, be fure too long thou doft not ftay,
For all the while Thou art away,
Tears only from thefe Eyes will flow,
And in my Fancy I fhall double o're
All that I have told thee now before,
And all that thou return'd will't tell again, and more,
Beside my Verfe will fetter'd be, and flow,
And want both Wings to flie, and Feet to go.

10. Martii 1667.

E P I G R A M.

*Out of
Latine.*

W HEN my God Di'd, I first began to Live,
And Life which he refus'd Heav'n me did give
Unlike that Day, O how unlike we were!
Him dead the Crofs, me 'alive the Knees did bear.
But may not I die too? This life of mine
I can as well as Thou dispise, if not like Thine.

F f 4

Ah

Ah dearest Lord, this Legacy bestow,
 A double Life, then to Thy Death I'll owe:
 And sanctifi'd thus in my Birth by Thee,
 A living Death, my dying Life shall be.

5. Decemb. 1668.

An Extasie of Divine Love,

Aquesta Divina Union, &c.

Out of
 Spanish.
 S. Tere-
 sa.

I.

That sacred Bond of Charity,
 Wherein I uncorrupted Live,
 Makes God the Captive Chain receive,
 But my pinion'd Heart sets free,
 Tho causing still such love in me,
 To see Heav'ns King my Pris'ner lie,
 That I die, 'cause I cannot die.

II.

How tedious now this Life is grown,
 The way to Death how hard and long;
 How dark the Dunge'on th' Ir'ns how strong,
 With which my' unwilling Soul's kept down,
 And has no trust but hope alone!
 These thoughts my Troubles raise so high,
 That I die, 'cause I cannot die.

III. Bitter

III.

Bitter Life, shalt thou be to me,
 Where I my God can ne're enjoy;
 But if my Love has no alloy,
 My hope as try'd and pure may be;
 Ah! come my Lord, and set me free!
 Take off this weight, which makes me cry,
 That I die, 'cause I cannot die.

IV.

By hope alone it is I Live,
 Hope that I bear the seeds of Death,
 And dying once, a second Birth
 Secures that Hope, and Life do's give;
 O Death, I'll ne're thy coming grieve,
 When Life succeeds, through hope so nigh,
 That I die, 'cause I cannot die.

V.

Who can the Charms of Love refuse?
 As Life, no more my Heart betray,
 'Tis only thou stand'st in my way,
 Which rather than my Love, I'll loose,
 And Death for my great Champion choose;
 So much alate thy Enemy,
 That I die, 'cause I cannot die.

VI.

The Life alone, that's hid above,
 Can of true Life the Title claim;
 That Toy, which here usurps the Name,

Its

Its pleasure hides, and deads our Love,
And a worse Foe than Death does prove ;
Death, for whose sake I Life so flie,
That I die, 'cause I cannot die.

VII.

What can I give, frail Life, but thee
To th' God, who in me deigns to live ?
Yet how can I the nothing give
Till he first grants me Liberty ?
O let me die his Face to see !
But that's so distant from my Eye,
That I die, 'cause I cannot die.

VIII.

Beside, my God, from thee away,
Who would not of a Life complain,
That terrible, and full of pain,
Suffers a thousand Deaths each Day,
A Mortal, but a slow decay ?
And this so swells my Misery,
That I die, 'cause I cannot die.

IX.

All Creatures love their Element,
And pleasure there enjoy and rest ;
And if by Death they are diseas'd
To their first nothing they are sent :
But I'm beyond kind Death's extent,
And yet so many hardships try,
That I die, 'cause I cannot die.

X. When

X.

When in the Eucharist my dull Soul,
 Eating thy Flesh it self would ease,
 A thousand thoughts for entrance press,
 And there not to enjoy Thee whole,
 Whole, and alone, I a 'new condole ;
 For 'tis the Voice of every Sigh,
 That I die, cause I cannot die.

XI.

I please my self ith' Hopes, 'tis true,
 E're long, my God, of seeing Thee ;
 But fearing lest they false should be,
 My Torments with my Fears renew,
 And both so close my Soul pursue,
 Hoping mid both so heartily,
 That I die, 'cause I cannot die.

XII.

Lord, from this Death deliver me,
 And Life thus beg'd at length bestow !
 Why should I still be kept below ?
 Look how I die for love of Thee !
 And since enjoy'd Thou canst not be
 In this Lifes death, regard my cry,
 That I die, 'cause I cannot die.

XII.

My dying Life I'll then lament,
 And living Death in Tears bewail ;
 For my Sins sake those Foes prevail,

And

R I M E S.

And all my Age in Mourning's spent;
 To my release at length consent,
 Nor let me grieve eternally,
 That I die, 'cause I cannot die.

L'Envoy.

Blest Soul! that hither couldst arrive,
 How do I love yet envy Thee,
 Wishing my self this Extasie,
 And that th' Example Thou dost give,
 Would make me less afraid to live;
 And to each close of Thine reply!
 That I die, cause I cannot die!

20. May, 1668.

The FLIGHT.

I.

NO wonder, Soul, thou so admir'st a Verse,
 And count'st thy self in its Possession brave;
 For 'tis, what e're thou canst desire to have,
 On this side Heav'n, but more to make, than to rehearse.

II.

'Tis th' end of Preaching, Loves best Exercise,
 The Quintessence of Prayer, Praises refin'd;
 A Change extatic into th' Heav'nly Mind,
 And on whose soaring Wings above the World I rise.

III. O.

III.

O, could I always stay where 't first sets me!
How naked looking down would th' World appear!
Its Joys how empty, and how vain its Fear;
Another flight would make me leave Mortality.

IV.

For as the sealed Dove so high does towre;
That i'th' pure Air at last it flying dies;
So should I mount too, and above the Skies,
Rapt to th' Etern aboads unfeel my dying Hour.

V.

But I must live still, and my flight to bound,
Till truly seal'd, there something, Lord, will be;
Some Work of Thine be' it, be it but a Tree,
Eve'n there I nearer Heav'n shall rest, than on the Ground.

22. Jan. 167 $\frac{1}{2}$. noon.

Exsurrexi & adhuc sum tecum

An

An Hymn and Prayer,
To the Holy JESUS my Lord.
Parode.

The hint
and man-
ner of stan-
za taken
from the
last Can-
zone of Fr.
Peitarc.
Lib. 11.
Virgine
belia.

I.

JESU, th' Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Unlike our Mortal Suns, which Rise, and Set,
Subliming this, and t'other World with Light,
Love bids me of Thy wondrous Power to Treat,
But how Thy Power, or Wonders to express,
I know not, till Thou make my Darkness bright,
And with Thy Beams dispel the shades of Night:
Therefore I beg Thy aid,
JESU, to whom I have pray'd,
And still pray, that I worthy Thee may write;
Illustriously o're all th' Expansion shine,
And if I'm weak to endure
A Light so pure, dart through my Verse a ray Divine.

II.

JESU, the Wisdom of the Deity,
In whom the Mystic Treasures are conceal'd;
Be'yond Reasons search, of the Eternal Mind,
And with whose Stripes the Afflicted World is heal'd;
Proof against Death, the Vanguishts Victory,
Under whose Standart to its God rejoyn'd,
Love for the Noblest Service is design'd,
Love that's a Rebel now,
JESU, so Great that Thou

From

From Heav'n Thy self must come his Slaves to 'unbind:
That I some Trophies of Thy Power may boast,
When Thou dost Conquering ride,
I'll Crowns provide, and sing Thy Triumphs through his
(Coast.

III.

JESU, the Virgins, and the Martyrs Wrath, *Wreath.*
Who without Spot, or Wrinkle didst adorn
The fairest Soul, which in a Body all,
Of Charms was wondrously Conceived, and Born;
Fought'st, and wast fought, resign'dst thy labouring Breath,
The Lost to Save, and from the Dungeon call
Hopes weary Pris'ners, and Death's Captive thrall,
To Thrones, at Thy Right Hand,
JESU, as Thou dost stand
At Thy Great Father's, in Heav'n's Judgment Hall;
Grant me the Grace, and Thou the Grace canst grant,
That when Thou shalt come next,
Tho now perplex'd, to attend, Thee then I nothing want.

IV.

JESU, in whom the Godhead does repose,
Infinites Comprehension, and the Bound
Of boundless Majesty, fathomless Deep,
With Thorns first pierc'd, and e're with Glory Crown'd,
Submitted to the Triumphs of Thy Foes,
A Man of Sorrows, and inw'd to weep;
Substantial God, and Man, who both dost keep
Unmixt, and Unconfus'd,
JESU, th' Untoucht, and Bruis'd,
Quickning the Dead, yet who ith' Grave didst sleep;
'Tis Thou hast broke our Bands, th' Unsurper hurl'd
Headlong into the Pit,
In whose sides sit the great Disturbers of the World.

V. JESU,

V.

J E S U, the Way, the Truth, whose Life does give
 The' exactest Method how we may direct
 Our wandring Course to Thy Divine Aboard,
 And whence, seduc'd to stray, is not to Live;
 A Way Thy self, while here Unerring trode,
 And now Exalted dost with Blessings load;
 A Way, which rough at first,
 J E S U, appears and Curst,
 But entred once proves worthy Thee and God;
 Shew me Thy Way, nor take it in ill part,
 Since I am blind and weak,
 If I bespeak Thee' in that, whose Guide and End Thou
 (art.

VI.

J E S U, Whose Cross the surest Anchor makes,
 Both strong and sure, entring within the Vail,
 Where Passions waves, how fierce and uncontroll'd
 So e're, rage not, (and yet they dare assail
 The holiest Place, and Heav'n ith' Tempest shakes)
 Thou seest how there I have fixt all my hold,
 And am ith' midst of Storms and Floods grown bold:
 Yet still there is a Shelf,
 J E S U, I mean my Self,
 'Gainst which I am in danger to be roll'd.
 I sink, O now thy saving Hand forth stretch!
 Now e're my Head with th' Weeds,
 Which this Sea breeds, is wrapt, and I'm below Thy
 (reach!

VII. J E S U,

VII.

J E S U, how many Tears have I in vain,
 How many Sighs, and Prayers in vain pour'd out,
 Tho by th' expence my Flame alone 's encreast!
 My Life from its first Stage, trac'd all about,
 Unchang'd by change of Habit, 's nought but Pain,
 Anguish and Torment, void of Peace and Rest;
 Nay even my Soul Heav'n-born, has been oppress'd,
 And humbled to the Grave:
 J E S U, make hast to save,
 Nor tarry, tho of Men I 'have lov'd Thee least!
 Now help, to Morrow may not be so well,
 For Misery and Sin,
 Have me 'on the Wing, and where they 'll pitch me who
 (can tell?)

VIII.

J E S U, one half of me's already gone,
 So gone, that tho I have piec'd up the Rent,
 Methinks I'm not the perfect thing I was,
 Tho happy still in that I am content,
 And who shall be more perfect when th' World's donè;
 And One made Three into' One again shall pass:
 Unhappy Man, unhappy were my case,
 Such doubts gave'st Thou not skill,
 J E S U, to Reconcile,
 Thou who see'st Past and Future in one Glafs!
 Dear Lord, for whom too hard there nothing is,
 Give all my Griefs such end,
 As may intend Thy Honour first, and then my Bliss

Gg

IX. JESU,

IX.

JESU, my Confidence, my Hope, my Fear,
 Able to help in time of Need, and Free,
 O leave me not, when my last Hour shall come,
 Not for my sake, but His, who Ransom'd me!
 Merit crys, No. But th' Image which I bear
 Pleads ~~Lord~~, and would for Ancient Love make room;
 Tho I have been betray'd by Errors doom,
 To a Fairy Wood, and Brook,
 JESU, my Shepherd, look,
 Find Thy lost Sheep, and bring the Stragler home!
 Of Streams so troubled, may I drink no more,
 Or having found my Way,
 Any more stray, or wander as I did before!

X.

JESU, My God, who far off seest the Proud,
 And hatest him, let Thy Blood some pity move,
 An Heart all bruis'd, and contrite to regard,
 That does at length bewail its fottish love;
 And which, if once it can get free, has vowd,
 'Twill that and all things else for Thee discard,
 'Twill more than ever eye th' ador'd Reward,
 And purg'd with sacred Flame,
 JESU, to Thy great Name,
 No cost of Wit, or Verse being basely spar'd,
 Its Life, and Hymns, and Service dedicate,
 To Thee own its chang'd desires,
 Kifs the soft Fires, and blame it self that 'twas so late.

XI. JESU,

X I.

J E S U, to whom that Name, as the Prize is given,
Of all Thou didst and sufferdest without measure,
The mighty Dowry, which Thou broughtst Thy Wife,
Deaths plague, Hells spoil, but whose extatic Pleasure
Is for the Marriage Feast reserv'd, in Heav'n,
Whither I haste, to be than hope more rife,
And plentiful; (Lo!) the short Day of Life
Posts swiftly on, and flies;

J E S U, in my Agonies,
Tho now with Death and Hell I am at strife,
Let me experience this Names healthful ease,
And after a long War,
With Truces rare, in 'it Conquer, and depart in Peace.

Comiato.

Thus, tho with different heat of Spirit, and Verse,
What *Petrarch* sang to another,
J E S U, Thy Virgin Mother,
The stops in part chang'd, I to Thee rehearse:
I chang'd the stops, (for under Thy Broad Seal,
Thou givest us no Commission,
Her to Petition) and from her to Thee appeal.

Altro Comiato.

And now be pleas'd to accept this humble Praise,
Other, and better Fruit,
J E S U, of all my Suit,
I dare not beg; eve'n Pardon here is Bays.
And for the Prayers, dropt more from my Heart than Pen,

G g 2

Since

Since their least part's the Rime,
And words, which chime, say, as I to them say, *AMEN.*

I'l Terzo.

When I sent it to Sir Kingsmil Lucy.

At *London*, Song, Thy Ruffet, and Thy Freeze,
Will seem, I fear, but course ;
Jesu, they'll cry, or worse,
See! the dull flegm of Solitude and Trees.
Thus will the Fops treat Thee, those Wits by Rote ;
Yet one Thou 'lt know, e're long,
Who will own Thee, Song, and see Thy Beauties through
(Thy Coat.

An HYMN for *Vespers.*

*Out of
Greek.*

ὡς ἱλαρὸν ἄγλας δόξης

JESU CHRIST, blest Light of Light,
Th' Immortal Fathers chearful shine,
Ray of Glory, all Divine,
Equally with Him fair, and bright ;
When we see the Day decline,
Calling the sluggish Evening on,
We praise the Father and the Son,
And in our Lauds the Spirit joyn,
"Worthy art Thou, O God, we say,
"Worthy, O Son of God, art Thou,
"And Thou, of Life the Lord and Giver,
"Worthy to be Prais'd for ever,

"Great

"Great THREE and ONE to Thee we bow,
"And with th' whole World thus Crown each Day!

L E N T.

Sestina al' Italiana Convertimento a Dio.

I.

W ELCOME, great Queen of Fasts, thrice welcome
With solemn Penance, and Devotion crown'd, (Lent,
Sweet Abstinence, clean thoughts, and chaste desires,
The Wings, whereby th' unpinion'd Soul does flie *risc*
Above this lower Circle, and exchange
Substantial Cares, for Joys unmixt and pure.

II.

I well remember, when with thoughts less pure,
Nor more to Piety a Friend, than Lent,
Pleas'd I could well have been ne're to exchange
My course of Living, no, tho to be Crown'd
With Bays Immortal, and Exalted rise,
In hopes as large, as are my chang'd desires.

III.

But that time's gone, and with it those desires,
Which held me down, and in their stead a pure
Ethereal Flame, which upward still does rise;
Kind thoughts of what's esteem'd severe in Lent,
My Soul (the Victim) has for the Alter Crown'd,
And ee'n burnt up, nor would I 'again exchange.

G g 3

IV. This

I V.

This was Thy Work, Lord, Thon'twas didst exchange
 What was beyond my power to curb, stubborn desires,
 Making them subject to the Head Thou 'hadst Crown'd;
 And now I'm Victor, with Robes clean, and pure,
 (Pure to what once I wore) and this new *Lent*,
 To 'attend the Triumph, rich in Spoils does rise.

V.

And as that rises, such hope I to rise,
 When on the Fasts great close I shall exchange
 For *Easters* Sun, the dewy Pearls of *Lent*;
 Bathing, like Oar, with frequent Tears, desires,
 Which only such a Flame can render pure,
 Fin'd from all Dross, and worthy to be Crown'd.

V I.

Hast Thee, blest Day, wherein with Glory crown'd,
 The Worlds great Saviour from the Grave did rise;
 And credence gives His Spouse, that like Him pure,
 She shall rise too, and all her Spots exchange,
 For Glories, larger than her vast desires,
 And the' Pious Reflexions of an holy *Lent*.

Were *Lent*, and Primitive Institutes thus Crown'd
 With purgd Desires, and Lives, their Fame would rise,
 And none the Church exchange, to be more Pure.

*Sent to my Excellent Patron, Sir Nicholas
 Stuart, Baronet, 1673.*

The

The Song of the ANGELS,

At the Fall of Lucifer.

I.

SON of the Morning, First-born of the Light,
 The once bright Phosphor of the Day Divine,
 How art Thou hurl'd into eternal Night,
 And hid in Flames, who didst with Glory shine!
 The bold Usurper of th' Almighty's Crown,
 Proud Lucifer, to Hell is thrown,
 And sing'd the Heav'ns, as he from thence fell headlong
 (down.

II.

"Above the Heav'ns, he said, I will ascend
 "And there above the Stars exalt my Throne,
 "My Conquests in the North I will extend,
 "And God a parted Rule shall have, or none:
 "Above the heights ne're reacht before I'll flie,
 "And equal made with the Most High,
 "Or gain an honourable Fall, or Victory.

III.

Scarce said, a pointed Thunderbolt was sent
 From th' Hand Divine, which pierc'd him to the heart.
 In vain he sought the Vengeance to prevent,
 And to Almighty Strength oppos'd his Art.
 But down he sank, and down the Monster fell,
 The stroke, nor bore, nor could repel,
 And exil'd once the Heav'ns, the next descent was Hell.

G g 4

IV. Hell

I V.

Hell from beneath to meet him rais'd its Head,
 "And now no longer shall we empty be,
 "Since Thou art come, the pale *Abyssus* said,
 Look! How we dress our Flames to welcome Thee!
 And all with Flames they Circled him around,
 With Flames their Princes Temples bound,
 An Heav'n of Flames they made him, strew'd with Flames
 (the Ground.

V.

Rejoyce, O Heav'ns, for your Oppressor's ceast,
 And tho e're long there shall from Earth ascend,
 An unknown Race, which shall disturb your rest;
 Rejoyce, and their Triumphant Arms attend,
 For when by these you shall invaded be,
 With Tears, and Importunity,
 Thus to be Conquer'd is to gain the Victory.

V I.

Son of the Morning, First-born of the Light,
 The once bright Phosphor of the Day Divine,
 How art Thou hurl'd into eternal Night,
 And hid in Flames, who didst with Glory shine:
 The bold Usurper of th' Almighty's Crown,
 Proud Lucifer to Hell is thrown,
 And sing'd the Heav'ns, as he from thence fell headlong
 (down.

L'Envoy.

L'Envoy.

SONG, that long since wert finished,
 And for another Place design'd,
 Than what Thou here dost find,
 In a long Work, and long since promised;
 Say that (the Piles Foundations laid)
 The 'unwary Builder all his Charge has lost;
 For till begun
 As a Wise Man should first have done,
 He did not, as was fit, sit down;
 Thoroughly the Ground had not survey'd
 His Friends, or Strength had tri'd, or reckned up the cost.

Convertimento á Dio.

LORD, my First-fruits should have been
 brought to thee,
 Whose due I am, and all that's mine,
 By Birth-right Thou a Title hast to me,
 And by Command these Fruits are Thine;
 But Thine, or mine, neither have bin
 Offered before to Sin.

Sin came, and first conceal'd my right in Thee,
 And then usurpt what e're was mine,
 But let Redemption clear Thy Right to me,
 And then both shall again be Thine,
 Both Thine and mine, tho they have bin,
 Offered before to Sin,

In-

Instead of First-fruits, Lord, I bring to Thee,
 Th' whole Harvest, which yet is not mine,
 Thou in return shalt give Thy self to me
 And make it so, because 'tis Thine:
 Both Thine and mine, as if 't had bin,
 Neve'r offered up to Sin.

Deo Opt. Max.
S.

*Qui huc usque auxiliatus est & in futurum
 mihi Providebit.*

THIS Altar to Thy Name, Great God, I raise,
 The Pious Labour of my too late Praise:
 With Stones from Thine own sacred Quarry brought,
 Tho by my Artless Hand but rudely wrought.
 Artless and rude, tho its Traces be,
 Methinks I by it clearly see,
 My Past Supports, and Future care,
 And what of both 'is my present share,
 The Guidance of the Love Divine,
 Making me call his Pleasure mine,
 O let it in Thy Presence stand,
 Inviolable from any Hand.
 And when on it thou deignst to look,
 Write down the Votary in Thy Book.
 Who at his Foot, has his Dependance set,
 And in th' Inscription thus proclaims Thee Great;
 To God, who hitherto has helpt; my only Trust,
 And for the Future will provide, for He is Just.

Ad Psalmos, 1667.

The following Compositions and Translations are therefore here Printed by the Authors consent and allowance (suitable enough to the general Title of R I M E S, and he hopes not unbecoming his Habit, tho' done the most of them long before his Admission into Holy Orders) because they have (as to such of them at least, which he could much rather have wished lost and forgotten) by some too curious Collector of such Trifles against his will and knowledg, been already from very false Copies very falsely Published, and he is not wholly out of danger for the rest, as neither was he till now for a good number of those above, whose Copies he doubts are in many Hands.

ODE.

O D E.

Ad Passagium inducendum.

Out of
Italian of
Mr. Fr.
Petrarcha
lib. 1. can-
24. 2.

I.

O, aspettata in ciel Beata, &c.

BLEST Soul, in Heaven expected long,
(And long in Heav'n mayst Thou expected be,
Who 'art cloath'd, not loaded with Humanity,
Like others, but more Resolute, and Strong,
Of God belove'd, those briny Paths to tread,
Which from our unjoyn'd World, unto his Kingdom lead)
Look how a Western Gale,

Do's on Thy Barques spred Canvass blow,
Loos'd from the Shore long since, with hoys'd up Sail,
A better Port than what Thou leav'st to know !

The Wind is to Thy Service prest,
And from this gloomy Vale, where we complain,
Both of our own, and others Wrongs in vain,

Of Thy first Innocence possessest,
In a strait Line will drive Thee to Thy Rest,
And, whether now thou 'art bound, to the true East.

II.

Forse I devoti, &c.

'Twas, that or now the fervent Prayers
Of holy Men, re'inforced by their Tears,
Had on th' Eternal Goodness wrought ;
Or if both Prayers, and Tears were weak,
And useles Arms to stop th' Almighty Justice thought,
Not

Nor us'd, it may be, its fixt Course to break ;
 'Twas that of His meer Love alone,
 Heav'n's Sacred King, again deny'd,
 Again by 'His Murdr'ous Enemies defi'd,
 Ith' place where He in triumph Di'd,
 In pity thither did at length look down.
 He lookt, and in the generous Brest,
 Of holy *Charles* revenge inspir'd ;
 Revenge, which was too long desir'd,
 Revenge, whose lingring *Europe* did infest,
 But only to be greater was a while deferr'd.
 Thus would He help his Spouse belov'd,
 And of a War just Heav'n approv'd,
 The bare report found *Babylon* thoughtful, lest her mov'd.

III.

Chiunque alberga 'tra Garonna, &c.

All, who between the *Alps* and *Garoone* dwell,
 Twixt *Rhodanus*, and *Rbene*, and the salt Sea,
 The Christian Armies with their Banners swell ;
 Whole *Spain*, that Jealous ever us'd to be
 Of others Honour, to the Camp does come,
 Leaving the *Pirenes* behind, to guard its empty Home.

Britain, and all the Isles that lie,
 From th' *Orcades* extremity,
 To where the Straits do *Afric* bound,
 With all where e're is found
 But the first Traces of the Gospels found,
 Various in Garb, various in Arms and Speech,
 Charity does to th' high Impress provoke, or else beseech.
 And worthier her, what could be ever done,
 Or who has e're so just a War begun ?
 Not *Menelaus* for his Wife, nor *Minos* for his Son.

IV. *Vna*

I V.

Una parte del mondo è, &c.

Up in the North midst Winter, and thick Snow,
 Beyond the Suns auspicious Ray,
 Where Clouds and Storms mete out the short liv'd Day,
 Is bred a Nation, which did never know
 Peace, and her Charms, or if it did, but as a Foe;
 Who ne're were heard, or Wounds to flie, or Pain,
 Or of Deaths Icy Fetters to complain,
 That were their Country to upbraid, and Birth to stain.

These, more devout grown than of old,
 With *German* rage, have of the Sword tane hold.

Turks, Arabs, Saracens, and the shame
 They go against of Heathen Deities,

Only to know were to despise,
 As fit but with their Blood, their bordring Sea anew to
 A People naked, timo'rous, ignorant of War, (name.

That ne're strook blow, but from a far,
 And only with their Arrows wound the bloodless Air.

V.

Dunque hora è 'l tempo, &c.

Now is the time, from our too patient Neck,
 That ancient Yoke, wherewith we' are gall'd, to break,
 And from our Eyes the Vail to lay aside,
 Which both the Ene'mies weakness, and our strength does
 And now, my Friend, is an occasion seen, (hide.

Wherein you may those Virtues show,
 Which part from Heav'n you have, and part have gaind
 The Trophies of your Tongue, and learned Pen (below;
 Nor will it longer any Wonder be,

Tho

Thou you of *Orpheus*, and *Amphion* read,
 Whose Songs tam'd Beasts, and Stones did lead,
 When of your own a greater Miracle you see,
 And Men more Deaf, and Salvager than they,
 Led by your Skill, go where you point the Way.
 When *Italy*, awak'ned by the sound
 Of your loud Voice, and all her Sons around,
 Rise from their sleep, expecting that bright Day,
 When they may get him Laurels, who with Thorns was
 Ne're had that Aged Mother yet, (Crownd.
 An opportunity so fair, her Sons a cause more great.

V I.

Tu c' hai per arricchir, &c.

Thou, who to' enrich the Treasure of thy Brain,
 Hast many a flying Roll turn'd o're,
 Of th' present Times, and those that went before,
 And on those Wings to Heav'n aloft dost soar,
 Seeing the Fates of Empires all beneath Thee plain;
 Full well Thou know'st how in the *Roman* State,
 From the first Day that *Mars* his Son,
 In Blood laid its Foundation,
 Till great *Augustus*, who thrice entred the triumphal Gate,
Rome of Blood was ever free,
 And for the Wrongs her Alleys bore,
 Without regret that Sacrifice could see:
 And shall she now more sparing be,
 When stricter Bands, and sacred Piety,
 Expect, and challenge more,
 Her Saviour to revenge, and Sepulcher to restore?
 What help can Nature yield, or Art,
 Or what faint hopes inforce the Enemies part,
 When from Christ's Hand is thrown the first & fatal Dart?

VII. *Pon*

VII:

Pon mente al temerario, &c.

Think of Proud *Xerxes* bold design,
Who to approach and tread our Shore
Europe and *Asia*, with a Bridg did joyn,
And Seas an Outrage bore,
Which Rivers only felt unwillingly before.

The *Persian* Dames, who thought to Greet
Their Husbands Victo'ries, and their Conquests meet,
At their o're-throw confounded stood,
In Black they Mourn'd, and th' *Hellefont* triumph'd in
Nor is't this Naval Victory alone, (Blood.

Which like Success does promise you;
But the unlucky *Marathon*,
To th' Father so, as *Thermopyle* was to the Son;
When brave *Leonidas*, with but a few,
Maintain'd those Straits, and like a Lion flew,
Or Eagle on the Prey, and did more than Subdue.

With thousand Histories more,
Which you my Friend, have heard and read, and treasur'd
Wherefore the least which you can do, (up in store.
Devoutly is that God to Praise,
Who for such happy Times, and hopes has cast your Days.

Comiato.

To *Rome* long since, and *Tyber's* Streams,
Petrarch this Ode, when his, did recommend;
To *London* now, and the more honour'd *Thames*,
Since thus made mine, I it abroad will send,
(Where more judicious Spi'rits its numbers will attend.)

And

And thence whole *Christendome* invite,
 All other Wars being thrown aside,
 In vain 'twixt Brethren for false Glory often tri'd,
 In an Eternal League to' unite,
 And where the true may be 'easier gain'd, with Infidels
 1668. (to fight.

A Greater CHARLES too, I say I will guide.

O D E.

Out of
Italian or
Fr. Pt.
trach. l. 1.
Canz. 12.

To the Right Reverend Father in God GEORGE
 Lord Bishop of Winton, my very good Lord.

I.

Una Donna piu bella.

A FAIR, and Vertuous Dame,
 Bright as the Mid-day Sun, but more Divine,
 My tender Age first overcame,
 And made me to her part my Fortunes joyn.
 With thoughts uncommon she my Mind inspir'd,
 Then gave me Words their Image to express,
 Whilst the dull World judg'd me to sloth inclin'd,
 Or piti'd, (which was worse) my Unhappiness,
 (For such it counts those gifts, which Heav'n-born Souls
 Through thousand ways she was my guide, (possess.)
 And changing still from what I was,
 Tho her fair Eyes she with a Vail did hide,
 I felt their Influence through my Liver pass;
 So that for love of her I 'have undergone
 Such Hardships, and such Risques have run,
 That if at last I shall arrive

H h

At

At th' happy Port, I hope to live
Beyond the power of Death, an Age, which She can give.

II.

Questa mia Donna.

'Twas many a Year, that thus She led me on,
Big with Conceit, and Youthful Fire;
For trial, as I since have known,
If I'd prove constant to my first desire,
Shewing me now her Mantle, Shade, or Vest,
But to my Fancy leaving all the rest:
With which yet well enough content,
My Youth I in her Service spent
So pleasantly, that I can scarce the Time repent.
At length, prevail'd on by my Prayers,
My Importunity, and Tears,
Her Glories She was pleas'd to show;
But then how little was't that I before did know?
" 'Twas midnight with me sure, I said, till now.
And with the sight there rose a storm of Cares,
Amaz'd I at the Vision stood,
Wist in my Arms, what yet I fear'd too good,
A Flame was in my Heart, and Ice was in my Blood.

III.

Ma non me'l tolse la paura.

In this Surprize the heat I felt within
Gave me new Courage, and did make me bold;
Whilst the chil Fetters, which did hold
My Captive Powers, to loosen did begin,
And nearer I approacht to 'admire her Beauties yet un-
I came, and gazing stood, when she (seen.
Turn-

Turning to mine her Heav'nly Face,
 "Now, Friend, that I am Fair, said, you may see,
 "Possibly Fairer than you ghest I was,
 "I'm sure more Powerful, for what ever now
 "Behits your Years but ask, and I'll bestow.
 "'Tis a long time, Fair One, I said,
 "That on you only have I placed my love,
 "The Joys of which I here most truly prove,
 "With Air before, and empty Shadows fed;
 "But now so strangely smitte'n, that to require
 "Ought but your Pleasure, were my' own ruine to desire.
 With a Voice then, and look Divine,
 Which chase'd my Fears, and did my Hope refine,
 In this most gracious Speech, she answer'd mine.

IV.

Rado fu al mondo, &c.

"In your mad World, and its Impertinence,
 "'Tis rare, but when my Worth is heard,
 "The veriest Stock has felt some little sense,
 "And my just Service for a time prefer'd:
 "In love to me, and my rewards would burn;
 "Only my cruel Enemy,
 "That seeks what e're I build to overturn,
 "Quenches the Flames I kindle with mine Eye,
 "And makes all Vertue die;
 "Promising largely, what he ne're can grant,
 "Those Pleasures, and that ease he crys my Subjects want.
 "But Love, my Friend, has said so much of you,
 "And all he said I find so true,
 "That you henceforth my Charge shall be,
 "Unsought for Honours both to Gain, and Merit too.
 "One of my choicest Friends I'll stile you now,

H h 2

"And,

"And as to such, a Fairer Lady show,
 "Than me you 'admire, where you more richly may your
 (Love bestow.

V.

I 'voles dir, &c.

That can ne're be, I was about to say,
 "When look she added to that Gallery,
 ('Twas a large Terrace rais'd on High)
 "And if you can my words deny!
 "Such Beauties are not seen by all, nor every Day.
 I lookt, but strait inclin'd my Head,
 With Wonder struck, and sacred Dread;
 I lookt again, and felt within,
 A new, and greater Flame begin:
 Which as she saw her Railliery thus she drest,
 "I well enough know where-about you are,
 "And as the Sun, when he doth first appear,
 "Makes every Star its twinkling ray develt,
 "Perceive my Eyes now seem less bright,
 "Since thus obscur'd by 'a greater Light;
 "Tho to be hers, you need not me to leave,
 "For to us both one Seed and Birth did being give,
 "She as the Elder first, then I did mine receive.

VI.

Ruppesti in tanto, &c.

A Strain so sweet my Tongue unloos'd,
 And fearing now no more the Shame
 I had conceiv'd, upon my hasty Flame,
 Least my first Love should deem her self abus'd,
 Thus I repli'd: "If this be true
 ("And who dare doubt it once, since said by you)
 "Thrice

"Thrice happy Father, and thrice happy Day,
 "In which you two into the World were brought!
 "And such from hence shall all that time be thought,
 "Which others tell I' have fondly thrown away.

"'Tis now my Trouble more,
 "Than e're it was my Joy before,
 "That I reacht here so late, or did no sooner stray.
 "But if I'm worthy, and 'tis fit to show
 "Of your Condition more than what I know,
 "A greater Honour you to none can ever do,
 Looking me then to th' very Heart,
 And with her Eye engraving there,
 What e're she spake, in a deep Character,
 Fixt and Compos'd she thus resum'd her part.

VII.

Si come piacque, &c.

"Know then, 'twas our Eternal Father's Will,
 "That we, like Him, should both Immortal be;
 "But what 's all that to you the while?
 "Wretches enamour'd of your Slavery,
 "For whom 'twere better, that the fault were ours,
 "Of all the disrespect we find, than that 'tis only yours.
 "Court'd and Lov'd we were of Old,
 "But now to such a Pass reduc'd,
 "That she to Heav'n, and Contemplation us'd,
 "Has taken Flight to reach her ancient hold:
 "I stay'd behind a while, but have been so abus'd,
 "That thither too I ll-'scape e're long,
 "And only where she gives the ground, inspire the Song:
 "For of my self I'm but her empty shade.

Then turning as about to go,
 "But first receive as both our Gift, she said,
 "This Wreath, which we for you together made!

H h 3

And

And with her Hands she bound
Immortal Bays, my Temples all around.

Comiato.

To *FERNHAM*, Song, I'd have thee go,
Where thy great Patron at first sight will know
Both what's thy Sense, and Mystery;
Nor need'st thou Him, as thou must others show,
When they ask who these Virgins be,
That one is sacred *POESY*,
Th' other the Heav'nly Maid, *THEOLOGY*:
With whom thy Master long since deep in Love,
And destitute of Friends,
The fair One in his Suit to move,
Thee on the Message to his Palace sends.
Only remember thou his Leisure wait,
And nor intrude too soon, nor stay too late!
If He says thou art none of mine,
And so to *Petrarch* more incline,
Tell him our Thoughts were equal, as our Fate;
And that there lacks one Spirit to Write, and to Translate.
1668.

Sonnet of the same.

Ad promotionem in S. S. Ordines.

PRepare thy Chariot, Love, and heaviest Chain,
That for my Muses Sister, this for me,
For I at length have got the Victory,
And loaded thus must grace her pompous Train!
I'm

I'm Conqueror, and the Arms, which did obtain
 The mighty Spoil, were Importunity,
 Freedom renounc'd, and sacred Vows to be
 Her Slave, o're whom I should the Victory gain.
 Mysterious War! yet since thou dost delight,
 Great Love, thy Sov'raignty to exercise
 In such unheard of Contrarieties,
 Lo! how I suit my entrance to the Fight:
 The Victor is in Chains led Captive Home,
 And she in Triumph Rides, who was o'recome.

O D E.

The Apology.

I.

Quel antiquo mio, &c.

Out of
Italian of
Mr. Fr.
Petrarcha
lib. 2. can-
24. 7.

CITING my old, and cruel Master, Love,
 Before that Queen, which holds our part Divine,
 And first descending from the Seats above,
 Ith' Brain enthron'd with Heavenly Light does shine,
 I shew'd my self like Gold, by Flames made fine.

Loaded I came, with Horror, Grief, and Fear,
 Those heavy Chains my Jaylor on me laid,
 As is 'a Wretch, who begs his Judg to hear,
 Tho Self-condemn'd, and of pale Death afraid,
 I bow'd to th' Bar, and all in Tears thus said:

"In an ill Hour, Great Queen, I toucht the Land
 "Of this false Prince, where Rage, and Pride command;

H h 4

"And

"And where, even from a Youth, I underwent
 "Such different Torments, that with Pain quite spent,
 "My Life seem'd more a burden than delight,
 "And Patience was o'recome, tho next to Infinite.

II.

Così 'l mia tempo, &c

"In Pains, and Anguish, spending thus my Age,
 "How many Seasons did I, Fool, despise,
 "My self in Noble Studies to engage,
 "Whereby in Wealth I might, and Honour rise,
 "Deceiv'd of both by empty Flatteries?
 "But where's the Wit that can such Words command,
 "And at its pleasure fit Expressions call,
 "That others may my Miseries understand,
 "And how I'm just to implead this Criminal?
 "How little Hony has Love, and how much Gall!
 "I tasted both, but both were temper'd so,
 "The sweet above, the bitter lay below;
 "Seducing to fond Amours by surprize,
 "A Soul, if I mistake not, made to rise,
 "And up in Heav'n Exalted look more fair:
 "Nor did Love only brake my Peace, but rais'd new
 War.

III.

Questi m' ha fatto, &c.

"My God, I'm sure, He less has made me love,
 "Ten thousand times less than a Creature ought;
 "Nor could I to my self more faithful prove,
 "While for a Mistress I by him was brought,
 "To slight compar'd with her all other thought.
 "Love was my Counsellor, that Enemy,
 Whom

"Whom here I charge, who 'exciting my desire,
 "Whilst all in vain I for Repose did cry,
 "Permitted me no leisure to respire,
 "But to assuage the burning brought more Fire.
 "(Alas!) what profit's it to have a mind
 "By Heav'ns best Gifts, and purest Flame refin'd,
 "Since tho my Hairs, through Age I'm changing still,
 "I ne're, O, ne're can change my' unruly Will;
 "Become to this fierce One so much a Slave,
 "By use, that it were Death my Liberty to have !

I V.

Cercar m' ba fatto, &c.

"Strange Coasts he' has made me seek, and Forraign
 "And thousand Perils blindly undergo ; (Lands,
 "Sometime by Robbers, sometime rolling Sands,
 "Ready to be devour'd, rude Manners know,
 "And Pilgrim like no Guide my way to show.
 "Mountains I 'have past, and Vales, rough Storms, and
 "Treading on Snares, too close to be descry'd ; (Seas,
 "And in my wandrings, stranger than all these,
 "Have Winter seen on th' Wings of Summer ride,
 "With Dangers only running by my side.
 "But nor him, nor my other Enemy,
 "Could I by flight escape, or secrecie ;
 "So that with Death if I unconquer'd strove,
 "The thanks are Heav'ns, and none belong to Love.
 "This tyran Love, who by my Grief revives,
 "Feeds on my Pain, and by my Torment only lives.

V.

Poi che suo fui.

"Not one free Hour, since his, have I enjoy'd,
 "Nor hope to 'enjoy; eve'n sleep from the sad Night
 "Is bannisht, and my former rest destroy'd;
 "In vain by Herbs, or Charms, I seek my right,
 "For what by Fraud he 'has got, he keeps by Might.
 "Usurping Tyrant! and he knows 'tis true,
 "When I add further, my just Charge to swell,
 "The Darkness only did my Pain renew,
 "Nor wanted I, oft heard, times Passing-Bell,
 "Who by my Groans the weary Hours could tell.
 "What more? Gnawing he in my Brest does lie,
 "And long sought Death, does to th' assault descie;
 "Hence flow my Tears, and hence my Flames arise,
 "Hence my Complaints, and all those dolorous Sighs,
 "With which my self I tire, and others too,
 "Great Queen, who knowst us both, between us Justice
 (do!

VI.

Il mio Adversario.

I spake — but Love all in a rage reply'd,
 "Now t'other part, Great Queen, be pleas'd to hear!
 "The Truths which this Ingrate has sought to hide,
 "I to your Clemency will make appear,
 "And Sentence, till I 'have spoken too, forbear!
 "Know then this Wretch, with Mercenary Breath,
 "Not Words alone, but Lyes had learnt to sell;
 "Till I his Youth reclaim'd, and from that Death,
 "Whither he was hasting, brought him sound, and well,
 "In pure Delights, fore 'gainst his Will to dwell.

"I

"I was his Guide, by me he first arriv'd
 "At th' happy Port, where he has safely liv'd;
 "And this he grieves, this he calls Misery,
 "And all those unfought Favours shown by me;
 "A Fame, which by his Birth he ne're had gain'd,
 "Till I who rais'd his Wit, that Honour too obtain'd.

VII.

Ei sa che'l grande Atride.

"He knows that *Menelaus*, and *Achilles* too,
 "And *Anibal*, and a greater than all these,
 "The mighty *Scipio* I did once subdue,
 "And after all their Wars, enslav'd in Peace,
 "Giving them Waiting-Maids for Mistresses.
 "But for him Wretch, a Love so sacred chose,
 "And of a Million so beyond compare,
 "That Heav'n alone such sublim'd Beauties knows,
 "This World has nothing half so bright, or fair,
 "Not *Rome* it self, tho its *Lucrece* were there.
 "Nor was this all, but gave withal a Voice,
 "And of Harmonious Numbers so great choice,
 "Such skill to Sing, that nothing base, or low,
 "E're reacht his Thoughts, except his Malice now.
 "These my Deceits were, these my Flatteries,
 "For which I'm charg'd, which other would as Honours
 (prize.

VIII.

Questo fu il fel, &c.

"This was the Gall, these the Disdains and Ire,
 ("Favours too great to be so soon forgot")
 "By which I kindled the most sacred Fire;
 "But

"But see the Blaze my Labour answers not,
 "Who for a thankless Man thus long have wrought.
 "If under me he has the Skill attain'd,
 "To Ravish all, who do his Numbers hear,
 "If with the Good, he such Respect has gain'd,
 "And with the Great, that to' him they Deference bear,
 "How high so e're he Soar'd, I fixt him there.
 "Till now perchance some servile Wretch he' had been,
 "A Brawler at some Bar, without esteem;
 "But I first rais'd him, made him first be known,
 "Nor were those Arts he Riots in, his own,
 "But in my School he first procur'd the Grace,
 "And then from her, who next me his great Mistress was.

I X.

E per dir al extremo, &c.

"Yet last of all, hear his grand Slavery,
 "And you will think he' has reason to complain:
 "From thousand Chains of Vice I set him free,
 "By Her, whose Favour he could never gain
 "By any Act, which had the smallest stain.
 "Temp'rate, and Modest in design and deed,
 "Since a Liege Man of hers, he still has been;
 "Who with great thoughts his abject Soul did feed,
 "And of her self ith' Cure threw so much in,
 "That to be^r her like he did strait begin.
 "What e're he boasts then, worthy Praise or Fame,
 "From us the Spoilers of his Fortune came;
 "But ne're was Dream so wild, or humorous,
 "To it self so strange, as he has been to us;
 "For tho by us he's known to God, and Man,
 "The Happiness he or repents, or does disdain.

X. *Anchor*

X.

Anchor & questo è qual, &c.

"There's one thing more, which all the rest out-does,
 "I gave him Plumes to mount above the Skies,
 "By Mortal things, which, to the Man who knows
 "The Learning, like a Towing Pyramid,
 "To the first Maker by degrees arise;
 "For seeing well how great, and wondrous fair,
 "Vertue in her, whom he ador'd did shine,
 "From thence he might to' himself present the Air,
 "By Heav'nly Vision, of the Cause Divine,
 "As himself sings, and proves this Charge of mine.
 "But I'm forgot now, and with me that Dame
 "I gave him, to support his Life, and Fame.
 Whereat I thriekt, and answer'd, tho in pain:
 "Well might he give, who took her soon again.
 "Not I, but God, from whom She first did come,
 "He smartly turn'd, with him would have her live at
 1967. (Home.

X I.

Al fin ambo, &c.

— Then pressing both to th' Bar,
 I trembling, clamorous he, and over rude,
 Both of us did in one Request conclude:
 "Great Queen, we wait what Sentence you will give.
 On both she smil'd, but did us both deceive;
 "Pleas'd with your Pleadings are we, she reply'd,
 "But it requires more time your Difference to decide.

B A L-

BALLAD.

Prophane Love.† Out of
Spanish.

LOVE is a Net, and Love's a Snare,
 A Thief disguis'd is Love ;
 Poyson below, Honey above,
 A Serpent under Flowers most fair,
 Fatal as Death, whose bitings are :
 A Whirl-pool founded ne're to be,
 And a foul Sea from Tempests never free.

Love is a Lion robb'd of his Prey,
 A Wolf with Famine pin'd ;
 Love is a Fortrefs undermin'd,
 A Fire, whose flames no Floods allay ;
 Flattery, which does our Life betray ;
 A Labrinth pleasant to the Eye,
 But without Clew to guide the Wand'rer by.

Love is a Rock of Ambushments,
 A weeping Crocodile ;
 A Syrene us'd to Sing, and Spoil,
 And all the Lovers false Contents,
 Are Frauds which he too late repents :
 Love's an incurable Disease,
 And War eternal mid vain boasts of Peace.

*Dirupisti, Domine, vincula mea,
 Tibi hostiam laudis Sacrificabo !*

SON.

S O N N E T.

*Out of
Spanish.**Loves Exaltation.*

ENLARGE Thy flight, Love, said I, and on high
 Raise my dull Soul, those Beauties to admire,
 Which in the Heav'nly Treasuries do lie,
 And Mortal Brests with holy Flame inspire!
 Shew me the Spring of that Celestial Fire,
 Design'd our Earthy Drofs to purifie,
 But after which in vain below we' enquire,
 Who sit down ith' warm Sun of a fair Eye!
 So up he rais'd me, but no Tongue can tell,
 What I in Rapturous Vision did behold:
 My Love I found was Pure, and made me bold:
 This only I remember very well,
 So high we soar'd, till on an Arch above,
 I saw inscrib'd, SACRED TO HEAVENLY
 (LOVE.

O D E.

O D E.

The Thoughts.

I.

Pvo pensando, &c.

Out of the
Italian of
Fr. Pet-
trach, l. 1.
Canz. 21.

FULL of strange Thoughts, and pensive as I go,
A tenderneſs, which to my ſelf I owe,
So ſtrongly does my Mind aſſail,
And ſo inſenſibly prevail,
That all in Tears I flow,
But for my own miſfortune now,
And not anothers Cruelty, as I was wont to do.
For ſeeing every Day my end draw nigh,
A thouſand times of God I've begg'd thoſe Wings,
With which from this lewd World, and Mortal things,
Th' unpinion'd Soul to Heav'n does flie;
And beg ſtill, but he does the Grace deny.
And tho I Sigh, and Grieve, and Pray,
That Happineſs does countermand;
But reaſon 'tis, that he, who will not upright ſtand,
When 'tis in his own Power, or wilfully muſt ſtray,
Low as the Earth ſhould lie, and never find his way.
I ſee, 'tis true, th' Eternal Arms extended wide,
But my own Fear, and others Fate,
Who have deferr'd till 'twas too late,
Make me tremble at my preſent ſtate.
Another Tyran too beſide,
Whom oft to throw, in vain I oft have try'd,
Furiouſly ſpurs me on. (Ah!) Whither will he ride?

II. *L'un*

II.

L'un pensier parla, &c.

But (Lo!) what thoughts my mind assault,
And how to it thus One roundly says;

"Why, foolish Thing, why these delays?

"What lookt-for Succour causes such an Alt?

"Seest thou not how the winged Minutes pass,

"And add more Years to thy Disgrace,

"And yet thy help as far to seek, as e're it was?

"Take, rather take thy last Farewel,

"And do it quickly; every Root destroy

"Of fruitless Pleasure, which couldst thou enjoy

"In its Perfection, for it thou must sell

"Thy Soul, and Liberty, and in an hurry dwell.

"But since thou ne're canst that expect,

"And in the toilsome quest art tir'd,

"Of whatso much admired,

"Yet which the glozing World, when it does thee neg-
"May to an He as ill deserving give, (lect,

"Why as fixt here dost thou live,

"And midst rude Wars, and giddy Vanity,

"Hope for Peace and Constancy?

"Now while thou mayst dare to be Wise!

"In thine own Land keep fast the Rein!

"And since thou must begin again,

"Stop, and turn back, the Road behind thee lies.

"Tis hazardous thou knowst too long to stay,

"And till to Morrow leave, what's better done to Day.

III.

Gia fai tu ben, &c.

"Long since Thou hast been taught, nor art thou now
 "To learn, what Happinels, and Content,
 "From the fairest Eyes are sent
 "To 'n Heart, that does the Charms of Beauty know.
 "But what think'st Thou both had been,
 "What Thy Content, and Happinels,
 "The greater Glory, and the less,
 "If those fair Eyes had ne're been seen,
 "And in their stead another Flame had entred in ?
 "Thou well remembrest, (and 'tis well thou dost)
 "How their Image seiz'd thee first,
 "And thy Heart like Lightning pierc'd,
 "Where it was so much Lord of all the Coast,
 "So fatally did overcome,
 "That none for other Loves it left, scarce for it self had
 "With that thou first wert set on fire, (room.
 "And if its wild fallacious heat,
 "Has held thee many Years with vain desire,
 "And expectation of what ne're was yet,
 "Nor er'e may come, (that joyful Day
 "Which should thy Mis'ries end, and largely for thy
 "("For none so filily themselves undo (waiting pay.)
 "As Lovers, and so thanklessly if Poets too)
 "Why dost thou not to a better hope thy Soul advance,
 "And Heav'n's Immortal Glories view ?
 "For if one Smile, one pleasing Glance,
 "A Song dear purchas'd, one kind word or two,
 "The price of Love can here enhance,
 "What will those Heavenly Beauties do ;
 "And how great must the Pleasure be above,
 "Where they do ever Sing, and where they ever Love!

IV. D.

IV.

De l'altra parte.

On tother side, a different thought,
 With a sharp, but pleasing pain,
 Of Hope and Fear together wrought,
 Makes me love it, but complain.
 For while with Hope it feeds my Heart,
 And profers Fame to crown desert,
 The Fear I can despise, and dare the cruel smart.
 Insensible it almost renders me,
 Of all but its dear self insensible,
 The effects of Study I ne're feel
 How hot or cold, how pale so e're I be;
 Nor will one Death to kill 't suffice,
 One Death to end its Tyrannies,
 Since throughly slain, it does with greater vigor only rise.
 When but a Child, as a Child with me it plaid,
 Just like my self, and as I grew encrease;
 Nor will 't I fear permit me any rest,
 Till in one Tomb we be together laid.
 Dead with my Body, there 'twill lie,
 Nor any further with me go;
 And then what signifies this Fame, if I
 Its best Report can never know?
 Since there must once a parting be,
 And away the Shade will flee
 For the true substance I'll leave it, e're that leave me.

V.

Ma quel' altro voler.

But (Oh!) that Passion like my Soul,
 Which in each part is all, and all ith' whole,
 And as a great, and spreading Root,
 To' it self the moisture draws, and starves the Ground a-
 How does it Vex, and Torture me, (bout,
 When I my Pride, and Folly see,
 My Ignorance, and Vanity,
 Of others writing still, so mindless of my self to be!
 Those Eyes I mean, whose heavy Chain,
 My captive Will does so restrain,
 That Art and Force to break it I employ in vain.
 What then, tho my spread Sails are fill'd,
 And that prepar'd I for the Voyage am,
 If yet my Barque midst Rocks is held,
 By two such Cables, Love, and Fame?
 But Thou, my God, who from those other Bands,
 With which the sottish World's held fast,
 Long since my freedom Ransom'd hast;
 Why hear not these Thy great Commands,
 And loose the Pris'ner, who with shame confounded
 Abasht I stand, and like a Man at Night, (stands?
 Assaulted in his Dreams, with Deaths grim sight,
 Fain would resist, but want both words to speak, and Arms
 (to fight,

V I.

Quel ch' i' fo veggio, &c.

I well enough know what I ought to do,
 Nor does the Ignorance of what is true,
 At all deceive me; but this Love,

With

With which so miserably I am oppress'd,
 Tho all his, and my 'own Follies I reprove,
 Too much, and much too long of me possess'd,
 Permits me not one step to move,
 And the true Honours shiny Path intend above.
 Yet now and then there does begin,
 Something, I know not what, to strive within;
 A cruel and severe Disdain,
 Thus for ever to remain,
 And where of all it may be read again,
 This secret thought writes in my Forehead plain.

"What can more unmorally be,

"The Man, who does to th' fairest Prize aspire,

"Than towards Mortal things to be on fire,

"With the same Flame that only fits the City?"

Nor does it thus alone, but cries aloud

To my Reason, drawn aside,

And behind my Senses hid;

Reason obeys, and strait condemns what it allow'd.

But as I'm thinking back to go,

Custom does, or make me stay,

Or leads me to some other way;

I gaze, and that does show

The brightest Eyes, e're shon below,

But born alas for my incurable Disease,

For too much me, too much their cruel selves they please

VII.

Ne sō cōspatio mi, &c.

How long, or short the space may be,
 Which when into this World I first came down,

By Heav'n's Arrest was granted me,

To undergo Wars misery,

And all those pains, which from my self have grown,

I know as little, as I do the Time,
 When this wretched Life shall end;
 For both are Mysteries too sublime,
 And Mortal knowledg far transcend.
 But this I know, and daily find,
 That all without, and all within
 My Body's chang'd, and so's my Mind.
 Gray Hairs appear, nor is th' End far behind
 When to approach these Harbingers begin.
 Like a Man therefore, who much Ground and Day has
 But wiser made at length by his cost. (lost
 I'm thinking oft to take the Right Hand way,
 Where I see my Journey lay,
 And which when first I left, I first began to stray:
 But Grief and Shame to have truanted so long,
 Hold my one half, Pleasure does t'other seize,
 Pleasure through Custome grown so strong,
 That it with Death dare stand on terms for War or Peace.

Comiato.

SONG, thou seest me as I am,
 And me more than thou *Petrarch* sawst of old,
 With an Heart than Ice more cold,
 Ne're to be thaw'd I fear by any Flame,
 But that which in 'its embrace the Universe shall hold.
 Yet (Lo!) I am resolv'd again,
 Once more the great Experiment to try,
 Tho ne're liv'd Man in so much pain,
 With Death, or in his Heart, or Eye.
 But this my Trouble does renew,
 That what I would, I cannot do,
 And what I hate and would not, that I vigorously
 1668. (pursue.

SON-

SONNET.

*Convertimento a Dio.**Io son sistanto sotto 'l, &c.*

Out of
Italian of
Mr. Fr.
Petrarc.
Sonnet 59.

TIR'D, and almost or'ecome with th' heavy weight,
Of my old Sins, by Custome grown so strong,
I'm fearful, lest Lives way being rough and long,
I from it turn, by my own, or Foes deceit.
I have a Friend 'tis true, that from Heav'ns height,
Came down to free me, and redress my Wrong,
Of love he came, but quickly 'amidst the throng
I lost him, whose return in vain I wait;
Upwards he flew, and flying thus did cry,
"Burd'ned and weary Souls, behold your Way
"Hither, come hither to me, and find Rest!
What Grace, what Love, my Lord, what Destiny,
Will give me a Doves wings, on which I may
Mount from this Earth, and be of Heav'n possesst?

SONNET,

*To the same Purpose.**Poi che voi & io piu volte, &c.*

Out of the
same Petr.
Sonnet 76.

SINCE you and I, my Friend, so oft have prov'd,
How false our Hopes, and full of Vanity,
To that best Good at length thy Heart apply,
Which still the more 'tis known, the more 'tis lov'd!

The present Life 's a Field, till thus improv'd,
 In which midſt Flowers an hidden Snake does lie,
 And tho its Verdure pleaſe the wanton Eye,
 Death from th' unwary Foot 's not far remov'd.
 Would you then have a Mind at laſt ſecure,
 And endleſs Joys, in which thou mayſt perſever,
 Follow the Few, to them thy Steps inure,
 And all thou canſt to leave the moſt endeavour!
 Brother, you teach well, but yourſelf firſt ſure,
 Who oft have ſtray'd, yet more of late than ever.

SONNET.

*To the now Mrs. M. W. under the feigned Name
 of Iſarma, with the Parable of the Pilgrim.*

ATEDIOUS Age, I like this Pilgrim ſpent,
 In ſearch of' that fair Place, where Heav'n deſign'd,
 I ſhould an end of all my Travels find;
 But ſtill I ſtray'd the more, the more I went,
 I ſtray'd till *Clelia* in a Viſion ſent
 Illuſtrious Rays, diffus'd o're all my Mind,
 And made me ſee the Way lay far behind,
 Whoſe entrance was my Wandrings to Repent,
 She told me what Companions I ſhould take,
 How Reſolution and Humility,
 And Faith and Charity I ſhould provide,
 If I a proſperous Journey hope'd to make.
 But where dear *Clelia* do theſe Graces lie?
Iſarma has them all, make her your Guide.

1666.

SON.

SONNET.

To the Reverend Mr. J. G.

TO GOD, it is, my Friend, and you I owe,
 What I have been the twenty Years that last,
 In various Changes o're my Head have past,
 And forty more, if Heav'n shall on me throw ;
 How good so e're I by that time may grow,
 (For Great I wish not, and who makes less haste ?)
 To your account shall be at th' Audit plac'd,
 Who Virtues Path by few trod, mad'ft me know,
 And timely didst my wandring Youth reclaim,
 By Grave Advice, tho not so reckoned then,
 (The more my Folly) how e're it has been since ;
 But when the Spirit Divine to blow begins,
 What Boys we scorn'd, we follow close grown Men,
 And the kind Warner have in greatest Fame.

SONNET.

On the Picture of our LORD, represented
 on the Crofs as Dead.

Pictoso quanto accorto, &c.

The Hint
 out of the
Italian of
Marino.

SOMETHING there was, Great Master, more than
 That Thou the Pencils Wonders to express, (chance
 And therein Thy more wonderful Hands address,
 Tookst my Dead Lord, the Colours to advance.

Pity

Pity directed Thee that Choice to make,
And (having in Thy Pious Brest design'd,
To shew how rude the *Jews*, Thy Self how kind)
His Pale and Lifeless Form resolve to take,
'Twas nobly done ; for hadst Thou made him breathe,
Ever in Torment he had seem'd to live,
And from Thy Hands a greater Wound receive.
Than all their Cruelty contriv'd in his Death,
For such Thy Picture is, now he enclines his Head,
That he would Groan, and Speak, but that he's Dead.

St. Paul done by Titian.

Out of Italian.

A Madrigal.

DEAD to the World, and far from Heav'n remov'd,
Long'd for by him so much, and so much lov'd
The blessed *Paul*, while here,
Did really as Dead appear,
But in Thy Colours, *Titian*, looks so warm and clear:
So Mortifi'd, and yet so full of Life,
That the most curious need not be at strife,
But confidently swear,
If they could both together see,
The true with this design'd by Thee :
(Such breathing Strokes do from Thy Pencil fall)
Live *Paul*'s the Draught, Thy Draught the living *Paul*.
1668.

SON-

SONNET.

The Vanity of thinking to get Fame by Riming.

WHAT dost Thou, Man, what thinkst Thou, to what
Of old Bards emulous, and their ancient Praise, (end
In Riming spendst Thou all Thy Strength and Days,
Nor ever what's of more concern intend?
Fame which Thou courtest never did commend
Of true Desert, or if she does, delays
Till 'it be too late; no Monument does raise
But to along since dead, or dying Friend.
And Thou, if Thou desir'st that Friend to be,
What art the better for it in the Grave,
Thither Thy Fame will never follow Thee,
Nor with the Dead shalt Thou more Honour have
For Verse, than if Thou Verse hadst never known,
The Living will not, Dead can give Thee none.

SONNET.

To give o're Riming, and fall to Business.

AS I one Day did of my Fate complain,
And to Loves Charge the great Occasion laid,
Recounting all the Ways I had assay'd
A Name, or Fortune in the World to gain,
And still to obtain it strive, but all in vain.
Ah! sottish Wretch, with Rage and Scorn, he said,
Me

Me with Thy Artless Follies to upbraid,
 When Thou alone art cause of all Thy Pain.
 Go, and to Business, Man Thy self present,
 Business, the noblest Mistress tho' it be late,
 Who many Servants has, and more will take,
 Riming and Modesty ne're got Estate,
 Or Name, or Fortune, 'tis the Confident
 And Busie carry' all.— Love I did mistake.

O D E.

*To the Right Reverend Father in God JOHN,
 late Lord Bishop of Chester, upon
 his Promotion thither.*

I.

FAIR Seminary of the Flourishing Arts,
 Great *Wadham's* bounteous Legacy,
 The last result of Heav'n-born Charity,
 Who mounting thither from these Frozen parts,
 Design'd Thee with an high intent,
 To be both Hers, and Thy own Pious Founders Monu-
 Thee, *WADHAM*, first of all I sing, (ment,
 Where in soft Verse I learnt the early Skill,
 (Ah! that one so well Disciplin'd should rehearse so ill,
 And have for all Thy care no better Strains to bring!)
 Thee, sacred Colledg, who dost rise,
 Like a new *Sion*, to the North
 Of th' Muses City, with Thy Wings stretcht forth,
 And in their Kingdom hast her Royalties,
 (*OXFORD*, the brightest City and Kingdom, which the
 Small as thou art, but wondrous brave, (Muses have)
 Both

Both Peacefully there to Command,
 And send abroad Thy * Fathers through our Land,
 Thee, I, tho far unworthy, Greet,
 And at Thy Gates, as does a Son besit,
 To lead him to his Stall with Songs, Thy late great
 (Guardian meet.

* The
Right R.R.
Dr. SETH
Ward, Bi-
shop of Sa-
ram. Dr.
W A L-
T E R

Handford, Warden of Wadham, Bishop of Worcester. Dr. JOHN Wilkins,
Warden also of Wadham, Bishop of Chester.

II.

With Thee, my Song, in Thee this happy Man,
 Whilst only Thine, a bold Attempt began,
 Whose Fame Posterity shall ne're let die,
 But thence it self instructed how to live,
 Due Honours to the first Discoverer give,
 And Consecrate his Name to Vast Eternity.

A bold Attempt it was, worthy this Age,
 And Him, whom Heaven did with the thought Inspire,
 (Yet which this Age can ne're enough Admire,
 How full so e're of Art, and Learned Rage,)
 In Natures search alone, and bravely to engage.

At Home he sought, but there
 Only some Traces of his Footsteps were.
 For tho with Him the long Inhabited;

See

And lay in his Retreats secure,
 Seen but of few, once urg'd, could not endure
 A public Scrutiny, and at the News away she fled.
 He follow'd close, and lodg'd her in the Town;
 LONDON, that was so big, and populous grown,
 She hop'd, or there to hide, or there to pass unknown;

And midst the Multitude,
 The Noise, the Hurry, and the Crowd,
 As safely breath, as in a Solitude.

III. But

III.

But all in vain, He quickly found Her out,
 And having Summond to his Aid,
 The Wife, the Learned, and the Stout,
 (All noted Champions, and in Wars affaid)
 What was before a search to Arms Decision brought.

Levies on both Hands listd were,
 And Nature, then Attaqu't, began to fear ;
 But like a Conqueror, and ne're known to yield,
 To be Obey'd, and not Compell'd,
 Led up her Self her Troops into the Field.
 A mighty Host they made, Encamped wide,
 And with their Wings toucht Heav'n on either side.
 'Gainst which a little Party, reinforc'd

By Reason, and Experience,
 Approved Arms, for Battery, and Defence,
 Both often Try'd, and not alone Discours'd,
 Came boldly forth, and did Defiance bid ;
 But in the others shouts were drown'd, and in the others
 (Numbers hid.

IV.

And now both Sides had joyn'd the Fight,
 One to maintain, t'other their Conquests to extend ;
 When, (look !) between the Camps, a glorious light,
 The British Gardian-Angel cloath'd in Light,
 Did on an Azure Cloud descend,
 And to the baleful Quarrel with his Presence put an end.
 He came, but not ith' Shape he takes above,
 For that 's a Form too subtile, and too great,
 With its excessive Lustre Mortal Eyes did threat,
 And in his Fellow Spirits dreadful Wonder move,
 But like the Warriors to whom he was sent,
 And suiting th' Embassy, on which he went,

The

The Faith's DEFENDER, Heav'n's best Charge did re-
 In Rings of Polisht Jet, so shon his Hair, (present,
 A Colour that in Heav'n is rare,
 But yet in Heav'n admir'd, for such the Almighty Son does
 Over his glittering Arm was thrown, (wear.
 A Military Crim'som Vest;
 Close by its Brest his Sword hung down,
 And did in his Embroidered Scabard rest.
 His Left Hand held a Silver Shield,
 Charg'd with three Leopards, in a Canton of the Field.
 Two shiny Talbots in his Right he led,
 Such as are in the Heav'nly Forrests bred,
 And o're his Godlike Head,
 An Eagle her extended Wings auspiciously did spread.

V.

"Give o're, He said, give o're your Rage,
 "A better Fortune both your Arms attends;
 "Nor let it be reported, ith' next Age,
 "That furious Zeal, and unknown Ends,
 "In Civil Wars destroy'd the best and dearest Friends!
 "For such you are, and by the High Decree,
 "Shall with united force those Trophies raise,
 "Over Mankinds common Enemy,
 "Proud Ignorance, and blind Credulity,
 "As shall gain both deserved Praise, (mortal Bays.
 "And fetch from Worlds as yet unknown for both Im-
 "You NATURE, and 'tis Gods Command, not mine,
 "To these shall all your Store submit;
 "Whose Industry, with Skill shall joyn,
 "To search, Improve, and Husband it.
 "Together Reconcil'd you shall abide,
 "My CHARLES shall of his Goodness so provide,
 "Who will your FOUNDER, and your PATRON be,
 "Call you the ROYAL, and his own SOCIETY:
 "And

“And of his special Grace to th’ new Erected Company,
 “With you his rich Hereditary Coat divide,
 (“As on this Shield:) If any Doubt arise
 “In your Inquests, Lo! Heav’ns and thy Supplies,
 “These TALBOTS scent, that EAGLES Wings, and
 (Eyes.

V I.

But whither Muse, Ah! whither wilt thou rove?
 Already thou hast stray’d enough,
 And in thy wild unruly Flight,
 Forgot thy Reverend Prelate quite,
 And lost of thy first Theam the sight.
 He’s gone, but if thou haste dost make,
 And haste thou oughtst, for my sake, and thine own,
 And in his Learned Train make one,
 His Learned Train, thou quickly mayst o’retake:
 And e’re he *Chester* reach, so slow,
 So heavily his Wheels do go,
 (Yet not from His, but Friends delay,
 Who with him there, but yet with them would have him
 Be ready with the Ancient *Dee*, (stay)
 (*Dee* in praise will joyn with Thee)
 His Entrance to attend, and Installation see.

V I I.

Hail! Sacred Stream, Prophetic Flood,
 Who couldst of Old the Fates of Nations tell;
 The Fates of Nations now Thou skill’st as well,
 As when Thy Channel leaving Thou didst bode
 Their Misery, ’or their Happiness e’re either fell.
 For this ’twas that thou gotst the Name
 Of *Dee* the Holy, and Divine,
 And amongst Rivers of the loudest Fame,
 As rich in Wonders, and illustriously dost Shine.

To whom all else Renown'd,
 And with *Genial* Honours Crown'd,
 Or for their pleasant Banks, or Waters pride;
 And little Mysteries, which they're said to hide,
 All but the Starry *Thames*, above
Eridan falsely call'd, their Places yield:
 And in the Oceans boundless Field,
 where every Night they meet, in a long Row behind thee
 Worthy thou art, thrice worthy of my Song; (move.
 And worthy Thee, in all Thy Glory,
 The Man we both admire, of both expected long,
 My Numbers to advance, and to revive Thy Story.

VIII.

Till He was Thine, something there was did want,
 To render Thee compleat:
 The Colony *Rome* on thy Banks did Plant,
 Made Thee not half so great,
 Nor is it self so famous for *Agricola's*, as his Seat.
 His happy River, whose vast Spring
 Of Real Goodness, and of Learned Arts the best,
 A new increase shall to Thy Waters bring;
 Joyning with which they ne're shall rest, (begin.
 Till they those Triumphs end, which *EDGAR* on thee did
 "Well lov'd my Braves, the British Monarch cry'd,
 As at the Helm victoriously He stood,
 His Tributary Kings on either side,
 (Eight Tributary Kings at th' Oar then ply'd)
 Tugging to waft him down the Flood.
Tiber did never Day so glorious see,
 Nor could *Augustus*, in such State,
 After his *Alexandrian* Victory,
 Enter *Rome's* Triumphal Gate;
 He the Effigies had to show
 But of one Queen, and her tane, when Dead too.

K k

EDGAR

EDGAR Throned Kings had Eight,
All in their Robes, on him to wair,
And all with Crowns upon their Heads his Barge to row.

L'Envoy.

At *Chester*, Song, Thou wilt behold
The Wonders, which Thou here hast told;
But let not all Thy Time be spent,
In a search too inquisitive;
Find out the Rev'rend Father there, to whom thou'rt sent,
And humbly at his Knees receive
That Blessing, which return'd thou mayst thy Master give!
So shalt Thou into Credit grow,
And have from him that Honour, Verse on others must be.
(flow)

*To the Honourable Sir JOHN DENHAM, upon
his New Version of the Psalms.*

I.

T WAS but of late, that in our Northern Clime,
Verse, which had many Ages been a Slave,
Regain'd its freedom, and tho bound to Rime,
The Tyrans, which had humbled it, did Brave.

II.

Fetter'd before in gross Impertinence,
And by strange Monsters forc'd, it Pris'ner lay;

Whose

whose Strength was big swoln Words, and empty sense,
And all the Cheats, which Ignorance betray.

III.

To make Vile Anagrams, was its best Art,
And lewdly then to descant on the Text;
Whose Gloss was evermore the dullest part,
And all the Wit to seem, and be perplex.

IV.

Then motly Metaphors at length stole in,
And that the Poet might his Treasures boast;
Rubies and Pearls were in each couplet seen,
And a poor Sonnet would an Empire cost.

V.

But still the Sun to th' hardest Task was prest,
And wearied with his Journey all Day long,
I'th' Sea at Night enjoy'd but confus'd rest,
For less the World could want him than a Song.

VI.

These were the Vices captive Verse obey'd,
With thousand worse, to which it did submit;
Till you the Enemies weakness open laid,
And to its ancient Grandure ransom'd it.

VII.

'Twas you, great Sir, who like the Redcross Knight,
To save the Damsel Poesy, arose;

K k 2

Like

Like him did with th' Enchanted Dragon fight,
And made her Reign a Queen, amidst her Foes.

VIII.

Wit from your Pen, was quite another thing,
Than what the Ignorant imagin'd it ;
And in your manner skilfully to Sing,
More than to make rich Rimes, and Noises hit.

IX.

'Twas Manly, Grave, and full of sprit'ely Fire,
The same that it was sixteen Centuries past ;
Able the very Reader to inspire,
And whose fixt Monument shall ever last.

X.

But sacred Poesy lay all this while
Scorn'd, or Neglected, as it was before ;
As if it were no Sacrileg to spoil,
But what from God was once Robb'd, to restore.

XI.

Any thing for the Temple would suffice,
No matter how ill dress'd the Service were ;
To th' Institution it did nearer rise,
More like th' unpolisht Altar, and Goats Hair.

XII.

Waiting your help it lay, who to redeem
The Credit, which it long unjustly lost ;
Have rais'd it to a more enlarg'd esteem,
Lov'd of the best, and Courted by the most.

XIII.

From you the Jewish Psalmist has receiv'd
The latest Glory, which he could expect ;
And all, who at his barbarous Sufferings griev'd,
With Pleasure on them thus expir'd reflect.

XIV.

You were that Worthy, for whom all did look,
To' attempt, and execute this bold Design ;
Nor was there other Way, than what you took,
By Humane Poesy, to restore Divine.

XV.

For as ith' Revolutions of Great States,
Civility Religion did produce ;
The Muses Kingdoms too have born like Fates,
By' you first made Civil, then Religious.

L'Envoy.

Full often, Song, I've griev'd, thou stayd'st at Home,
Nor kifs'dst those Hands for which thou wert design'd ;
Sure hadst Thou ever to His Presence come,
The known He 'had lov'd, who to th' unknown was
1668. (kind

To Mr. Isaac Walton, Publishing the Life
of Mr. George Herbert.

O D E.

I.

HEAV'NS youngest Son, its *Benjamin*,
Divinities next Brother, Sacred Poesy,
No longer shall a Virgin reck'ned be,
(What e're with others 'tis, how e're call'd so by me)
A Female Muse, as were the Nine,
But full of Vigor Masculine,
An Essence Male, with Angels in shar'd Glories joyn
With Angels first the Heav'nly Child was bred,
And, while a Child, instructed them to Sing
The Praises of th' Immortal King,
Who Lucifer in Triumph led;
For as in Chains the Monster sank to Hell,
And tumbling Headlong down the Precipice fell,
By Him well thew'd and tutor'd well,
"How art Thou fallen, Morning Star, they said!
Too fondly then we 'have fanci'd him a Maid,
We the vain Brethren of the Riming Trade,
A Female Angel less would *Rafaels* skill upbraid.

II.

Thus 'twas in Heav'n, this Poesies Sex and Age,
And when Hethence to 'our lower World came down,
He chose a Form most like his own,
And *Jesser* youngest Son inspir'd with holy Rage;
The sprightly Shepherd felt unusual Fire,

And

And up he took his Tuneful Lyre;
 He took it up and strook 'it, and 'his own soft touches did
 Thou Po'esy on Him didst bestow, (admire.
 An Honour shew'd before to none;
 And to prepare his Way to th' *Hebrew* Throne,
 Gave'st him Thy Empire, and Dominion:
 The happy Land of Verse, where flow
 Rivers of Milk, and Groves of Laurel grow;
 Wherewith Thou didst adorn his Brow,
 And madst his first most flourishing, & Triumphal Crown.
 Assist me Thy great Prophets Praise to Sing;
David the Poets, and blest *Israel's* King,
 And with the dancing Eccho let the Mountains ring!
 Then on the Wings of some auspicious Wind,
 Let His great Name from Earth be rais'd on High,
 And in the Starry Volume of the Skie,
 A lasting Record find;
 Be with His mighty Psaltery joyn'd,
 Which taken up long since into the Air,
 And call'd the Harp, makes a bright Constellation there!

II I.

Worthy it was to be Translated hence,
 And there in view of all Exalted hang,
 To which so oft the Princely Prophet sang,
 And sacred Ora'cles did dispence;
 Tho had it still remain'd below,
 More Wonders of it, we e're now had teen,
 How great the mighty *Herbert's* Skill had been:
Herbert, who could so much without it do,
Herbert who perfectly its Chords did know,
 More perfectly than any Child of Verse does now.
 Ah! had we known him half so well!
 But then, my Friend, there had been left for you,
 Nothing so fair, and worthy Praise to undergo,

K k 4

Who

Who so exactly all his Story tell,
 That, tho we envy not his Bays,
 Nor all the Piramids Verse can raise,
 Your Hand, and Pen we do, that eternize his Praise.
Herbert, and *Donn* again are joyn'd,
 Here below, as they 'are above;
 The Friends are in their old Embraces twin'd:
 And since by you that Interview 's design'd,
 Too weak to part them Death does prove,
 But in one Book they greet again, as in one Heav'n they
 (love.

L'Envoy.

To *Wotton* too, my Song,
 A kind remembrance Thou dost owe,
 With my Friends Name, who made Thee know
 This great Triumvirate of Verse; but long
 Too long, I fear, Thou then wouldst be,
 If not o're-born, with th' mighty subjects Dignity.

To the same Mr. H. Wa. upon the Publication
of the Reverend Mr. Richard
Hooker's Life.

O D E.

I.

HAIL, Sacred Mother, British Church, all hail!
From whose fruitful Loyns have sprung,
Of Pious Sons so great a throng,
That Heav'n to oppose their force of Strength does fail,
And lets the mighty Victors, o're Almighty Arms prevail.
How art Thou chang'd from what Thou wert of late,
When destitute, and quite forlorn,
And scarce a Child of thousands with Thee left to mourn,
Thy Vail all rent, and all Thy Garments torn,
With Tears Thou didst bewail Thine own, and Childrens
Too much (alas!) Thou didst resemble then, (Fate?
Sion Thy Type, Sion in Ashes laid,
Despis'd, forsaken, and betray'd.
Sion Thou dost resemble once again,
And rais'd like her, the Glory of the World art made.
Threnes to Thee only could that time belong,
But now Thou art the happy subject of my Song.

II.

Begin, my Song, and where the doleful Mother sat,
(As it in Vision was the Prophet shown)
Lamenting with the rest her dearest Son,
Blest CHARLES, who his Fore-fathers has out-run,
And

And to the Royal joyn'd the Martyrs brighter Crown;
 Let a new City rise, with beauteous State,
 And beauteous let its Temple be, and beautiful the Gate!
 See! how the sacred Fabrique up does rise,
 The Architects so Skilful all,
 So Grave, so Humble, and so Wise,
 The Axes, and the Hammers noise,
 Is drown'd in Silence, or in Numbers Musical.
 'Tis up, and at the Altar stand
 The Reverend Fathers, as of old,
 With Harps, and Incense in their Hand,
 Nor let the Pious Service grow, or Dumb, or Cold.
 Th' Inferiour Priests, the while,
 To Praise continually employ'd, or Pray,
 Need not the weary Hours beguile,
 Enough 's the single duty of each Day;
 Thou thy Self, *Woodford*, on thy humbler Pipe mayst play:
 And tho but lately 'admitted there,
 So gracious those Thou Honour'st all appear,
 So ready, and attent to hear,
 An easie part, proportion'd to Thy Skill may'st bear.

III.

But where (alas!) where wilt Thou fix Thy choice?
 The Subjects are so noble all,
 So great their Glories, and Thy Art so small,
 They 'll judg, I fear, themselves disparag'd by Thy voice.
 Yet try; and since Thou canst not take
 A Name, so dispicably low,
 But 'twill exceed what Thou canst do,
 Tho Thou thy' whole Mite away at once shouldst throw,
 Thy Poverty a Vertue make,
 And that Thou may'st Immortal live,
 (Since Immortality Thou canst not give)
 From one, who has to spare be 'ambitious to receive!

Of

Of Reverend, and Judicious *Hooker* Sing!
Hooker does to the Church belong,
 The Church and *Hooker* claim Thy Song,
 And inexhausted Riches to Thy Verse will bring;
 So far beyond it self will make it grow,
 That Life his Gift to Thee, thou shalt again on him be-
 (flow.

I V.

How great, blest Soul! must needs Thy Glory be,
 Thy Joys how perfect, and Thy Crown how fair,
 Who mad'st the Church thy chiefest care,
 This Church, who owes so much to Thee,
 That all her Sons must Sacrifice unto Thy Memory.
 'Twas a bold Work the Captive to redeem,
 But bolder the Opprest to raise,
 (Our Aged Mother) to that due esteem,
 She had and merited in her younger Days;
 When Primitive Zeal, and Piety,
 Were her best Laws, and Policy,
 And decent Worship kept the mean,
 Its too wide-stretcht extreams between,
 The rudely scrupulous, and too wanton vain.
 This was the Work of *Hookers* Pen,
 With Judgment, Candour, and such Learning writ,
 Matter, and Words so exactly fit,
 That were it to be done agen,
 Expected 'twould be, as its Answer hitherto has been.

Retornata.

To *Chelsey*, Song, and tell thy Masters Friend,
 The Church is *Hooker's* Debtor, *Hooker* his;
 And strange 'twould be, if he should Glory miss,
 For whom two such most powerfully contend.

Bid

Bid him chear up, the Day 's his own,
 And he can never Die,
 Who after Seventy 's past and gone,
 Can all th' assaults of Age defie;
 Is Master still of so much Youthful heat,
 A Child so perfect, and so spirit'ous to beget.

The Metamorphosis

CLELIA [chang'd into] *A BAIE*.

*To the Memory of Mrs. A. W. who died in Child-
 bed, 14 January, 1661.*

DOWN in a Vale, between two shady Groves,
 Whose Trees in sighs bewail'd their distant Loves,
 And o're a Stream, which gently glid below;
 Stretcht their long Arms, and leafy Heads did bow,
 As if each others Necks they would embrace,
 And murmuring chid the interrupting space;
Sylvius the wretched Shepherd chose to lay,
Clelias remains, and his own Vows to pay.
 The Tomb nor Marble was, nor glitterant Brass,
 No weighty Pile, but Bank of Turfy Grass,
 Which he himself cast up, and all around,
 With Winter Roses strew'd the sacred Ground.
 Close by a mournful Tablet hung, whose Verse
 Was thus engrav'd —

Kind Earth, where I securely trust
 My Dearest half in Peace to sleep;

And

Be sure thou safely guard her Dust,
 And undisturb'd the still lov'd Ashes keep :
 But look thou lightly on them fall,
 And as in thine own Center have no weight at all!

So shalt thou be with Roses Crown'd,
 And all those Flowers, which now I strow,
 Again, as in their Native Ground,
 Only more fair, shall in thy Bosom grow ;
 Maintain'd by an Eternal Spring, (bring,
 Which with my constant Tears, I to these Banks will

Witness ye Floods, which deeper run,
 By them encreast than heretofore ;
 And as you purling roll along,
 Those ancient bounds you seldom toucht, run o're ;
 At my request yet higher swell,
 And what's their power, tho in your broken numbers, tell.

With you my Tears, but here's my Fire,
 Preserv'd alive in *Clelia's* Urn ;
 Never to Languish, or Expire,
 But in the next Age to break forth and burn :
 When it to Verse a Theam shall give,
 And by the Flames it shall inspire, be known to live.

Retir'd the Valley was from common View,
 By none frequented, known but to a few,
Sylvio's best Friends, who thither us'd to go,
 Sometimes with him, and there joynt-Tears bestow.
Belisa, and her Swain, who claim'd a share,
 By Love, and Friendship in the Pious Care,
 Were all his Company, and who alone,
 Best knew, and judg'd his Sorrow by their own.
 Yet for their own, tho they some ease could find,
 In vain they sought it for his troubled Mind.

For

For still more restless that, and stubborn grew,
 And with the Day his Grievs did still renew.
Clelia was all his thought, and with her Name,
 He so stirr'd up the yet encreasing Flame,
 That the thick Sighs, which from his Brest did go,
 Were but as Wind the glowing Coals to blow;
 And his exhausted Tears too late did prove,
 That Love alone, not they, could quench his love.

And so he liv'd (if one a Life may call
 What was indeed but a long Funeral)
 Till as one Morning to the Grove he went,
 And to conclude the Ceremony meant,
 The Grove he found by a new Tree encreast,
 Whose sleeping Root seem'd laid in *Clelia's* Brest.
 The sight amaz'd him, but when he drew near,
 And saw the Plant, how gay it did appear,
 His *Clelia* in the Plant the Shepherd spi'd,
 Nor could the strange disguise her Beauties hide.

'Twas a fair Bay, but so exactly shap'd,
 That it the perfect Form of Woman kept.
 Not as Philosophers feign'd Man to be,
 In their wild Resve'rys, an inverted Tree,
 But standing on its Root, and whose strait bole,
 Shew'd how great once, and gentile was her Soul.
 For if Souls can by th' Bodies frame be ghest,
 Of great the greatest she had, of good the best.
 The beauties of her Bosom did appear,
 In swelling Knots that balmy perfumes bear.
 To Leaves her Hair was chang'd, to Boughs her Arms,
 Yet both retain'd their ancient Force and Charms.
 A jollier Tree than ever *Daphne* was,
 And much more worthy bright *Apollo's* grace.
 For whatsoe'er in Woman is admir'd,
 When in a Lovers chaste embrace retir'd,
 Was found in her, who did nor coyly flee,
 Nor court that Love, t'other was proud of when a Tree.

Laura

Laura the *Thufcan* Poets brightest Flame,
Laura, whom Verse has given a lasting Name,
 Which all but her own Vertues shall survive,
Laura to be her Emblem does in Numbers live.

Which as the mournful *Sylvius* view'd, he said,
 (Gathering some Leaves to bind about his Head,
 The Leaves to bind his Head bow'd gently down,
 And form'd themselves into a Laurel Crown)

"*Daphne*, *Apollo*s, *Clelia* was my Love,

"Tho both turn'd Trees, with Fates unequal strove.

"Unlike in Life, alike in Change they were,

"A Mother this, a Virgin that severe :

"O're whom till Plant, *Phebus* could not prevail,

(*Python* He did with more Success assail.)

"Yet as to her he did his Harp resign,

"*Clelia* with no less Passion shall have mine.

"Grow sacred Plant, the better *Daphne* be,

"*Iarbas* and my Consecrated Tree!

L'Envoy.

Poor Pastoral, for simple Shepherd fit,
 Without or much of Art contriv'd, or Wit ;
 Do as Thou may'st, the Curious City flie ;

Or if Thou thither chance to come,
 Conceal'd as the' Ashes, which Thou herriest lie,
 For whose dear sake alone, Thou dost thy Fortune try ;
 Tho, like thy Master, Thou might'st safer be at Home.

O D E.

O D E.

To *Posthumus*.*Hor. l. 2.**Ode 14.**Mortem Vitari non posse.*

TIME *Posthu'mus* scuds it with full Sail,
 Nor can thine honest Heart avail,
 A furrow'd Brow, Old Age at hand,
 Or Death unconquer'd to withstand ;
 One long Night
 Shall hide this Light,
 From all our sight,
 And equal Death,
 Shall few Days hence stop every Breath.

Tho thou whole Hecatombs shouldst bring.
 To' attone the' inexorable King,
 Who *Geryon*, and *Tytius* bold,
 In Chains of Stygian Waves does hold ;
 He'll not prize,
 But despise,
 Thy Sacrifice ;
 Death thou must feel,
 'Tis so decreed by th' fatal Wheel.

The numerous Off-spring of the Earth,
 That feed on Her, who gave them Birth,
 Must have, each Birth its Funeral,
 The Womb, and Urn's alike to all ;
 Kings must Die,
 And as low lie,

As

As thou and I;
And though they have
Atchievements here, there's none ith' Grave.

In vain we bloody Battels fly,
And fear to fail, when Seas are high;
Fear Plagues, or an Infectious Breath,
When every Hour brings a new Death:

Time will Mow
What e're we Sow;
Weal or Wo,
Shall have an end;
And this, tho' unwilling, Fates must send.

Coeytus Lake thou must waite o're,
Thy tattered Boat shall touch that Shore;
Thou *Sisyphus* e're long must know,
And into new Acquaintance grow:

Shalt, with Life,
Leave House and Wife,
Thy Loves and Strife;
And have no Tree,
But the sad Cypress follow Thee:

Mean while thine Heir shall nobly quaff,
What thou with hundred Locks kepst safe;
Cecuban Wines, and wash the Floor,
With Juice would make an Emperor poor:

Doubt it not,
'Twill be thy lot,
To be forgot,
With all thy Deeds,
E're he puts on his Mourning Weeds.

Tho the Publisher has several Translations of his own,
of some of the Moral Odes, &c. of *Horace* so falsly
L 1 Printed,

Printed, that it would be but Justice to himself to give them a light review ; yet having since their first Publication changed his Habit, he declines it wholly here ; nor would have presumed on the Reader for Reprinting this, but that it is to do a greater piece of Justice to his long since deceased Father, *b. m.* Mr. *R. W.* and from himself, under whose Name it now goes, in that false Copy, return it to the right Owner.

To Belisa.

The Excellent Mrs. Mary Beal, upon her own Picture, done by her Self, like Pallas, but without any Arms, except Head-piece and Corselet.

SUCH would the Learned *Pallas* chuse to be,
 With all the Charms of Nature and of Art,
 Tho she had neither Shield nor Dart:
 For if the mighty *Pallas* were like Thee,
 Without those, she to Conquer, need but come, and see.
 But here (alas!) the Goddess nothing can espy,
 Except the Garb to own her Figure by ;
 The Warlike Dress, and that's so Gay,
 Such Terror, and such Softness does display,
 That that as little as the Face she seems to know ;
 Wishing that her own *Greece* had drawn her so :
 Says Fabulous Antiquity;
 Ne're gave her half that Grace or Majesty :
 That she was never half so Fair,
 In her own Beauties, or what e're they feign'd,

With

With such clear Limbs, or with so great a Mind,
 As in your Draught, *Belisa*, she's design'd :
 And were she to be Born again,
 Would from your Hand desire it rather than *Joves* Brain.
 1664.

To *Clelia*.

*On his own Picture done in Water-Colours, by
 the Learned Poet and Limner, Mr. Thomas
 Flatman, Fellow-Student with him, and Cham-
 ber-Fellow at the Inner Temple.*

P R O O F against Time, and Age,
 And Fortunes Batteries, and Wars out-rage ;
 Able to Triumph o're the' Affright
 Of an Eternal Night,
 Of maigre Sicknefs, and the rotting Grave,
 When no Embalmments else can save,
 But in themselves their own Consumption have:
 When Tombs and Epitaphs shall die,
 And in an heap as undistinguished lie
 From the dry Bones, and Dust,
 Committed to their trust,
 In hopes of Immortality,
 As if they were themselves a Portion of the Rust ;
 This Shadow, *Clelia*, shall preserve intire
 Those Reliques incorrupted, and unmixt ;
 The very Air, and Fire,
 The active Youth your presence did inspire,
 And that bright Image of your Self it on me fixt.
 And tho one common Urn may possibly contain,
 (Tho not despairing of return again)

L 1 2

My

My Ashes, and a thousand more,
 Of such as shall be, or have gone before,
 Here's that will almost give Eternity,
 And next his Verse, who made the Draught ne're let me
 1661. (die.

SOLITUDE.

Rura laudamus merito, &c.

*Cl. Abr.
 Conlei.*

THE Country, as 'tis fit, we Poets praise,
 And there alone, like our gay Laurels thrive;
 Laurels, which in the Dust great Cities raise,
 And from their Sun conceal'd seem scarce to live.

For Corn ith' *Strand*, or *Cheap*, will sooner grow,
 And self-rai'd Flowers throng'd Market-places Crown;
 Even Grass will sooner all its Lands forego,
 To become Burger in some Flint-pav'd Town:

Than in the City midst its confus'd cries,
 A future Harvest of good Verse e're spring;
 Verse, that did ever hate the Cities Noise,
 And which few Soils to its just growth can bring,

Rather my Life ith' Country let me spend,
 Thither withdrawn *Dioclesian* like in state;
 To th' Town my Envoy'e an Ode I'll send,
 And that's enough to observe, and to relate.

Hail! Beauteous City of the Winged Quire,
 Fair Trees, sweet Bowers, inviolable Woods;

The

The Muses Kingdom, and where they retire,
The *Hampton* Court of th' happy Gods.

Let me repos'd within your hallow'd Shade,
The Dances of soft-footed Zephyrs hear;
And tir'd with the Disputes the Schools have made,
Hark how by Leaves and Winds they manag'd are.

View but the lussy Year, how 'it smiles and plays,
When vigorous heat, through the gross matter hurld,
Provokes to love, and the swell'd Womb does raise,
Of the Adult and Marriageable World.

A Summer-House here let me ever find,
Where Nature the wise Architect may be;
And who 'would prefer, that is in his right Mind,
A smooth dead Beam to a rough living Tree?

On an Hills flowry Bed, as there I lie,
I'd listen how some Floods new married Streams,
Laugh, and tell o're their Loves as they run by,
Glittering in Light, and flam'd with liquid Gems.

He, tho alone, who wants Employment here,
With Life but labours, as an ill Disease;
Or Prodigal of what most buy too dear,
His Hours puts out to none, or the' worst increase.

Blest Solitude! sacred Companion,
Of God, and even Mankind, till Numbers tree,
Rank springing up, and thick from the' Trunk of One,
Still as in Arms, increast in Misery.

'Tis Thou, who like a skillful Chariotceer,
The Minds wild Passions dextrously dost rein;

L 1 3

Make'st

Make'tt them the Curb receive, approach more near,
And in a straiter *Tour* their Course confine.

'Tis Thou its languid Heats, and fluid Rays,
When' by expansion ready to expire,
Collect'tt again, as with a Burning-Glass,
And hatchest to a new and brisker Fire.

In vain, fond *London*, thy Eternal Spring,
From whence a living *Thames* of People flows;
London, in vain Thou dost Thy Pageants bring,
And to my envy Thy rais'd Towers expose.

For take but all Thy Gaudy Fools away
And Vices large extended Family;
A Village scarce of those, who after stay,
Almost a Solitude Thou too wouldst be.

1668.

The Voyage.

O D E.

I.

AS one, that's from a tedious Voyage come,
And safe, through thousand Storms arriv'd at Home,
Resolves to put to Sea no more,
Or boldly tempt the flattering Main,
How smooth so e're it lie, or plain,
But having drawn his broken Hull ashore,
To some kind Saint hangs up his Consecrated Oar:
I, who as foul a Sea had past,

The

The Ocean of rough Poesy,
 Where there so many Shipwrackt be,
 Or on the Rocks, or on the Quick-sand cast;
 Recounting what my self had seen,
 And in how many Deaths I had been,
 Where scarce an empty wish or hope could come between;
 With almost as confirm'd a Vow,
 Resolv'd no less to Consecrate
 Some votive Table, which might show
 The Labours I did undergo;
 And at a far more easie rate,
 Than I them bore a'-late,
 Give others the delight to view on Land my dangerous
 (Fate.

I I.

Already was the Sacred Plank design'd,
 And in it how I first assay'd the Deep;
 When thinking only near the Shores to keep,
 There rose a sudden, and tempestuous Wind,
 Which made me leave the unsaluted Land behind.
 The Sea before was calm, and still,
 And gentle Airs did with my Streamers play;
 Scarce strong enough my half struck Sail to hll,
 And through the yielding Chrystal force my way.
 Close by did many a Vessel Ride,
 Whose Pilots all, with Bays were Crown'd,
 And to the murmurs of the Tide,
 Voices and Mirth were heard around;
 My self made there *Anacreon's* Harp resound,
 Which, sprightly seem'd, and wondrous brave,
 And its old killing Notes to have, (which I gave.
 But from the Waters more, than those rough touches,
 'Twould still of nothing sound but Love,
 Tho I the various stops did often prove;
 Wherefore new Loves I did begin,

L 1 4

And

And intermixt as parts my own,
 Which took fresh vigour from the String,
 And o're the Dancing Floods were quickly blown,
 The *Carthaginian* Queen, I sang, and stolen Joys,
 And of his Flames, who 'scapt at *Troys* :
 And as the *Thracian Orpheus* by his Skill,
 To Ransom his *Euridice* is sed,
 And from the Shades bring back the Dead;
 My Song as great a Miracle did tell,
 And thither chain'd in Verse, alive *Proserpina* did lead.

III.

Such was my Song, but when the Storm arose,
 Voices, and Mirth were heard no more ;
 But every Man fell stoutly to his Oar,
 And to the Floods all did their Strength oppose,
 Hoping to reach some Harbour, but in vain,
 They were with greater fury hurri'd back into the Main.
 No lays resounded, which might please,
 But dying Shrieks of such as Shipwrackt were ;
 And those proud Gallies, which before, at ease,
 Plough'd up the Deep, no longer did appear ;
 But to the Waves become a Prey,
 Some downright sank, some broken lay,
 And by the Billows were in Triumph born away.
 My Keell so many Leaks did spring,
 That all the Hold, with Water was flow'd o're ;
 And a Sea no less dangerous rag'd within,
 Than that which strove abroad the Tempest to outroar.
 So Over-board my Lading straight I cast,
 With some faint hopes my Barque to save ;
 But on the Wind away they quickly past,
 And my best Safety was no hopes to have.
 Yet by me still the great *Jessan* Lyre I kept,
 Which down I from my Bed did take,

(Where

(Where it neglected too too long had slept)
 And all its numerous Chords I did awake;
 Thinking, since I the Waves must try,
 Them and the Sea-gods with a Song to pacifie.

I V.

I plaid, and boldly then plung'd down,
 Holding my Harp still in my Hand,
 My dear Companion in those Paths unknown,
 But hopeless with it e're to reach the Land;
 When lo! the Sage *Eúarna* (in my Song
Iárma rightli'er stiled) with Nymphs and Tritons waited
 As she by chance there past along, (on,
 Drove up her Chariot to my side;
 And in requital for my humble Song,
 Invited me with her to Ride,
 And fearless of the Way, with them my Course to guide.
 So down she reacht her Pearly Hand,
 And from the Floods me gently rais'd;
 Whilst all the Crowd upon me gaz'd,
 And waited, e're they further went, some new Command,
 Which straight She gave, and at Her Word the Wind,
 Backward did scour, before us smooth and plain
 The Ocean lay, Storms only rag'd behind;
 And to my Harp I turn'd again,
 No longer was I of the Deep afraid,
 But bolder grown, some Anthems plaid,
 And on them put my Chains, who theirs upon the Waves
 Till having many a Country past, (had laid.
 And Coasting the whole Earth around,
 (The North-west passage Navigable found)
 I on my Native Shore was cast,
 And safely toucht the British Isle at last.

V. This

V.

This Table as in Colours 'twas exprest,
 And with *Belifas* curious Pencil wrought,
 With Ivy Garlands and Sea-holm I drest,
 And to my Muses sacred Temple brought,
 Hoping it would accepted be,
 And surely gain my Liberty,
 From future Service, and declare me free,
 But as I waiting in the Court did stand,
 Into a sudden Extasie I fell;
 And led by an Immortal Hand,
 Which entrance for me did Command,
 Approacht the Fanes most private Cell,
 By none e're seen before, where awful Dread, and Reve-
 'Twas not like those strait Oratories here, (hence dwell.
 Which we by that Name call,
 But a Magnifi'cent, and Stupendous Hall,
 The Roof with Paintings garnisht all,
 And where in Niches, on the Wall,
 There did the lively Forms appear,
 Of such who for their Verse the Laurel Sert did wear.
 Greece and old Rome possess the chiefest place,
 And all the upper Square on th' East their Quarter was.
 The sides were into several Coasts design'd,
 And by their Country you each Name might find.
 The *Thuscan*, *French*, and *Spanish* Band,
 And others more, as they did with their Titles stand.
 Britain as fair a space as any had,
 (The' whole Western Square) and tho the lowest laid,
 Had no less Honours to her, than to Rome and Athens paid.

VI. Thither

VI.

Thither I turn'd mine Eye, and in the Throng
 Of Crowned Heads, translated there,
 Whose very Names to count would be too long,
 From *Chaucer* downwards, (tho some Ancienter there were)
 The fair *Orinda* did appear,
 And tho come thither last of all,
 Made the most Beauteous Figure on the sacred Wall.
 Aside her several Niches were prepar'd
 For those, who after her should come;
 (The mighty *Cowley* since has there obtain'd a Room,
 And *Davenant* as with her they in the Muses service shar'd)
 With other Names, which there I saw Enroll'd,
 And in bright Characters enchas'd;
 But who they were must not be told,
 Till they the fatal Stream have past,
 And after Death have here their Breathing Statues plac'd.
 My Muse alone those Worthys did out-shine,
 As she approacht me there in shape Divine,
 Her Golden Hair was all unbound
 With careless Art, and wantonly did play,
 Mov'd by her Strings harmonious sound,
 As on her Shoulders the loose Tresses lay.
 A wondrous Mantle on her Back was thrown,
 And her gay Mystic Vest below,
 In Royal State trail'd all adown;
 An Harp was in her Hand, and on her Head a Crown.

VII.

Amaz'd I at her Feet did fall,
 And Prostrate lay, till up she bid me stand,
 Saying, "For this I Thee did never call,
 "But boldly to receive my great Command.
 "Arise, for (Lo!) a better Fate

"Does

"Does on Thy tuneful Numbers wait,
 "Than what Thou in the Deep hast tri'd of late;
 "Not but that all thy Labours there,
 "To Thine own Wish shall amply be repaid,
 ("How ever for a while delay'd")
 "For I, by whom enroll'd they are,
 "Second to none but Heav'n in that great care,
 "Which of Thy Verse and Thee I ever had,
 "Will look so large allowance for them shall be made,
 "And all the time Thou hast, or shalt have staid,
 "That the whole Damage, which Thou didst sustain,
 "Shall not compare with Thy Immortal Gain.

VIII.

"Witness Thy Table which I here accept,
 "Worthy for the' Hand design'd it to be kept,
 "Within my Archives a fair Room to have,
 "And Thy mean Name from dark Oblivion save;
 "Till to another Temple, that's above,
 "Thy Souls true Image I hereafter shall remove.
 "Where several, whom Thou here dost know,
 "Ambitious at their very Names to bow,
 "Leaving their wanton Strains behind,
 And from all base alloy refin'd,
 "More to resemble the Eternal Mind,
 "With several, who were never here,
 ("So Godlike all their Numbers were")
 "As *Heman*, *Ethan*, *Moses*, and the Quire,
 "Of Jewish Psalmists, whom Heaven did inspire,
 "And *Jesses* Son, whose Harp thou late didst bear,
 "In Glory with the first Great Maker live,
 "And for your Mortal Bays, a Starry Diadem receive.

IX. But

IX.

"But first, my Son, Thou 'again to Sea must go,
 "And many Towns, and Men, and Countries see,
 "In the new World of Heav'nly Poesy,
 "Part of which long since was design'd to be
 "The happy Fruits of thy Discovery;
 "Where none of all Thy Nation has been yet,
 "The Way so dangerous, and the Task so great;
 "Nor doubt, but it shall recompense thy cost,
 "And, were it more, that Age they cry thou hast lost,
 "When Thou didst *Tibers* City fly,
 "The dusty ruins of Antiquity,
 "And for my Service thy old Love to 'her Stones deny:
 "And later, since didst Laws, and the 'Bar forsake,
 "And for the long Robeth' Ivy Garland take,
 "As that which would Thy Name Immortal make.
 "Much, I confess, much that alone can do,
 "Very much I,
 "But more my Elder Sister, Sage *Theology*,
 "Whom thou e're long shalt know,
 "And from my Service to attend her go:
 "Her to attend, but not renounce me utterly.
 "For I have Honours to bestow,
 "And endless Treasures, tho I rarely show
 "The happy Country where they grow.
 "And tho some Wretch the Plague endure,
 "Of Ridiculous Poverty,
 "The fault's his own, and not in me:
 "Not that he is my Votary,
 "But under that disguise to her an Enemy.
 "Not I, but they who count and make me so, are poor.

X. "Try

X.

"Try me this once, and once more tempt the Main!

"Thou shalt not unattended go,

"For when thou next puttst forth to Sea again,

"I'll be Thy Pilot, and the Passage show.

"Nay, wonder not, for 'tis no more

"Than what I several times have done before,

"When *Tasso* I through unknown Straits did guide,

"And made my *Bartas* o're the Surges ride,

"And *Collins* sacred *Mulla* deifid.

"Those Admirals of my Seas, which did extend

"Their Countrys Bounds, and Savage Nations made at-

"'Twas I Conducted them those Lands to find, (tend

"Where each did plant his Nations Colonies;

"All spreading less their Sails than Victories,

"And there are yet more Lands for thee behind,

"Or to Discover, or Improve by a nobler kind.

"Let's go, my Son, and all the way rehearse

"The Birth of things, as they from Nothing rose,

"By that Almighty Word, which shall inspire thy Verse,

"And help Thee all its Wonders to disclose.

"No Storm upon Thy Mast shall rest,

"Nor any Blasts, but Vernal, blow;

"The Sea it self to my great Service prest,

"In plains of Liquid Diamond shall lie below,

"And its obedience to my Rule in dancing Billows show.

"And when thou Home return'd shalt be

"And of thy Native Earth once more take hold,

"My self thy Barque will Consecrated see,

"And for this New World thus found out by Thee,

"Make it an Heav'nly Sign, next that which sav'd the

"Or if this pleases not

(Old.

"Too long laid by, too long forgot,

"And

“And that thy Habit chang’d, thou changeſt thy deſign
 “Thy own be the free choice, the Conduct ſhall be mine.

*Made firſt 1666, and ſome
 time after review’d.*

Comiato.

Song, that thou ſhouldſt of all be underſtood,
 I little hope, and leſs deſign ;
 Tho few there be who wiſh thy Maſters good,
 And know him, but they ſomething will divine :
 That Verſe ſo early he began,
 Scarce will the Poet die before the Man.
 And that the boaiſts he makes of Bays,
 (The moſt that almoſt any of the Trade e’re got,
 And happy he if this be his Lot)
 Is the thin Diet of an Airy Praise,
 On which he, like his Brethren, lives his Verſe to raiſe.
 1677.

F I N I S.